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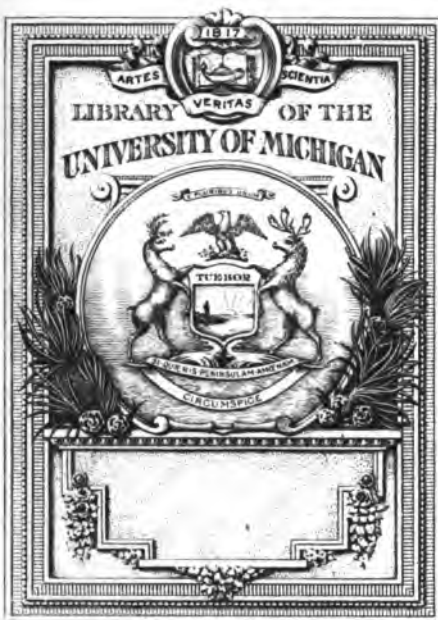
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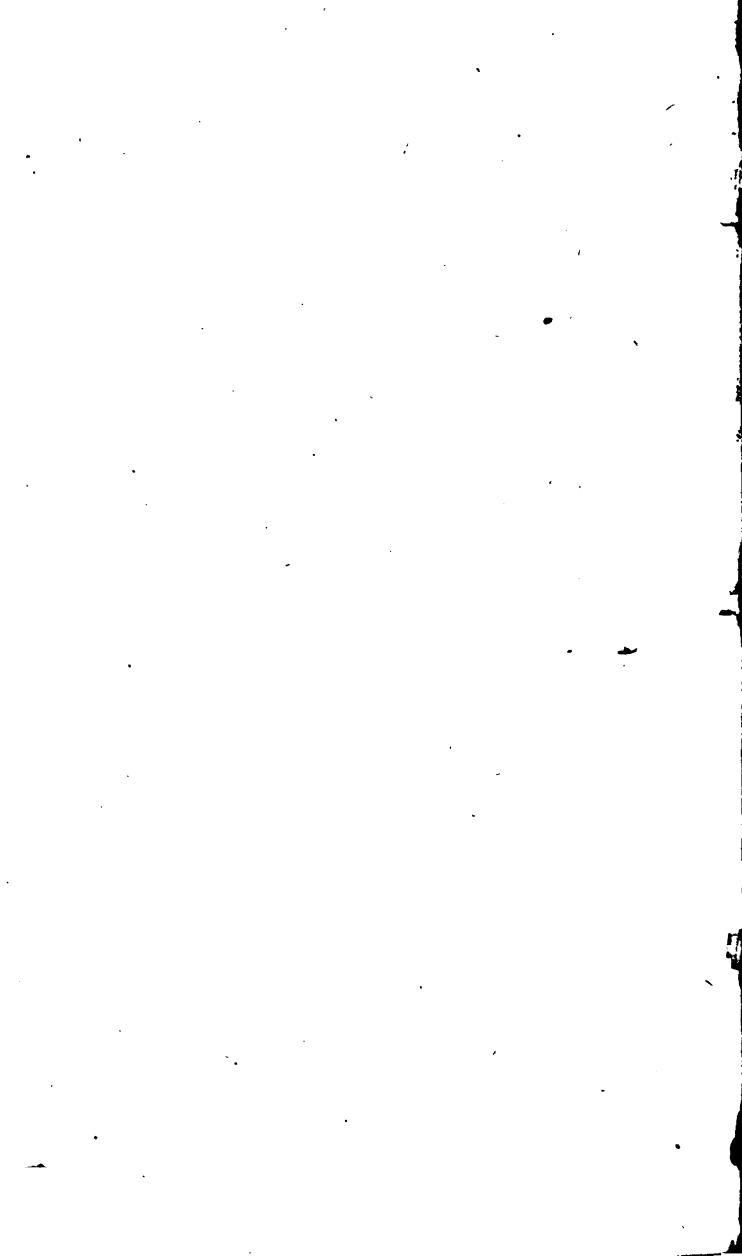
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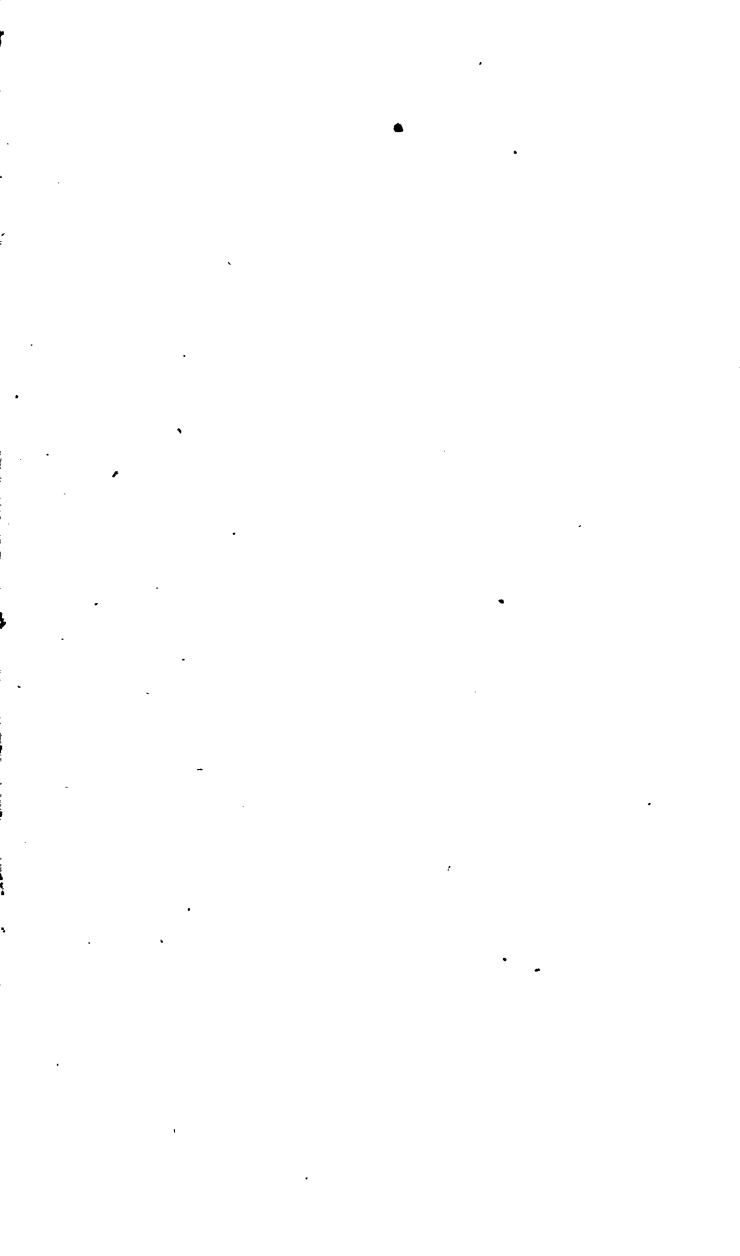
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Behn, Aphra (Amis)

LOVE-LETTERS
BETWEEN A
NOBLEMAN
AND HIS
SISTER;
WITH THE
HISTORY
OF THEIR
ADVENTURES.

In THREE PARTS.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

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TO

^{2v.} THO. CONDON, Esq;

S I R,



Having, when I was at *Paris* last Spring, met with a little Book of Letters, called, *L'Intrigue de Philander & Sylvia*, I had a particular Fancy, besides my Inclinations to translate it into *English*, which I have done as faithfully as I could; only where he speaks of the Ingratitude of *Cesario* to the King, I have added a Word or two to his Character, that might render it a little more parallel to that of a modern Prince in our Age; for the rest, I have kept close to the *French*.

The Letters are soft and amorous; and besides my Esteem and Obligation to you, I think it no where so proper to address so much tender Passion, as to a Man whom Heaven and Nature have so well formed

7-13-43 SKY

The E P I S T L E.

both for dispensing and receiving of Love as yourself, you having all in your Person that is acceptable to Women, and desired by Men, and when you please, can make yourself as absolutely the Joy of the one, as the Envy, of the other; to this is joined a Virtue, such as I believe the World has rarely produced in a Man of your Youth, Fortune and Advantages; you have all the Power of the Debauchery of the Age, without the Will; you early saw the Follies of the Town, and the Greatness of your Mind, disdaining that common Road of living, shunned then the foppish Practice; your well-judging Pride chose rather to be singular, and sullenly retire, than herd with that noisy Croud, that eternally fit out Business enough to stock the Town with Wit and Lampoons, and the Stage with Fops, Fools, and Cowards: If I might give my real Judgment, you are above Flattery, and one can almost say no good or generous Thing that one cannot justify in you, no Virtue you cannot lay a Claim to; many your Modesty hides from the World, and many more you have, which Envy will not confess; for that just Value you set upon yourself, by shunning the publick Haunts, Cabals, and Conversations of the Town, in Spite of all your Wit and Goodness, gives Occasion for Malice to revenge itself on you a thousand little Ways; witness
a late

The E P I S T L E.

a late mistaken Story of an Amour of yours, so often urged with Heat, and told so much to your Disadvantage, by those who have not the Happiness of knowing your true Principles of Honour, your real good Nature, your common Justice, or Sense of Humanity to be such, as not to be capable of so base, silly and unmannerly a Practice, and so needless and poor a Design: For my Part, Sir, I am vain and proud of the Belief, that I have the Capacity and Honour to know and understand your Soul (did I not too well the Story also) and am well assured it has not a Grain, not a Thought of so foolish a Principle, so unnecessary and dishonest: And I dare affirm, that since the Imposition of the late Popish Plot upon the Town, there has not so ridiculous and nonsensical a History passed for authentic with unthinking Man; but you should give them leave to rail, since you have so vast Advantages above them.

Sir, I would fain think, that, in the Character of *Pbilander*, there is a great Resemblance of yourself as to his Person, and that Part of his Soul that was possessed with Love: He was a *French Whig*, it is true, and a most apparent Traitor, and there, I confess, the Comparison fails extremly; for sure no Man was ever so incorrigible, so hardened in Toryism as yourself, so fearless, so bold, so resolute, and confirmed in

The E P I S T L E.

Loyalty; in the Height of all Dangers and Threatenings, in the blessed Age of Swearing, and the hopeful Reign of Evidences, you, undaunted, held forth for the Royal Cause, with such Force of Reason and undeniable Sense, as those that were not converted, at least were startled; and I shall never forget the happy Things I have heard you say on that glorious Subject, with a Zeal so fervent, yet so modest and gentle, your Argument so solid, just, so generous and so very hearty, as has begot you Applauses and Blessings round the Board. A thousand Instances, a History I could write of your Discourses and Acts of Loyalty, but that even your Enemies allow, and I will spare it here, and only say, you are an Honour and a Credit to the Cause that is proud to own you.

In this you are far distant to my amorous Hero; but at last, for my own Satisfaction, and that I may believe *Sylvia* truly happy, give me Leave to fancy him such a Person as yourself; and then I cannot fail of fancying him too, speaking at the Feet of *Sylvia*, pleading his Right of Love with the same Softness in his Eyes and Voice, as you can do, when you design to conquer; whenever you spread your Nets for Game, you need but look abroad, fix and resolve; tho' you, unlike the forward Youth of this Age, so nicely pursue the Quarry, it is not all,

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all, or any Game you fly at, not every Bird that comes to Net can please your delicate Appetite; though you are young as new Desire, as beautiful as Light, as amorous as a God, and wanton as a *Cupid*, that smiles, and shoots, and plays, and mischiefs all his fond Hours away: Pray Heaven you be not reserved, like our Hero, for some Sister; tis an ill Sign when so much Beauty passes daily unregarded, that your Love is reserved to an End as malicious as that of our *Philander's*.

Perhaps you'll be out of Humour, and cry, Why the Devil didst thou dedicate the Letters of a Whig to me? But to make you Amends, Sir, pray take Notice, *Sylvia* is a true Tory in every Part; if but to love a Whig be not Crime enough in your Opinion to pall your Appetite, and for which even her Youth and Beauty cannot make an Atonement; Commodity which rarely fails in the Trade of Love, though never was so low a Market for Beauty of both Sexes, yet he that is fortified and stored like happy you, need never fear to find his Price; for Wit and good Humour bear still a Rate, and have an Intrinsic Value, while the other is rated by Opinion, and is at best but a curious Picture, where one and the same dull silent Charm makes up the Days, while the other is always new, and (to use your own Expression) is a Book where one

The E P I S T L E.

turns over a new Leaf every Minute, and finds something diverting, in eternal new Discoveries; it elevates one's Spirits, charms the Soul, and improves one's Stock; for every one has a longer Date of hearing than seeing, and the Eyes are sooner satiated than the Ear; therefore do not depend too much on Beauty, tis but a half Conquest you will make when you shew the Man only, you must prove him too; give the soft Sex a Sight of your fine Mind as well as your fine Person; but you are a lazy Lover, and lie fallow for want of Industry; you rust your Stock of hoarded Love, while you gaze only and return a single Sigher; believe me, Friend, if you continue to fight at that single Weapon, there will be no great Store of Wounds given or taken on either Side; you must speak and write, if you would be happy, since you can do it so infinitely to the Purpose; who can be happy without Love? For me, I never numbered those dull Days amongst those of my Life, in which I had not my Soul filled with that soft Passion. To love! Why tis the only Secret in Nature that restores Life to all its Felicities and Charms of Living; and to me there seems nothing so strange as to see People walk about, laugh, do the Acts of Life, and impertinently trouble the World, without knowing any Thing of that soft, that noble

The E P I S T L E.

noble Passion, or without so much as having an Intrigue or an Amusement, (as the *French* call it) with any dear She, no real Love or Concettré; perhaps these Letters may have the good Fortune to rouze and make you look into your Heart, turn over your Store, and lavish out a little to divert the Toils of Life; you used to say, that even the Fatigues of Love had a vast Pleasure in them; *Pbilander* was of your Mind, and I whose Advice you like (that Friend you have honoured me with the Title of) have even preferred all the Torments of Love, before dully living without it. Live then and love, thou gay, thou glorious young Man, whom Heaven has blest with all the Sweets of Life besides; live then and love; and, what is an equal Blessing, live and be beloved by some dear Maid, as nobly born as *Sylvia*, as witty and as gay and soft as she. To you, who know no other Want, no other Blessing, this is the most advantageous one he can wish you, who is,

S I R,

Your obliged, and most

Humble Servant, &c.



T H E

A R G U M E N T.

*I*N the Time of the Rebellion of the true Protestant Hugonots in Paris, under the Conduct of the Prince of Conde (whom we will call Cesario) many illustrious Persons were drawn into the Association, amongst which there was One, whose Quality and Fortune (joined with his Youth and Beauty) rendered him more elevated in the Esteem of the gay Part of the World than most of that Age. In his tender Years (unhappily enough) he chanced to fall in Love with a Lady, whom we will call Myrtilla, who had Charms enough to engage any Heart; she had all the Advantages of Youth and Nature; a Shape excellent; a most agreeable Stature, not too tall, and far from low, delicately proportioned; her Face a little inclined round, soft, smooth and white; her Eyes were blue, a little languishing, and full of Love and Wit; a Mouth curiously made, dimpled, and full of Sweetness; Lips round, soft, plump and red; white Teeth, firm and even; her Nose a little Roman, and which gave a noble Grace to her lovely Face, her Hair light brown; a Neck and Bosom delicately turned, white and rising; her Arms and Hands exactly shaped; to this a Vivacity of Youth engaging; a Wit quick and flowing; a Humour gay, and an Air irresistibly charming; and nothing was wanting to compleat the Joys of the young Philander, (so we call our amorous Hero) but Myrtilla's Heart, which the illustrious Cesario had before possessed; however, consulting

The ARGUMENT.

saking her Honour and her Interest, and knowing all the Arts as Women do to feign a Tenderness; she yields to marry him: While Philander, who scorned to owe his Happiness to the Commands of Parents, or to chaffer for a Beauty, with her Consent steals her away, and marries her. But see how transitory is a violent Passion; after being satiated, he slights the Prize he had so dearly conquered; some say, the Change was occasioned by her too visibly continued Love to Cesario; but whatever it was, this was most certain, Philander cast his Eyes upon a young Maid, Sister to Myrtila, a Beauty, whose early Bloom promised Wonders when come to Perfection; but I will spare her Picture here, Philander in the following Epistles will often enough present it to your View: He loved and languished, long before he durst discover his Pain; her being Sister to his Wife, nobly born, and of undoubted Fame, rendered his Passion too criminal to hope for a Return, while the young lovely Sylvia (so we shall call the noble Maid) sighed out her Hours in the same Pain and Languishment for Philander, and knew not that it was Love, till she betraying it innocently to the overjoyed Lover and Brother, he soon taught her to understand it was Love --- he pursues it, she permits it, and at last yields, when being discovered in the criminal Intrigue, she flies with him; he absolutely quits Myrtila, lives some Time in a Village near Paris, called St. Denis, with this betrayed Unfortunate, till being found out, and like to be apprehended, (one for the Rape, the other for the Flight) she is forced to marry a Cadet, a Creature of Philander's, to bear the Name of Husband only to her, while Philander had the intire Possession of her Soul and Body: Still the League went forward, and all Things were ready for a War in Paris; but it is not my Business here to mix the rough Relation of a War, with the soft Affairs of Love; let it suffice, the Hugonots were defeated, and the King got the Day, and every Rebel lay at the Mercy of his Sovereign. Philander

The ARGUMENT.

was taken Prisoner, made his Escape to a little Cottage near his own Palace, not far from Paris, writes to Sylvia to come to him, which she does, and in spite of all the Industry to re-seize him, he got away with Sylvia.

After their Flight these Letters were found in their Cabinets, at their House at St. Denis, where they both lived together, for the Space of a Year; and they are as exactly as possible placed in the Order they were sent, and were Those supposed to be written towards the latter End of their Amours.





LOVE-LETTERS.

PART I.

To SYLVIA.



Though I parted from you resolved to obey your impossible Commands, yet know, oh charming *Sylvia*! that after a thousand Conflicts between Love and Honour, I found the God (too mighty for the Idol) reign absolute Monarch in my Soul, and soon banished that Tyrant thence. That cruel Counsellor that would suggest to you a thousand fond Arguments to hinder my noble Pursuit; *Sylvia* came in View! her irresistible *Idea*! With all the Charm of blooming Youth, with all the Attractions of heavenly Beauty! Loose, wanton, gay, all flowing her bright Hair, and languishing her lovely Eyes, her Dress all negligent as when I saw her last, discovering a thousand ravishing Graces, round, white, small Breasts, delicate Neck, and rising Bosom, heaved with Sighs she would in vain conceal; and all besides, that nicest Fancy can imagine surprizing--- Oh I dare not think on, lest my Desires grow mad
and

and raving; let it suffice, oh adorable *Sylvia*! I think and know enough to justify that Flame in me, which our weak Alliance of Brother and Sister has rendered so criminal; but he that adores *Sylvia*, should do it at an uncommon Rate; 'tis not enough to sacrifice a single Heart, to give you a simple Passion, your Beauty should, like itself, produce wondrous Effects; it should force all Obligations, all Laws, all Ties even of Nature's Self: You, my lovely Maid, were not born to be obtained by the dull Methods of ordinary Loving; and 'tis in vain to prescribe me Measures; and oh much more in vain to urge the Nearness of our Relation. What Kin, my charming *Sylvia*, are you to me? No Ties of Blood forbid my Passion; and what's a Ceremony imposed on Man by Custom? What is it to my divine *Sylvia*, that the Priest took my Hand and gave it your Sister? What Alliance can that create? Why should a Trick devised by the wary Old, only to make Provision for Posterity, tie me to an eternal Slavery? 'No, no, my charming Maid, 'tis Nonsense all; let us, (born for mightier Joys) scorn the dull *beaten Road*, but let us love like the first Race of Men, nearest allied to God, promiscuously they loved, and possessed, Father and Daughter, Brother and Sister met, and reaped the Joys of Love without Controul, and counted it religious Coupling, and 'twas encouraged too by Heaven itself: Therefore start not (too nice and lovely Maid) at Shadows of Things that can but frighten Fools. Put me not off with these Delays; rather say you but dissembled Love all this while, than now 'tis born, to die again with a poor Fright of Nonsense. A Fit of Honour! a Fantom imaginary, and no more; no, no, represent me to your Soul more favourably, think you see me languishing at your Feet, breathing out my last in Sighs and kind Reproaches,

on

on the pitiless *Sylvia*; reflect when I am dead, which will be the more afflicting Object, the Ghost (as you are pleased to call it) of your murdered Honour, or the pale and bleeding one of

The lost *Philander*.

*I have lived a whole Day,
and yet no Letter from Sylvia.*

T O P H I L A N D E R.

OH why will you make me own (oh too importunate *Philander*!) with what Regret I made you promise to prefer my Honour before your Love?

I confess with Blushes, which you might then see kindling in my Face, that I was not at all pleased with the Vows you made me, to endeavour to obey me, and I then even wished you would obstinately have denied Obedience to my just Commands; have pursued your criminal Flame, and have left me raving on my Undoing: For when you were gone, and I had Leisure to look into my Heart, alas! I found, whether you obliged or not, whether Love or Honour were preferred, I, unhappy I, was either Way inevitably lost. Oh! What pitiless God, fond of his wondrous Power, made us the Objects of his Almighty Vanity? Oh why were we two made the first Precedents of his new found Revenge? For sure no Brother ever loved a Sister with so criminal a Flame before: At least my unexperienced Innocence never met with so fatal a Story: And it is in vain (my too charming Brother) to make me insensible of our Alliance; to persuade me I am a Stranger to all but your Eyes and Soul.

Alas,

Alas, your fatally kind Industry is all in vain. You grew up a Brother with me; the Title was fixed in my Heart, when I was too young to understand your subtle Distinctions, and there it thrived and spread; and it is now too late to transplant it, or alter its native Property: Who can graft a Flower on a contrary Stalk? The Rose will bear no Tulips, nor the Hyacinth the Poppy, no more will the Brother the Name of Lover. Oh! spoil not the natural Sweetness and Innocence we now retain, by an Endeavour fruitless and destructive; no, no, *Philander*, dress yourself in what Charms you will, be powerful as Love can make you in your soft Argument---yet, oh yet, you are my Brother still.---But why, oh cruel and eternal Powers, was not *Philander* my Lover before you destined him a Brother? Or why, being a Brother, did you, malicious and spiteful Powers, destine him a Lover? Oh, take either Title from him, or from me a Life, which can render me no Satisfaction, since your cruel Laws permit it not for *Philander*, nor his to bless the now

Unfortunate

Wednesday Morning.

SYLVIA.

To PHILANDER.

AFTER I had dismissed my Page this Morning with my Letter, I walked (filled with sad soft Thoughts of my Brother *Philander*) into the Grove, and commanding *Melinda* to retire, who only attended me, I threw myself down on that Bank of Grass where we last disputed the dear, but fatal Business of our Souls: Where our Prints (that invited me) still remain on the pressed Greens: There with ten thousand Sighs, with Remembrance of the tender

tender Minutes we passed then, I drew your last Letter from my Bosom, and often kissed, and often read it over; but oh! who can conceive my Torment, when I came to that fatal Part of it, where you say you gave your Hand to my Sister? I found my Soul agitated with a thousand different Passions, but all insupportable, all mad and raving; sometimes I threw myself with Fury on the Ground, and pressed my panting Heart to the Earth; then rise in Rage, and tear my Heart, and hardly spare that Face that taught you first to love; then fold my wretched Arms to keep down rising Sighs that almost rend my Breast, I traverse swiftly the conscious Grove; with my distracted show'ring Eyes directed in vain to pitiless Heaven, the lovely silent Shade favouring my Complaints, I cry aloud, Oh God! *Philander's* married, the lovely charming Thing for whom I languish is married!—That fatal Word's enough, I need not add to whom. Married is enough to make me curse my Birth, my Youth, my Beauty, and my Eyes that first betrayed me to the undoing Object: Curse on the Charms you have flattered, for every fancied Grace has helped my Ruin on; now, like Flowers that wither unseen and unpossessed in Shades, they must die and be no more, they were to no End created, since *Philander* is married: Married! Oh Fate, oh Hell, oh Torture and Confusion! Tell me not it is to my Sister, that Addition is needless and vain: To make me eternally wretched, there needs no more than that *Philander* is married! Than that the Priest gave your Hand away from me; to another, and not to me; tired out with Life, I need no other Pass-port than this Repetition, *Philander* is married! 'Tis that alone is sufficient to lay in her cold Tomb

The wretched and despairing

SYLVIA.

Wednesday Night,
Bellfont.

TO SYLVIA.

TWICE last Night, oh unfaithful and unloving *Sylvia*! I sent the Page to the old Place for Letters, but he returned the Object of my Rage, because without the least Remembrance from my fickle Maid: In this Torment, unable to hide my Disorder, I suffered myself to be laid in Bed; where the restless Torments of the Night exceeded those of the Day, and are not even by the Languisher himself to be expressed; but the returning Light brought a short Slumber on its Wings; which was interrupted by my atoning Boy, who brought two Letters from my adorable *Sylvia*: He waked me from Dreams more agreeable than all my watchful Hours could bring; for they are all tortured.---And even the softest mixed with a thousand Despairs, Difficulties and Disappointments, but these were all Love, which gave a loose to Joys undenied by Honour! And this Way, my charming *Sylvia*, you shall be mine, in Spite of all the Tyrannies of that cruel Hinderer; Honour appears not, my *Sylvia*, within the close-drawn Curtains; in Shades and gloomy Light the Fantom frights not, but when one beholds its Blushes, when it is attended and adorned, and the Sun sees its false Beauties; in silent Groves and Grottoes, dark Alcoves, and lonely Recesses, all its Formalities are laid aside; it was then and there methought my *Sylvia* yielded, with a faint Struggle and a soft Resistance; I heard her broken Sighs, her tender whispering Voice, that trembling cried, ---Oh! Can you be so cruel?---Have you the Heart ---Will you undo a Maid, because she loves you? Oh! Will you ruin me, because you may?---My faithless----My unkind----then sighed and yielded, and made me happier than a triumphing
God!

God! But this was still a Dream, I waked and sighed, and found it vanished all! But oh, my *Sylvia*, your Letters were substantial Pleasure, and pardon your Adorer, if he tell you, even the Disorder you express is infinitely dear to him, since he knows it all the Effects of Love; Love, my Soul! Which you in vain oppose; pursue it, Dear, and call it not Undoing, or else explain your Fear, and tell me what your soft, your trembling Heart gives that cruel Title to? Is it Undoing to love? And love the Man you say has Youth and Beauty to justify that Love? A Man, that adores you with so submissive and perfect a Resignation; a Man, that did not only love first, but is resolved to die in that agreeable Flame; in my Creation I was formed for Love, and destined for my *Sylvia*, and she for her *Philander*: And shall we, can we disappoint our Fate? No, my soft Charmer, our Souls were touched with the same Shafts of Love before they had a Being in our Bodies, and can we contradict Divine Decree?

Or is it Undoing, Dear, to bless *Philander* with what you must some time or other sacrifice to some hated, loathed Object, (for *Sylvia* can never love again;) and are those Treasures for the dull conjugal Lover to rifle? Was the Beauty of divine Shape created for the cold matrimonial Embrace? And shall the eternal Joys that *Sylvia* can dispense, be returned by the clumsy Husband's careless, forced, insipid Duties? Oh, my *Sylvia*, shall a Husband (whose Insensibility will call those Raptures of Joy! Those heavenly Blissess! The Drudgery of Life) shall he I say receive them? While your *Philander*, with the very Thought of the Excess of Pleasure the least Possession would afford, faints over the Paper that brings here his eternal Vows.

Oh! Where, my *Sylvia*, lies the Undoing then?
My

My Quality and Fortune are of the highest Rank amongst Men, my Youth gay and fond, my Soul all soft, all Love; and all *Sylvia's*! I adore her, I am sick of Love, and sick of Life, till she yields, till she is all mine!

You say, my *Sylvia*, I am married, and there my Happiness is shipwrecked; but *Sylvia*, I deny it, and will not have you think it: No, my Soul was married to yours in its first Creation; and only *Sylvia* is the Wife of my sacred, my everlasting Vows; of my solemn-considerate Thoughts, of my ripened Judgment, my mature Considerations. The Rest are all repented and forgot, like the hasty Follies of unsteady Youth, like Vows breathed in Anger, and die perjured as soon as vented, and unregarded either of Heaven or Man. Oh! why should my Soul suffer for ever, why eternal Pain for the unheedy, short-lived Sin of my unwilling Lips? Besides, this fatal Thing called Wife, this unlucky Sister, this *Myrtila*, this Stop to all my Heaven, that breeds such fatal Differences in our Affairs, this *Myrtila*, I say, first broke her Marriage-vows to me; I blame her not, nor is it reasonable I should; she saw the young *Cesar*, and loved him. *Cesar*, whom the envying World in spite of Prejudice must own, has irresistible Charms, that godlike Form, that Sweetness in his Face, that Softness in his Eyes and delicate Mouth; and every Beauty besides, that Women doat on, and Men envy: That lovely Composition of Man and Angel! with the Addition of his eternal Youth and illustrious Birth, was formed by Heaven and Nature for universal Conquest! And who can love the charming Hero at a cheaper Rate than being undone? And she that would not venture Fame, Honour, and a Marriage-vow for the Glory of the young *Cesar's* Heart, merits not the noble Victim; Oh! would I could say so much for the
young

young *Philander*, who would run a thousand Times more Hazards of Life and Fortune for the adorable *Sylvia*, than that amorous Hero ever did for *Myrtilla*, though from that Prince I learned some of my Disguises for my Thefts of Love; for he, like *Jove* courted in several Shapes; I saw them all, and suffered the Delusion to pass upon me; for I had seen the lovely *Sylvia*; yes, I had seen her, and loved her too: But Honour kept me yet Master of my Vows; but when I knew her false, when I was once confirmed,---when by my own Soul I found the dissembled Passion of hers, when she could no longer hide the Blushes or the Paleness that seized at the Approaches of my disordered Rival, when I saw Love dancing in her Eyes, and her false Heart beat with nimble Motions, and soft Trembling seized every Limb, at the Approach or Touch of the Royal Lover, then I thought myself no longer obliged to conceal my Flame for *Sylvia*; nay, ere I broke Silence, ere I discovered the hidden Treasure of my Heart, I made her Falshood plainer yet: Even the Time and Place of the dear Assignations I discovered; Certainty, happy Certainty! broke the dull heavy Chain, and I with Joy submitted to my shameful Freedom, and caressed my generous Rival; nay, and by Heaven I loved him for it, pleased at the Resemblance of our Souls; for we were secret Lovers both, but more pleased that he loved *Myrtilla*; for that made Way to my Passion for the adorable *Sylvia*!

Let the dull, hot-brained, jealous Fool upbraid me with cold Patience: Let the fond Coxcomb, whose Honour depends on the frail Marriage-vow, reproach me, or tell me that my Reputation depends on the feeble Constancy of a Wife, persuade me it is Honour to fight for an irretrievable and unvalued Prize, and that because my Rival has taken

Leave.

Leave to cuckold me, I shall give him Leave to kill me too; unreasonable Nonfense grown to Custom. No, by Heaven! I had rather *Myrtilla* should be false, (as she is) than wish and languish for the happy Occasion; the Sin is the same, only the Act is more generous: Believe me, my *Sylvia*, we have all false Notions of Virtue and Honour, and surely this was taken up by some despairing Husband in Love with a fair jilting Wife, and then I pardon him; I should have done as much: For only she that has my Soul can engage my Sword; she that I love, and myself, only commands and keeps my Stock of Honour: For *Sylvia*! the charming, the distracting *Sylvia*! I could fight for a Glance or Smile, expose my Heart for her dearer Fame, and wish no Recompence, but breathing out my last Gasps into her soft, white, delicate Bosom. But for a Wife! that Stranger to my Soul, and whom we wed for Interest and Necessity,---A Wife, light, loose, unregarding Property, who for a momentary Appetite will expose her Fame, without the noble End of loving on; she that will abuse my Bed, and yet return again to the loathed conjugal Embrace, back to the Arms so hated, and even strong Fancy of the absent Youth beloved, cannot so much as render supportable. Curse on her, and yet she kisses, fawns and dissembles on, hangs on his Neck, and makes the Sot believe:---Damn her, Brute; I'll whistle her off, and let her down the Wind, as *Othello* says. No, I adore the Wife, that, when the Heart is gone, boldly and nobly pursues the Conqueror, and generously owns the Whore;-----Not poorly adds the nauseous Sin of Jilting to it: That I could have borne, at least commended; but this can never pardon; at worst then the World had said her Passion had undone her, she loved, and Love at worst is worthy of Pity. No, no, *Myrtilla*, I

forgive your Love, but never can your poor Diffimulation. One drives you but from the Heart you value not, but the other to my eternal Contempt. One deprives me but of thee, *Myrtilia*, but the other entitles me to a Beauty more surprizing, renders thee no Part of me; and so leaves the Lover free to *Sylvia*, without the Brother.

Thus, my excellent Maid, I have sent you the Sense and Truth of my Soul, in an Affair you have often hinted to me, and I take no Pleasure to remember: I hope you will at least think my Aversion reasonable; and that being thus indisputably free from all Obligations to *Myrtilia* as a Husband, I may be permitted to lay claim to *Sylvia*, as a Lover, and marry myself more effectually by my everlasting Vows, than the Priest by his common Method could do to any other Woman less beloved; there being no other Way at present left by Heaven, to render me *Sylvia's*

Eternal happy Lover, and

I die to see you.

PHILANDER.

To SYLVIA.

WHEN I had sealed the inclosed, *Brilliard* told me you were this Morning come from *Belfant*, and with infinite Impatience have expected seeing you here; which deferred my sending this to the old Place; and I am so vain (oh adorable *Sylvia!*) as to believe my fancied Silence has given you Disquiets; but sure, my *Sylvia* could not charge me with Neglect; no, she knows my Soul, and lays it all on Chance, or some strange Accident, she knows no Business could divert me. No, were the Nation sinking, the great Senate of the World

World confounded, our glorious Designs betrayed and ruined, and the vast City all in Flames; like *Nero*, unconcerned, I would sing my everlasting Song of Love to *Sylvia*; which no Time or Fortune shall untune. I know my Soul, and all its Strength, and how it is fortified, the charming *Idea* of my young *Sylvia* will for ever remain there; the Original may fade; Time may render it less fair, less blooming in my Arms, but never in my Soul; I shall find thee there the same gay glorious Creature that first surprized and enslaved me, believe me ravishing Maid, I shall. Why then, oh why, my cruel *Sylvia*! are my Joys delayed? Why am I by your rigorous Commands kept from the Sight of my Heaven, my eternal Bliss? An Age, my fair Tormentor, is past; four tedious live-long Days are numbered over, since I beheld the Object of my lasting Vows, my eternal Wishes; How can you think, oh unreasonable *Sylvia*! that I could live so long without you? And yet I am alive; I find it by my Pain, by Torments of Fears and Jealousies insupportable; I languish and go downward to the Earth; where you will shortly see me laid without your recalling Mercy. It is true, I move about this unregarded World, appear every Day in the great Senate-house, at Clubs, Cabals, and private Consultations; (for *Sylvia* knows all the Business of my Soul, even in Politicks of State as well as Love) I say I appear indeed, and give my Voice in public Business; but oh my Heart more kindly is employed; that and my Thoughts are *Sylvia's*! Ten thousand Times a Day I breathe that Name, my busy Fingers are eternally tracing out those six mystic Letters; a thousand Ways on every Thing I touch, form Words, and make them speak a thousand Things, and all are *Sylvia* still; my melancholy Change is evident to all that see me, which they interpret
many

many mistaken Ways; our Party fancy I repent my League with them, and doubting I'll betray the Cause, grow jealous of me, till by new Oaths, new Arguments, I confirm them; then they smile all, and cry I am in Love; and this they would believe, but that they see all Women that I meet or converse with are different to me, and so can fix it no where; for none can guess it *Sylvia*; thus while I dare not tell my Soul, no not even to *Cesario*, the stifled Flame burns inward, and torments me so, that (unlike the Thing I was) I fear *Sylvia* will lose her Love, and Lover too; for those few Charms she said I had, will fade, and this fatal Distance will destroy both Soul and Body too; my very Reason will abandon me, and I shall rave to see thee; restore me, oh restore me then to *Belfont*, happy *Belfont*, still blest with *Sylvia*'s Presence! permit me, oh permit me into those sacred Shades, where I have been so often (too innocently) blest! Let me survey again the dear Character of *Sylvia* on the smooth Birch; oh when shall I sit beneath those Boughs, gazing on the young Goddess of the Grove, hearing her sigh for Love, touching her glowing small white Hands, beholding her killing Eyes languish, and her charming Bosom rise and fall with short-breath'd uncertain Breath; Breath as soft and sweet as the restoring Breeze that glides o'er the new-blown Flowers: But oh what is it? What Heaven of Perfumes, when it inclines to the ravish'd *Philander*, and whispers Love, it dares not name aloud?

What Power with-holds me then from rushing on thee, from pressing thee with Kisses; folding thee in my transported Arms, and following all the Dictates of Love without Respect or Awe! What is it, oh my *Sylvia*, can detain a Love so violent and raving, and so wild; admit me, sacred Maid, admit me again to those soft Delights, that

I may find, if possible, what Divinity (envious of my Bliss) checks my eager Joys, my raging Flame; while you too make an Experiment (worth the Trial) what 'tis makes *Sylvia* deny her

Impatient Adorer,

PHILANDER.

My Page is ill, and I am oblig'd to trust Brilliard with these to the dear Cottage of their Rendezvous; send me your Opinion of his Fidelity: And ah! remember I die to see you.

TO PHILANDER.

NOT yet?---not yet? oh ye dull tedious Hours when will you glide away? and bring that happy Moment on, in which I shall at least hear from my *Philander*; eight and forty tedious ones are past, and I am here forgotten still; forlorn, impatient, restless every where; not one of all your little Moments (ye undiverting Hours) can afford me Repose; I drag ye on, a heavy Load; I count ye all, and bless ye when you are gone; but tremble at the approaching ones, and with a Dread expect you; and nothing will divert me now; my Couch is tiresome, and my Glass is vain; my Books are dull, and Conversation insupportable; the Grove affords me no Relief; nor even those Birds to whom I have so often breath'd *Philander's* Name, they sing it on their perching Boughs; no nor the reviewing of his dear Letters, can bring me any Ease. Oh what Fate is reserved for me! For thus I cannot live; nor surely thus I shall not die. Perhaps *Philander's* making a Trial of Virtue by this Silence. Pursue it, call up all your Reason, my lovely Brother, to your Aid, let us be wise
and

and silent, let us try what that will do towards the Cure of this too infectious Flame; let us, oh let us, my Brother, sit down here, and pursue the Crime of Loving on no farther. Call me Sister---Swear I am so, and nothing but your Sister: And forbear, oh forbear, my charming Brother, to pursue me farther with your soft bewitching Passion; let me alone, let me be ruin'd with Honour, if I must be ruin'd.---For oh! 'twere much happier I were no more, than that I should be more than *Philander's* Sister; or he than *Sylvia's* Brother: Oh let me ever call you by that cold Name, 'till that of Lover be forgotten:---Ha!---Methinks on the sudden a fit of Virtue informs my Soul, and bids me ask you for what Sin of mine, my charming Brother, you still pursue a Maid that cannot fly: Ungenerous and unkind! why did you take advantage of those Freedoms I gave you as a Brother? I smil'd on you; and sometimes kiss'd you too;---But for my Sister's sake, I play'd with you, suffer'd your Hands and Lips to wander where I dare not now; all which I thought a Sister might allow a Brother, and knew not all the while the Treachery of Love: Oh none, but under that intimate Title of a Brother, could have had the Opportunity to have ruin'd me; that, that betray'd me; I play'd away my Heart at a Game I did not understand; nor knew I when 'twas lost, by degrees so subtle, and an Authority so lawful, you won me out of all. Nay then too, even when all was lost, I would not think it Love. I wonder'd what my sleepless Nights, my waking eternal Thoughts, and slumbring Visions of my lovely Brother meant: I wonder'd why my Soul was continually fill'd with Wishes and new Desires; and still concluded 'twas for my Sister all, 'till I discover'd the Cheat by Jealousy; for when my Sister hung upon your Neck, kiss'd, and caress'd that Face that I ador'd,

oh how I found my Colour change, my Limbs all trembled, and my Blood inrag'd, and I could scarce forbear reproaching you; or crying out, Oh why this Fondness, Brother? Sometimes you perceiv'd my Concern, at which you'd smile; for you who had been before in Love, a Curse upon the fatal Time) could guess at my Disorder; then would you turn the wanton Play on me: When sullen with my Jealousy and the Cause, I fly your soft Embrace, yet wish you would pursue and overtake me, which you ne'er fail'd to do, where after a kind Quarrel all was pardon'd, and all was well again: While the poor injur'd Innocent, my Sister, made herself Sport at our delusive Wars; still I was ignorant, 'till you in a most fatal Hour inform'd me I was a Lover. Thus was it with my Heart in those blest Days of Innocence; thus it was won and lost; nor can all my Stars in Heav'n prevent, I doubt, prevent my Ruin. Now you are sure of the fatal Conquest, you scorn the trifling Glory, you are silent now; oh I am inevitably lost, or with you, or without you: And I find by this little Silence and Absence of your's, that 'tis most certain I must either die, or be *Philander's*

SYLVIA.

If Dorillus come not with a Letter, or that my Page, whom have I sent to this Cottage for one, bring it not, I cannot support my Life: for oh, Philander, I have a thousand wild distracting Fears, knowing how you are involv'd in the Interest you have espous'd with the young Cesario: How Danger surrounds you, how your Life and Glory depend on the frail Sacrifice of Villains and Rebels: Oh give me leave to fear eternally your Fame and Life, if not your Love; if Sylvia could command, Philander should be Loyal as he's Noble; and what generous Maid would not suspect his Vows to a Mistress, who breaks 'em with his Prince and Master! Heaven preserve you and your Glory.

T O P H I L A N D E R.

ANother Night, oh Heavens, and yet no Letter come! Where are you, my *Philander*? What happy Place contains you? If in Heaven, why does not some posting Angel bid me haste after you? if on Earth, why does not some little God of Love bring the grateful Tidings on his painted Wings? if sick, why does not my own fond Heart by Sympathy inform me? But that is all active, vigorous, wishing, impatient of delaying, silent, and busy in Imagination: If you are false, if you have forgotten your poor believing and distracted *Sylvia*, why does not that kind Tyrant Death, that meager welcome Vision of the despairing, old and wretched, approach in dead of Night, approach my restless Bed, and tole the dismal Tidings in my frightened listening Ears, and strike me for ever silent, lay me for ever quiet, lost to the World, lost to my faithless Charmer! But if a Sense of Honour in you has made you resolve to prefer mine before your Love, made you take up a noble fatal Resolution never to tell me more of your Passion; this were a Trial, I fear my fond Heart wants Courage to bear; or is it a Trick, a cold fit only assum'd to try how much I love you? I have no Arts, Heaven knows, no Guile or double Meaning in my Soul, 'tis all plain native Simplicity, fearful and timorous as Children in the Night, trembling as Doves pursu'd; born soft by Nature, and made tender by Love; what, oh! what will become of me then? Yet would I were confirm'd in all my Fears: For as I am, my Condition is more deplorable; for I'm in doubt, and Doubt is the worst Torment of the Mind: Oh *Philander*, be merciful, and let me know the worst; do not be cruel while you kill,

do it with Pity to the wretched *Sylvia*; oh let me quickly know whether you are at all, or are the most impatient and unfortunate

SYLVIA'S.

*I rave, I die for
some Relief.*

TO PHILANDER.

AS I was going to send away this enclos'd, *Dorillus* came with two Letters; oh, you cannot think, *Philander*, with how much Reason you call me fickle Maid; for could you but imagine how I am tormentingly divided, how unresolv'd between violent Love, and cruel Honour, you would say 'twere impossible to fix me any where; or be the same Thing for a Moment together: There is not a short Hour pass'd thro' the swift Hand of Time, since I was all despairing, raging Love, jealous, fearful and impatient; and now, now that your fond Letters have dispers'd those Demons, those tormenting Counsellors, and given a little Respite, a little Tranquillity to my Soul; like States luxurious grown with Ease, it ungratefully rebels against the Sovereign Power that made it great and happy; and now that Traitor Honour heads the Mutineers within; Honour, whom my late mighty Fears had almost famish'd and brought to nothing, warm'd and reviv'd by thy new-protected Flames, makes War against Almighty Love! and I, who but now nobly resolv'd for Love, by an Inconstancy natural to my Sex, or rather my Fears, am turn'd over to Honour's Side: So the despairing Man, stands on the River's Bank, design'd to plunge into the rapid Stream, 'till Coward-Fear seizing his timorous Soul, he views around once more the flowery Plains, and looks with
wishing

wishing Eyes back to the Groves, then sighing stops, and cries, I was too rash, forsakes the dangerous Shore, and hastes away. Thus indiscreet was I, was all for Love, fond and undoing Love! But when I saw it with full Tide flow in upon me, one Glance of glorious Honour makes me again retreat. I will----I am resolv'd----and must be brave! I cannot forget I am Daughter to the great *Beralti*, and Sister to *Myrtilla*, a yet unspotted Maid, fit to produce a Race of glorious Heroes! And can *Philander's* Love set no higher Value on me than base poor Prostitution? Is that the Price of his Heart?---Oh how I hate thee now! or would to Heaven I could.---Tell me not, thou charming Beguiler, that *Myrtilla* was to blame; was it a Fault in her, and will it be Virtue in me? And can I believe the Crime that made her lose your Heart, will make me Mistress of it? No, if by any Action of her's the noble House of the *Beralti* be dishonour'd, by all the Actions of my Life it shall receive Additions of Lustre and Glory! Nor will I think *Myrtilla's* Virtue lessen'd for your mistaken Opinion of it, and she may be as much in vain pursu'd, perhaps, by the Prince *Cesario*, as *Sylvia* shall be by the young *Philander*: The envying World talks loud, 'tis true; but oh, if all were true that busy Babbler says, what Lady has her Fame? What Husband is not a Cuckold? Nay, and a Friend, to him that made him so? And it is in vain, my too subtle Brother, you think to build the Trophies of your Conquests on the Ruin of both *Myrtilla's* Fame and mine: Oh how dear would your inglorious Passion cost the great unfortunate House of the *Beralti*, while you poorly ruin the Fame of *Myrtilla*, to make way to the Heart of *Sylvia*! Remember, oh remember once your Passion was as violent for *Myrtilla*, and all the Vows, Oaths, Protestations, Tears and Prayers

you make and pay at my Feet, are but the faint Repetitions, the feeble Echo's of what you sigh'd out at her's. Nay, like young *Paris* fled with the fair Prize, your fond, your eager Passion made it a Rape. Oh perfidious!---Let me not call it back to my Remembrance.---Oh let me die, rather than call to Mind a Time so fatal; when the lovely false *Phikander* vow'd his Heart, his faithless Heart away to any Maid but *Sylvia*:---Oh let it not be possible for me to imagine his dear Arms ever grasping any Body with Joy but *Sylvia*! And yet they did, with Transports of Love! Yes, yes, you lov'd! by Heaven you lov'd this false, this perfidious *Myrtilla*; for false she is; you lov'd her, and I'll have it so; nor shall the Sister in me plead her Cause. She is false beyond all Pardon; for you are beautiful as Heaven itself can render you, a Shape exactly form'd, not too low, nor too tall, but made to beget soft Desire and everlasting Wishes in all that look on you; but your Face! your lovely Face! inclining to round, large piercing languishing black Eyes, delicate proportion'd Nose, charming dimpled Mouth, plump red Lips, inviting and swelling, white Teeth, small and even, fine Complexion, and a beautiful Turn! All which you had an Art to order in so engaging a manner that it charm'd all the Beholders, both Sexes were undone with looking on you; and I have heard a witty Man of your Party swear, your Face gain'd more to the League and Association than the Cause, and has curs'd a thousand Times the false *Myrtilla*, for preferring *Cesario*! (less beautiful) to the adorable *Philander*; to add to this, Heaven! how you spoke, when ere you spoke of Love! in that you far surpass'd the young *Cesario*! as young as he, almost as great and glorious; oh perfidious *Myrtilla*, oh false, oh foolish and ingrate!---That you abandon'd her was just, she was not worth retaining in your
Heart,

Heart, nor could be worth defending with your Sword:---But grant her false; oh *Philander*! How does her Perfidy intitle you to me? False as she is, you still are married to her; inconstant as she is, she is still your Wife; and no Breach of the Nuptial Vow can untie the fatal Knot; and that is a Mystery to common Sense; sure she was born for Mischief; and Fortune, when she gave her you, designed the Ruin of us all; but most particularly

The Unfortunate

S Y L V I A.

To S Y L V I A.

MY Soul's eternal Joy, my *Sylvia*! what have you done, and oh how durst you, knowing my fond Heart, try it with so fatal a Stroke? What means this severe Letter? and why so eagerly at this time? Oh the Day! Is *Myrtilla's* Virtue so defended? Is it a Question now whether she is false or not? Oh poor, oh frivolous Excuse! You love me not; by all that's good, you love me not; to try your Power you have flatter'd and feign'd, oh Woman! false charming Woman! you have undone me, I rave and shall commit such Extravagance that will ruin both: I must upbraid you, fickle and inconstant, I must, and this Distance will not serve, 'tis too great; my Reproaches lose their Force; I burst with Resentment, with injur'd Love; and you are either the most faithless of your Sex, or the most malicious and tormenting: Oh I am past Tricks, my *Sylvia*, your little Arts might do well in a beginning Flame, but to a settled Fire that is arriv'd to the highest Degree, it does but damp its Fiercéness, and instead of drawing me on, would lessen my Esteem, if any

such Deceit were capable to harbour in the Heart of *Sylvia*; but she is all Divine, and I am mistaken in the Meaning of what she says. Oh my Adorable, think no more on that dull false Thing a Wife; let her be banish'd thy Thoughts, as she is my Soul; let her never appear, though but in a Dream, to fright our solid Joys, or true Happiness; no, let us look forward to Pleasures vast and unconfin'd, to coming Transports, and leave all behind us that contributes not to that Heaven of Bliss: Remember, oh *Sylvia*, that five tedious Days are past since I sigh'd at your dear Feet; and five Days, to a Man so madly in Love as your *Philander*, is a tedious Age: 'Tis now six a Clock in the Morning, *Brilliard* will be with you by eight, and by ten I may have your Permission to see you, and then I need not say how soon I will present my self before you at *Belfont*; for Heaven's Sake, my eternal Blessing, if you design me this Happiness, contrive it so, that I may see no body that belongs to *Belfont*, but the fair, the lovely *Sylvia*; for I must be more Moments with you, than will be convenient to be taken Notice of, lest they suspect our Business to be Love, and that Discovery yet may ruin us. Oh! I will delay no longer, my Soul is impatient to see you, I cannot live another Night without it; I die, by Heaven, I languish for the appointed Hour; you will believe, when you see my languid Face, and dying Eyes, how much and great a Sufferer in Love I am.

My Soul's Delight, you may perhaps deny me from your Fear; but oh, do not, though I ask a mighty Blessing; *Sylvia's* Company alone, silent, and perhaps by Dark:---Oh tho' I faint with the Thought only of so blest'd an Opportunity, yet you shall secure me, by what Vows, what Imprecations or Ties you please; bind my busy Hands,
blind

blind my ravish'd Eyes, command my Tongue, do what you will; but let me hear your Angel's Voice, and have the transported Joy of throwing my self at your Feet; and if you please, give me Leave (a Man condemned eternally to Love) to plead a little for my Life and Passion; let me remove your Fears; and tho' that mighty Task never make me intirely happy, at least it will be a great Satisfaction to me to know, that 'tis not thro' my own Fault that I am the

Most Wretched

PHILANDER.

I have order'd Brilliard to wait your Commands at Dorillus's Cottage, that he may not be seen at Bellfont: Resolve to see me to Night, or I shall come without Order, and injure both: My dear damn'd Wife is dispos'd of at a Ball Cefario makes to Night; the Opportunity will be lucky, not that I fear her Jealousy, but the Effects of it.

To PHILANDER.

I Tremble with the Apprehension of what you ask: How shall I comply with your fond Desires? My Soul bodes some dire Effect of this bold Enterprize, for I must own (and blush while I do own it) that my Soul yields Obedience to your soft Request, and even whilst I read your Letter, was diverted with the Contrivance of seeing you: For though, as my Brother, you have all the Freedoms imaginable at *Bellfont* to entertain and walk with me, yet it would be difficult and prejudicial to my Honour, to receive you alone any where without my Sister, and cause a Suspicion, which all about me now are very far from conceiving, except *Melinda*, my faithful Confident,

and too fatal Counsellor; and but for this Fear, I know, my charming Brother, three little Leagues should not five long Days separate *Philander* from his *Sylvia*: But, my lovely Brother, since you beg it so earnestly, and my Heart consents so easily, I must pronounce my own Doom, and say, Come, my *Philander*, whither Love or soft Desire invites you; and take this Direction in the Management of this mighty Affair. I would have you, as soon as this comes to your Hands, to haste to *Dorillus's* Cottage, without your Equipage, only *Brilliard*, whom I believe you may trust, both from his own Discretion, and your vast Bounties to him; wait there 'till you receive my Commands, and I will retire betimes to my Apartment, pretending not to be well; and as soon as the Evening's Obscurity will permit, *Melinda* shall let you in at the *Garden Gate*, that is next the *Grove*, unseen and unsuspected; but oh, thou powerful Charmer, have a Care, I trust you with my All: My dear, dear, my precious Honour, guard it well; for oh I fear my Forces are too weak to stand your Shock of Beauties; you have Charms enough to justify my yielding; but yet, by Heaven I would not for an Empire: But what is dull Empire to Almighty Love? The God subdues the Monarch; 'tis to your Strength I trust, for I am a feeble Woman; a Virgin quite disarm'd by two fair Eyes, an Angel's Voice and Form; but yet I'll die before I'll yield my Honour; no, though our unhappy Family have met Reproach from the imagined Levity of my Sister, 'tis I'll redeem the bleeding Honour of our Family, and my great Parents Virtues shall shine in me; I know it, for if it passes this Test, if I can stand this Temptation, I am Proof against all the World; but I conjure you aid me if I need it: If I incline but in a languishing Look, if but a Wish appear in my Eyes, or

I betray Consent but in a Sigh; take not, oh take not the Opportunity, lest when you have done I grow raging mad, and discover all in the wild Fit. Oh who would venture on an Enemy with such unequal Force? What hardy Fool would hazard all at Sea, that sees the rising Storm come rousing on? who but fond Woman, giddy heedless Woman, would thus expose her Virtue to Temptation? I see, I know my Danger, yet I must permit it: Love, soft bewitching Love will have it so, that cannot deny what my feebler Honour forbids; and though I tremble with Fear, yet Love suggests, it will be an Age to Night: I long for my Undoing; for oh I cannot stand the Batteries of your Eyes and Tongue; these Fears, these Conflicts I have a thousand Times a-day; it is pitiful sometimes to see me; on one Hand a thousand Cupids all gay and smiling present *Philander* with all the Beauties of his Sex, with all the Softness in his Looks and Language those Gods of Love can inspire, with all the Charms of Youth adorn'd, bewitching all, and all transporting; on the other Hand, a poor lost Virgin languishing and undone, fighting her willing Rape to the deaf Shades and Fountains, filling the Woods with Cries, swelling the murmuring Rivulets with Tears, her noble Parents with a generous Rage reviling her, and her betray'd Sister loading her bow'd Head with Curfes and Reproaches, and all about her looking forlorn and sad. Judge, oh judge, my adorable Brother, of the Vastness of my Courage and Passion, when even this deplorable Prospect cannot defend me from the Resolution of giving you Admittance into my Apartment this Night, nor shall ever drive you from the Soul of your

SYLVIA.

To

T O S Y L V I A.

I Have obey'd my *Sylvia's* dear Commands, and the Dictates of my own impatient Soul; as soon as I receiv'd them, I immediately took Horse for *Belfont*, though I knew I should not see my Adorable *Sylvia* 'till Eight or Nine at Night; but oh 'tis wondrous Pleasure to be so much more near my eternal Joy; I wait at *Dorillus's* Cottage the tedious approaching Night that must shelter me in its kind Shades, and conduct me to a Pleasure I faint but with imagining; 'tis now, my lovely Charmer, Three a Clock, and oh how many tedious Hours I am to languish here before the blessed one arrive! I know you love, my *Sylvia*, and therefore must guess at some Part of my Torment, which yet is mix'd with a certain trembling Joy, not to be imagin'd by any but *Sylvia*, who surely loves *Philander*; if there be Truth in Beauty, Faith in Youth, she surely loves him much; and much more above her Sex she is capable of Love, by how much more her Soul is form'd of a softer and more delicate Composition; by how much more her Wit's refin'd and elevated above her duller Sex, and by how much more she is oblig'd; if Passion can claim Passion in return, sure no Beauty was ever so much indebted to a Slave, as *Sylvia* to *Philander*; none ever lov'd like me: Judge then my Pains of Love, my Joys, my Fears, my Impatience and Desires; and call me to your sacred Presence with all the Speed of Love, and as soon as it is duskish, imagine me in the Meadow behind the Grove, 'till when think me employ'd in eternal Thoughts of *Sylvia*; restless, and talking to the Trees of *Sylvia*, sighing her charming Name, circling with folded Arms my panting Heart, (that beats and trembles the
more,

more, the nearer it approaches the happy *Belfont*) and fortifying the feeble *Trembler* against a Sight so ravishing and surprizing; I fear to be sustain'd with Life; but if I faint in *Sylvia's* Arms, it will be happier far than all the Glories of Life without her.

Send, my Angel, something from you to make the Hours less tedious: Consider me, love me, and be as impatient as I, that you may the sooner find at your Feet your everlasting Lover,

P H I L A N D E R.

From Dorillus's Cottage.

T o P H I L A N D E R.

I Have at last recover'd Sense enough to tell you, I have receiv'd your Letter by *Dorillus*, and which had like to have been discover'd; for he prudently enough put it under the Strawberries he brought me in a Basket, fearing he should get no other Opportunity to have given it me; and my Mother seeing them look so fair and fresh, snatch'd the Basket with a Greediness I have not seen in her before; whilst she was calling to her Page for a Porcelane Dish to put them out, *Dorillus* had an Opportunity to hint to me what lay at the Bottom: Heavens! had you seen my Disorder and Confusion; what should I do? Love had not one Invention in Store, and here it was that all the Subtily of Women abandon'd me. Oh Heavens, how cold and pale I grew, lest the most important Business of my Life should be betray'd and ruin'd! but not to terrify you longer with Fears of my Danger, the Dish came, and out the Strawberries were pour'd, and the Basket thrown aside on the Bank where my Mother sat, (for we were in the Garden when we met accidentally *Dorillus* first with

with the Basket ;) there were some Leaves of Fern put at the Bottom between the Basket and Letter, which by good Fortune came not out with the Strawberries, and after a Minute or two I took up the Basket, and walking carelessly up and down the Garden, gather'd here and there a Flower, Pinks and Jessamine, and filling my Basket, sat down again 'till my Mother had eat her Fill of the Fruit, and gave me an Opportunity to retire to my Apartment, where opening the Letter, and finding you so near, and waiting to see me, I had certainly sunk down on the Floor, had not *Melinda* supported me, who only was by; something so new, and 'till now so strange, seiz'd me at the Thought of so secret an Interview, that I lost all my Senses, and Life wholly departing, I rested on *Melinda* without Breath or Motion; the violent Effects of Love and Honour, the impetuous meeting Tides of the Extreame of Joy and Fear, rushing on too suddenly, overwhelm'd my Senses; and it was a pretty while before I recover'd Strength to get to my Cabinet, where a second Time I open'd your Letter, and read it again with a thousand Changes of Countenance; my whole Mass of Blood was in that Moment so discompos'd, that I chang'd from an Ague to a Fever several Times in a Minute: Oh what will all this bring me to? And where will the raging Fit end? I die with that Thought, my guilty Pen slackens in my trembling Hand, and I languish and fall over the un-employ'd Paper;---Oh help me, some Divinity,---Or if you did,---I fear I should be angry: Oh *Phlander!* a thousand Passions and distracted Thoughts croud to get out, and make their soft Complaints to thee; but oh they lose themselves with mixing; they are blended in a Confusion together, and Love nor Art can divide them, to deal them out in Order; sometimes I would tell you of my
 Joy

Joy at your Arrival, and my unspeaking Transports at the Thought of seeing you so soon, that I shall hear your charming Voice, and find you at my Feet making soft Vows anew, with all the Passion of an impatient Lover, with all the Eloquence that Sighs and Cries, and Tears from those lovely Eyes can express; and sure that is enough to conquer any where, and to which coarse vulgar Words are dull. The Rhetorick of Love is half-breath'd, interrupted Words, languishing Eyes, flattering Speeches, broken Sighs, pressing the Hand, and falling Tears: Ah how do they not persuade, how do they not charm and conquer; 'twas thus, with these soft easy Arts, that *Sylvia* first was won; for sure no Arts of Speaking could have talked my Heart away, though you can speak like any God: Oh whither am I driven? What do I say? 'Twas not my Purpose, not my Business here, to give a Character of *Philander*, no nor to speak of Love; but oh! like *Cowley's* Lute, my Soul will sound to nothing but to Love: Talk what you will, begin what Discourse you please, I end it all in Love, because my Soul is ever fix'd on *Philander*, and insensibly its Bias leads to that Subject; no, I did not, when I began to write, think of speaking one Word of my own Weakness; but to have told you with what resolv'd Courage, Honour and Virtue, I expect your coming; and sure so sacred a Thing as Love was not made to ruin these, and therefore in vain, my lovely Brother, you will attempt it; and yet, oh Heavens! I gave a private Affignation, in my Apartment, alone and at Night; where Silence, Love and Shades, are all your Friends, where Opportunity obliges your Passion, while, Heaven knows, not one of all these, nor any kind Power, is Friend to me; I shall be left to you and all these Tyrants expos'd, without other Guards than this boasted Virtue,
which

which had need be wondrous to resist all these powerful Enemies of its Purity and Repose. Alas I know not its Strength, I never try'd it yet; and this will be the first Time it has ever been expos'd to your Power; the first Time I ever had Courage to meet you as a Lover, and let you in by Stealth, and put myself unguarded into your Hands: Oh I die with the Apprehension of approaching Danger! and yet I have not Power to retreat; I must on, Love compels me, Love holds me fast; the smiling Flatterer promises a thousand Joys, a thousand ravishing Minutes of Delight; all innocent and harmless as his Mother's Doves: but oh they bill and kiss, and do a thousand Things I must forbid *Philander*; for I have often heard him say with Sighs, that his Complexion render'd him less capable of the soft Play of Love, than any other Lover: I have seen him fly my very Touches, yet swear they were the greatest Joy on Earth: I tempt him even with my Looks from Virtue; and when I ask the Cause, or cry he is cold, he Vows 'tis because he dares not endure my Temptations; says his Blood runs hotter and fiercer in his Veins than any other's does; nor have the oft repeated Joys reap'd in the Marriage Bed, any Thing abated that which he wish'd, but he fear'd would ruin me: Thus, thus whole Days we have sate, and gaz'd, and sigh'd; but durst not trust our Virtues with fond Dalliance.

My Page is come to tell me that Madam the Dutchess of--is come to *Bellfont*, and I am oblig'd to quit my Cabinet, but with infinite Regret, being at present much more to my Soul's Content employ'd; but Love must sometimes give Place to *Deyoir*, and Respect. *Dorillus* too waits, and tells *Melinda* he will not depart without something for his Lord, to entertain him till the happy Hour. The *Ruffick* pleas'd me with the Concern he had
for

for my *Philander*; oh my charming Brother, you have an Art to tame even Savages, a Tongue that would charm and engage *Wildness* itself, to Softness and Gentleness, and give the rough unthinking, Love; 'tis a tedious Time to Night, how shall I pass the Hours?

T O S Y L V I A.

SAY, fond Love, whither wilt thou lead me? Thou hast brought me from the noisy Hurries of the Town, to charming Solitude; from crowded Cabals, where mighty Things are resolving, to lonely Groves; to thy own Abodes where thou dwell'st; gay and pleas'd among the Rural Swains in shady homely Cottages; thou hast brought me to a Grove of Flowers, to the Brink of purling Streams, where thou hast laid me down to contemplate on *Sylvia*, to think my tedious Hours away in the softest Imagination a Soul inspir'd by Love can conceive, to increase my Passion by every Thing I behold; for every Sound that meets the Sense is thy proper Musick, oh Love, and every Thing inspires thy Dictates; the Winds around me blow soft, and mixing with wanton Boughs, continually play and kiss; while those, like a coy Maid in Love, resist, and comply by Turns; they, like a ravish'd vigorous Lover, rush on with a transported Violence, rudely embracing their Spring-dress'd Mistresses, ruffling her Native Order; while the pretty Birds on the dancing Branches incessantly make Love; upbraiding duller Man with his defective want of Fire: Man, the Lord of all! He to be stinted in the most valuable Joy of Life; Is it not pity? Here is no troublesome Honour, amongst the pretty Inhabitants of the Woods and Streams, fondly to give Laws to Nature, but uncontroul'd they play, and sing, and love; no Parents checking
their

their dear Delights, no slavish Matrimonial Ties to restrain their nobler Flame. No Spies to interrupt their blest Appointments; but every little Nest is free and open to receive the young fledg'd Lover; every Bough is conscious of their Passion, nor do the generous Pair languish in tedious Ceremony; but meeting look, and like, and love, imbrace with their wingy Arms, and salute with their little opening Bills; this is their Courtship, this the amorous Compliment, and this only the Introduction to all their following Happiness; and thus it is with the Flocks and Herds; while scanted Man, born alone for the Fatigues of Love, with industrious Toil, and all his boasting Arts of Eloquence, his God-like Image, and his noble Form, may labour on a tedious Term of Years, with Pain, Expence, and Hazard, before he can arrive at Happiness, and then too perhaps his Vows are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain. Tell me, oh you Fellow-Lovers, ye amorous dear Brutes, tell me, when ever you lay languishing beneath your Coverts, thus for your fair She, and durst not approach for fear of Honour? Tell me, by a gentle Bleat, ye little butting Rams, do you sigh thus for your soft, white Ewes? Do you lie thus conceal'd, to wait the coming Shades of Night, 'till all the curst Spies are folded? No, no, even you are much more blest than Man, who is bound up to Rules, 'fetter'd by the nice Decencies of Honour.

My Divine Maid, thus were my Thoughts employ'd, when from the farthest End of the Grove, where I now remain, I saw *Dorillus* approach with thy welcome Letter; he tells, you had like to have been surpriz'd in making it up; and he receiv'd it with much Difficulty: Ah *Sylvia*, should any Accident happen to prevent my seeing you to Night, I were undone for ever, and you must expect to find me stretch'd out, dead and cold under this
Oak,

Oak, where now I lie writing on its knotty Root. Thy Letter, I confess, is dear; it contains thy Soul, and my Happiness; by this After-story of the Surprize I long to be inform'd of, for from thence I may gather Part of my Fortune. I rave and die with Fear of a Disappointment; not but I would undergo a thousand Torments and Deaths for *Sylvia*; but oh consider me, and let me not suffer if possible; for know, my charming Angel, my impatient Heart is almost broke, and will not contain itself without being nearer my adorable Maid, without taking in at my Eyes a little Comfort; no, I am resolv'd; put me not off with Tricks, which foolish Honour invents to jilt Mankind with; for if you do, by Heaven I will forget all Considerations and Respect, and force myself with all the Violence of raging Love into the Presence of my cruel *Sylvia*; own her mine, and ravish my Delight; nor shall the happy Walls of *Bellfont* be of Strength sufficient to secure her; nay, persuade me not, for if you make me mad and raving, this will be the Effects on't:----Oh pardon me, my sacred Maid, pardon the Wildness of my frantick Love----I paused, took a Turn or two in the lone Path, consider'd what I had said, and found it was too much, too bold, too rude to approach my soft, my tender Maid: I am calm, my Soul, as thy bewitching Smiles; hush, as thy secret Sighs, and will resolve to die rather than offend my adorable Virgin; only send me Word what you think of my Fate, while I expect it here on this kind Mossy Bed where now I lie; which I would not quit for a Throne, since here I may hope the News may soonest arrive to make me happier than a God! which that nothing on my Part may prevent, I here vow in the Face of Heaven, I will not abuse the Freedom my *Sylvia* blesses me with; nor shall my Love go beyond the Limits of

Honour. *Sylvia* shall command with a Frown,
and fetter me with a Smile; prescribe Rules to my
longing, ravish'd Eyes, and pinion my busy, fond,
roving Hands, and lay at her Feet, like a tame
Slave, her Adoring

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

Approach, approach, you sacred Queen of Night,
and bring *Philander* veil'd from all Eyes but
mine; approach at a fond Lover's Call, behold
how I lie panting with Expectation, tir'd out with
your tedious Ceremony to the God of Day; be
kind, oh lovely Night, and let the Deity descend
to his beloved *Thetis's* Arms, and I to my *Phi-*
lander's; the Sun and I must snatch our Joys in the
same happy Hours; favour'd by thee, oh sacred,
silent Night! See, see, the enamour'd Sun is hasting
on apace to his expecting Mistress, while thou dull
Night art slowly lingering yet. Advance, my Friend!
my Goddess! and my Confident! hide all my
Blushes, all my soft Confusions, my Tremblings,
Transports, and Eyes all languishing.

Oh *Philander!* a thousand Things I have done
to divert the tedious Hours, but nothing can; all
Things are dull without thee. I am tir'd with every
thing, impatient to end, as soon as I begin them;
even the Shades and solitary Walks afford me now
no Ease, no Satisfaction, and Thought but afflicts
me more, that us'd to relieve. And I at last have
Recourse to my kind Pen: For while I write,
methinks I am talking to thee; I tell thee thus my
Soul, while thou, methinks, art all the while
smiling and listening by; this is much easier than
silent Thought, and my Soul is never weary of
this Converse; and thus I would speak a thousand
Things,

Things, but that still, methinks, Words do not enough express my Soul; to understand that right, there requires Looks; there is a Rhetorick in Looks; in Sighs and silent Touches that surpasses all; there is an Accent in the Sound of Words too, that gives a Sense and soft Meaning to little Things, which of themselves are of trivial Value, and insignificant; and by the Cadence of the Utterance may express a Tenderness which their own Meaning does not bear; by this I wou'd insinuate, that the Story of the Heart cannot be so well told by this Way, as by Presence and Conversation; sure *Philander* understands what I mean by this, which possibly is Nonsense to all but a Lover, who apprehends all the little fond Prattle of the Thing belov'd, and finds an Eloquence in it, that to a Sense unconcern'd would appear even approaching to Folly: But *Philander*, who has the true Notions of Love in him, apprehends all that can be said on that dear Subject; to him I venture to say any Thing, whose kind and soft Imaginations can supply all my Wants in the Description of the Soul: Will it not, *Philander*? Answer me:---But oh, where art thou? I see thee not, I touch thee not; but when I haste with Transport to embrace thee, 'tis Shadow all, and my poor Arms return empty to my Bosom: Why, oh why com'st thou not? Why art thou cautious, and prudently waisted the slow-pac'd Night: Oh cold, oh unreasonable Lover, why?---But I grow wild, and know not what I say: Impatient Love betrays me to a thousand Follies, a thousand Rashnesses: I die with Shame; but I must be undone, and it is no matter how, whether by my own Weakness, *Philander's* Charms, or both, I know not; but so it is destin'd,---Oh *Philander*, it is two tedious Hours Love has counted since you writ to me, yet are but a quarter of a Mile distant; what have you been doing
all

all that live-long while? Are you not unkind? Does not *Sylvia* lie neglected and unregarded in your Thoughts? Huddled up confusedly with your graver Business of State, and almost lost in the ambitious Croud? Say, say, my lovely Charmer, is she not? Does not this fatal Interest you espouse, rival your *Sylvia*? Is she not too often remov'd thence to let in that haughty Tyrant Mistress? Alas, *Philander*, I more than fear she is: and oh, my adorable Lover, when I look forward on our coming Happiness, when ever I lay by the Thoughts of Honour, and give a loose to Love; I run not far in the pleasing Career, before that dreadful Thought stopp'd me on my Way: I have a fatal prophetick Fear, that gives a Check to my soft Pursuit, and tells me that thy unhappy Engagement in this League, this accursed Association, will one Day undo us both, and part for ever thee and thy unlucky *Sylvia*; Yes, yes, my dear Lord, my Soul does presage an unfortunate Event from this dire Engagement; nor can your false Reasoning, your fancy'd Advantages, reconcile it to my honest, good-natur'd Heart; and surely the Design is inconsistent with Love, for two such mighty Contradictions and Enemies, as Love and Ambition, or Revenge, can never sure abide in one Soul together, at least Love can but share *Philander's* Heart; when Blood and Revenge (which he miscalls Glory) rivals it, and has possibly the greatest Part in it: Methinks, this Notion enlarges in me, and every Word I speak, and every Minute's Thought of it, strengthens its Reason to me; and give me leave (while I am full of the Jealousy of it) to express my Sentiments, and lay before you those Reasons, that Love and I think most substantial ones; what you have hitherto desired of me, oh unreasonable *Philander*, and what I (out of Modesty and Honour) deny'd, I have

have Reason to fear (from the absolute Conquest you have made of my Heart) that some Time or other the charming Thief may break in and rob me of; for Fame and Virtue Love begins to laugh at. My dear unfortunate Condition being thus, it is not impossible, oh *Philander*, but I may one Day, in some unlucky Hour, in some soft bewitching Moment, in some spiteful, critical, ravishing Minute, yield all to the charming *Philander*; and if so, where, oh where is my Security, that I shall not be abandon'd by the lovely Victor? For it is not your Vows which you call sacred (and I alas believe so) that can secure me, tho' I, Heaven knows, believe them all, and am undone; you may keep them all too, and I believe you will; but oh, *Philander*, in these fatal Circumstances you have engag'd yourself, can you secure me my Lover? Your Protestations you may, but not the dear Protestor. Is it not enough, oh *Philander*, for my eternal Unquiet, and Undoing, to know that you are marry'd, and cannot therefore be entirely mine; is not this enough, oh cruel *Philander*? But you must espouse a fatal Cause too, more pernicious than that of Matrimony, and more destructive to my Repose: Oh give me leave to reason with you, and since you have been pleas'd to trust and afflict me with the Secret, which, honest as I am, I will never betray; yet, yet give me leave to urge the Danger of it to you, and consequently to me, if you pursue it; when you are with me, we can think, and talk, and argue nothing but the mightier Business of Love; and it is fit that I, so fondly, and fatally lov'd by you, should warn you of the Danger. Consider, my Lord, you are born Noble, from Parents of untainted Loyalty; blest with a Fortune few Princes beneath Sovereignty are Masters of; blest with all-gaining Youth, commanding Beauty, Wit, Courage, Bravery of Mind, and all

that renders Men esteem'd and ador'd: What would you more? What is it, oh my charming Brother then, that you set up for? Is it Glory? Oh mistaken, lovely Youth, that Glory is but a glittering Light, that ~~flashes~~ for a Moment, and then disappears; it is a false Bravery, that will bring an eternal Blemish upon your honest Fame and House; render your honourable Name hated, detested, and abominable in Story to after Ages; a Traytor! the worst of Titles, the most inglorious and shameful; what has the King, our good, our gracious Monarch done to *Philander*? How disoblig'd him? Or indeed, what Injury to Mankind? Who has he oppress'd? Where play'd the Tyrant or the Ravisher? What one cruel or angry Thing has he committed in all the Time of his fortunate and peaceable Reign over us? Whose Ox or whose Ass has he unjustly taken? What Orphan wrong'd, or Widow's Tears neglected? But all his Life has been one continued Miracle; all good, all gracious, calm and merciful: And this good, this Godlike King is mark'd out for Slaughter, design'd a Sacrifice to the private Revenge of a few ambitious Knaves and Rebels, whose Pretence is the public Good, and doomed to be basely murdered: A Murder! even on the worst of Criminals, carries with it a Cowardise so black and infamous, as the most abject Wretches, the meanest spirited Creature has an Abhorrence for: What! to murder a Man unthinking, unwarn'd, unprepar'd and undefended! oh barbarous! oh poor and most unbrave! What Villain is there lost to all Humanity, to be found upon the Face of the Earth, that, when done, dare own so hellish a Deed as the Murder of the meanest of his Fellow Subjects, much less the sacred Person of the King; the Lord's Anointed; on whose awful Face 'tis impossible to look without that Reverence where-
with

with one would behold a God ! For 'tis most certain, that every Glance from his piercing, wondrous Eyes, begets a trembling Adoration; for my Part, I swear to you, *Philander*, I never approach his sacred Person, but my Heart beats, my Blood runs cold about me, and my Eyes overflow with Tears of Joy, while an awful Confusion seizes me all over; and I am certain should the most harden'd of your bloody Rebels look him in the Face, the devilish Instrument of Death would drop from his sacrilegious Hand, and leave him confounded at the Feet of the Royal forgiving Sufferer; his Eyes have in them something so fierce, so majestick commanding, and yet so good and merciful, as would soften Rebellion itself into repenting Loyalty; and like *Caius Marius*, seem to say,---Who is it dares hurt the King?--They alone, like his Guardian Angels, defend his sacred Person: Oh! what Pity it is, unhappy young Man, thy Education was not near the King.

'Tis plain, 'tis reasonable, 'tis honest, great and glorious to believe, what thy own Sense (if thou wilt but think and consider) will instruct thee in, that Treason, Rebellion and Murder, are far from the Paths that lead to Glory, which are as distant as Hell from Heaven. What is it then to advance? (since I say 'tis plain, Glory is never this Way to be atchiev'd) Is it to add more thousands to those Fortune has already so lavishly bestowed on you? Oh my *Philander*, that's to double the vast Crime, which reaches already to Damnation: Would your Honour, your Conscience, your Christianity, or common Humanity, suffer you to enlarge your Fortunes at the Price of another's Ruin; and make the Spoils of some honest, noble, unfortunate Family, the Rewards of your Treachery? Would you build your Fame on such a Foundation? Perhaps on the Destruction of some Friend or Kinsman. Oh barbarous and mistaken Greatness; Thieves

and Robbers would scorn such Outrages, that had but Souls and Sense.

Is it for Addition of Titles? What Elevation can you have much greater than where you now stand fix'd? If you do not grow giddy with your fancied false Hopes, and fall from that glorious Height you are already arriv'd to, and which, with the honest Addition of Loyalty, is of far more Value and Lustre, than to arrive at Crowns by Blood and Treason. This will last; to Ages last: While t'other will be ridiculed to all Posterity, short-liv'd and reproachful here, infamous and accursed to all Eternity.

Is it to make *Cesario* King? Oh what is *Cesario* to my *Philander*? If a Monarchy you design, then why not this King, this great, this good, this Royal Forgiver? This, who was born a King, and born your King; and holds his Crown by Right of Nature, by Right of Law, by Right of Heaven itself; Heaven who has preserv'd him, and confirm'd him ours, by a thousand miraculous Escapes and Sufferings, and indulg'd him ours by ten thousand Acts of Mercy, and endeared him to us by his wondrous Care and Conduct, by securing of Peace, Plenty, Ease and luxurious Happiness, over all the fortunate Limits of his blessed Kingdoms: And will you? Would you destroy this wondrous Gift of Heaven? This Godlike King, this real Good we now possess, for a most uncertain one; and with it the Repose of all the happy Nation? To establish a King without Law, without Right, without Consent, without Title, and indeed without even competent Parts for so vast a Trust, or so glorious a Rule? One who never oblig'd the Nation by one single Act of Goodness or Valour, in all the Course of his Life; and who never signaliz'd himself to the Advantage of one Man of all the Kingdom: A Prince unfortunate in his Principles
and

and Morals; and whose sole, single Ingratitude to his Majesty, for so many royal Bounties, Honours, and Glories heap'd upon him, is of itself enough to set any honest generous Heart against him. What is it bewitches you so? Is it his Beauty? Then *Philander* has a greater Title than *Cesar*; and not one other Merit has he, since in Piety, Chastity, Sobriety, Charity and Honour, he as little excels, as in Gratitude, Obedience and Loyalty. What then, my dear *Philander*? Is it his Weakness? Ah, there's the Argument: You all propose, and think to govern so soft a King: But believe me, oh unhappy *Philander*! nothing is more ungovernable than a Fool; nothing more obstinate, wilful, conceited, and cunning; and for his Gratitude, let the World judge what he must prove to his Servants, who has dealt so ill with his Lord and Master; how he must reward those that present him with a Crown, who deals so ungraciously with him who gave him Life, and who set him up an happier Object than a Monarch: No, no, *Philander*; he that can cabal, and contrive to dethrone a Father, will find it easy to discard the wicked and hated Instruments, that assisted him to mount it; decline him then, oh fond and deluded *Philander*, decline him early; for you of all the rest ought to do so, and not to set a helping Hand to load him with Honours, that chose you out from all the World to load with Infamy: Remember that; Remember *Myrilla*, and then renounce him; do not you contribute to the adorning of his unfit Head with a Diadem, the most glorious of Ornaments, who unadorned yours with the most inglorious of all Reproaches. Think of this, oh thou unconsidering, noble Youth; lay thy Hand upon thy generous Heart, and tell it all the Fears, all the Reasonings of her that loves thee more than Life. A thousand Arguments I could bring, but these few unstudied

falling in amongst my softer Thoughts) I beg you will accept of, 'till I can more at large deliver the glorious Argument to your Soul; let this suffice to tell thee, that, like *Cassandra*, I rave and prophesy in vain; this Association will be the eternal Ruin of *Philander*; for let it succeed or not, either Way thou art undone; if thou pursuest it, I must infallibly fall with thee, if I resolve to follow thy good or ill Fortune; for you cannot intend Love and Ambition, *Sylvia* and *Cesario* at once: No, persuade me not; the Title to one or t'other must be laid down, *Sylvia* or *Cesario* must be abandon'd: This is my fix'd Resolve, if thy too powerful Arguments convince not in spite of Reason, for they can do it; thou hast the Tongue of an Angel, and the Eloquence of a God, and while I listen to thy Voice, I take all thou say'st for wondrous Sense. ---Farewel; about two Hours hence I shall expect you at the Gate that leads into the Garden Grove—Adieu! Remember

S Y L V I A.

To S Y L V I A.

HOW comes my charming *Sylvia* so skilled in the Mysteries of State? Where learnt her tender Heart the Notions of rigid Business? Where her soft Tongue, formed only for the dear Language of Love, to talk of the Concerns of Nations and Kingdoms? 'Tis true, when I gave my Soul away to my dear Counsellor, I reserved nothing to myself, not even that Secret that so concerned my Life, but laid all at her Mercy; my generous Heart could not love at a less Rate, than to lavish all, and be undone for *Sylvia*; 'tis glorious Ruin, and it pleases me, if it advance one single Joy, or add one Demonstration of my Love to *Sylvia*; 'tis not enough

enough that we tell those we love all they love to hear, but one ought to tell them too, every Secret that we know, and conceal no Part of that Heart one has made a Present of to the Person one loves; 'tis a Treason in Love not to be pardoned: I am sensible that when my Story is told (and this happy one of my Love shall make up the greatest Part of my History) those that love not like me will be apt to blame me, and charge me with Weakness, for revealing so great a Trust to a Woman, and amongst all that I shall do to arrive at Glory, that will brand me with Feebleness; but *Sylvia*, when Lovers shall read it, the Men will excuse me, and the Maids bless me! I shall be a fond admired Precedent for them to point out to their remiss reserving Lovers, who will be reproached for not pursuing my Example. I know not what Opinion Men generally have of the Weakness of Women; but 'tis sure a vulgar Error, for were they like my adorable *Sylvia*, had they had her Wit, her Vivacity of Spirit, her Courage, her generous Fortitude, her Command in every graceful Look and Action, they were most certainly fit to rule and reign; and Man was only born robust and strong, to secure them on those Thrones they are formed (by Beauty, Softness, and a Thousand Charms which Men want) to possess. Glorious Woman was born for Command and Dominion; and the Custom has usurped us the Name of Rule over all; we from the Beginning found ourselves (in spite of all our boasted Prerogative) Slaves and Vassals to the Almighty Sex. Take then my Share of Empire, ye Gods; and give me Love! Let me toil to gain, but let *Sylvia* triumph and reign; I ask no more than the led Slave at her Chariot Wheels, to gaze on my charming Conqueress, and wear with Joy her Fetters! Oh how proud I should be to see the dear Victor of my

Soul so elevated, so adorn'd with Crowns and Scepters at her Feet, which I had won; to see her smiling on the adoring Croud, distributing her Glories to young waiting Princes; there dealing Provinces, and there a Coronet. Heavens! methinks I see the lovely Virgin in this State, her Chariot slowly driving through the Multitude that press to gaze upon her, she dress'd like *Venus*, richly gay and loose, her Hair and Robe blown by the flying Winds, discovering a thousand Charms to View; thus the young Goddess looked, then when she drove her Chariot down descending Clouds, to meet the Love-sick Gods in cooling Shades; and so would look my *Sylvia*! Ah, my soft, lovely Maid; such Thoughts as these fir'd me with Ambition: For me, I swear by every Power that made me love, and made the wondrous fair, I design no more by this great Enterprize than to make thee some glorious Thing, elevated above what we have seen yet on Earth; to raise thee above Fate or Fortune, beyond that Pity of thy duller Sex, who understand not thy Soul, nor can ever reach the Flights of thy generous Love! No, my Soul's Joy, I must not leave thee liable to their little natural Malice and Scorn, to the Impertinence of their Reproaches. No, my *Sylvia*, I must on, the great Design must move forward; tho' I abandon it, 'twill advance; it is already too far to put a Stop to it; and now I am entered, it is in vain to retreat; if we are prosperous, it will to all Ages be called a glorious Enterprize; but if we fail, it will be base, horrid and infamous; for the World judges of nothing but by the Success; that Cause is always good that is prosperous, that is ill which is unsuccessful. Should I now retreat, I run many Hazards; but to go on I run but one; by the first I shall alarm the whole Cabal with a Jealousy of my discovering, and those are Persons of too great
Sense

Sense and Courage, not to take some private way of Revenge, to secure their own Stakes; and to make myself uncertainly safe by a Discovery, indeed, were to gain a Refuge so ignoble, as a Man of Honour would scorn to purchase Life at; nor would that Baseness secure me. But in going on, oh *Sylvia*! when three Kingdoms shall lie unpossess'd; and be expos'd as it were, amongst the raffing Croud, who knows but the Chance may be mine, as well as any other's, who has but the same Hazard, and Throw for it? If the strongest Sword must do it, (as that must do it) why not mine still? Why may not mine still? Why may not mine be that fortunate one? *Cesar* has no more Right to it than *Philander*; 'tis true, a few of the Rabble will pretend he has a better Title to it, but they are a sort of easy Fools, lavish in nothing but Noise and Nonsense; true to Change and Inconstancy, and will abandon him to their own Fury for the next that cries Halloo: Neither is there one Part of fifty (of the Fools that cry him up) for his Interest, tho' they use him for a Tool to work with, he being the only Great Man that wants Sense enough to find out the Cheat which they dare impose upon. Can any Body of Reason believe, if they had design'd him Good, they would let him bare-fac'd have own'd a Party so opposite to all Laws of Nature, Religion, Humanity, and common Gratitude? When his Interest, if design'd, might have been carry'd on better, if he had still dissembled, and stay'd in Court: No, believe me, *Sylvia*, the Politicians shew him, to render him odious to all Men of tolerable Sense of the Party; for what Reason soever they have who are disoblig'd (or at least think themselves so) to set up for Liberty, the World knows *Cesar* renders himself the worst of Criminals by it, and has abandon'd an Interest more glorious and easy than Empire,

to side with and aid People that never did, or ever can oblige him; and he is so dull as to imagine that for his Sake, who never did us Service or Good, (unless Cuckolding us be good) we should venture Life and Fame to pull down a true Monarch, to set up his Bastard over us. *Cesario* must pardon me, if I think his Politicks are shallow as his Parts, and that his own Interest has undone him; for of what Advantage soever the Design may be to us, it really shocks one's Nature to find a Son engag'd against a Father, and to him such a Father. Nor, when Time comes, shall I forget the Ruin of *Myrtilla*. But let him hope on---and so will I, as do a thousand more, for ought I know; I set out as fair as they, and will start as eagerly; if I miss it now, I have Youth and Vigour sufficient for another Race; and while I stand on Fortune's Wheel as she rolls it round, it may be my Turn to be o'th' Top; for when 'tis set in Motion, believe me, *Sylvia*; it is not easily fix'd: However let it suffice; I am now in, past a Retreat, and to urge it now to me, is but to put me into inevitable Danger; at best it can but set me where I was; that is worse than Death. When every Fool is aiming at a Kingdom, what Man of tolerable Pride and Ambition can be unconcerned, and not put himself into a Posture of catching, when a Diadem shall be thrown among the Croud? It were Insensibility, stupid Dulness, not to lift a Hand, or make an Effort to snatch it as it flies: Though the glorious falling Weight should crush me, it is great to attempt; and if Fortune do not favour Fools, I have as fair a Grasp for it as any other Adventurer.

This, my *Sylvia*, is my Sense of a Business you so much dread; I may rise, but I cannot fall; therefore, my *Sylvia*, urge it no more; Love gave me Ambition, and do not divert the glorious Effects

fects of your wondrous Charms, but let them grow, and spread, and see what they will produce for my lovely *Sylvia*, the Advantages will most certainly be her's:----But no more: How came my Love so dull to entertain thee so many Minutes thus with Reasons for an Affair, which one soft Hour with *Sylvia* will convince to what she would have it; believe me, it will, I will sacrifice all to her Repose, nay, to her least Command, even the Life of

(*My Eternal Pleasure*)

Your PHILANDER.

I have no longer Patience, I must be coming towards the Grove, tho' it will do me no Good, more than knowing I am so much nearer my adorable Creature.

I conjure you burn this, for writing in haste I have not counterfeited my Hand.

To SYLVIA.

Writ in a Pair of Tablets.

MY Charmer, I wait your Commands in the Meadow behind the Grove, where I saw *Dorinda*, *Dorillus* his Daughter, entring with a Basket of Cowslips for *Sylvia*, unnecessarily offering Sweets to the Goddesses of the Groves, from whence they (with all the rest of their gaudy Fellows of the Spring) assume their ravishing Odours. I take every Opportunity of telling my *Sylvia* what I have so often repeated, and shall be ever repeating with the same Joy while I live, that I love my *Sylvia* to Death and Madness; that my Soul is on the Rack, till she send me the happy advancing Word. And yet believe me, lovely Maid, I could

grow old with waiting here the blessed Moment, though set at any Distance (within the Compass of Life, and impossible to be 'till then arriv'd to) but when I am so near approach'd it, Love from all Parts rallies and hastens to my Heart for the mighty Encounter, 'till the poor panting overloaded Victim dies with the pressing Weight. No more, --- You know it, for it is, and will be eternally *Sy'via's*.

P O S T C R I P T.

Remember, my Adorable, it is now seven a Clock: I have my Watch in my Hand, waiting and looking on the slow-pac'd Minutes. Eight will quickly arrive, I hope, and then it is dark enough to hide me; think where I am, and who I am, waiting near Sylvia, and her Philander.

I think, my dear Angel, you have the other Key of these Tablets, if not, they are easily broke open: You have an Hour good to write in, *Sylvia* and I shall wait unemployed by any Thing but Thought. Send me Word how you were like to have been surpriz'd; it may possibly be of Advantage to me in this Night's dear Adventure. I wonder'd at the Supercription of my Letter indeed, of which *Dorillus* could give me no other Account, than that you were surpriz'd, and he receiv'd it with Difficulty; give me the Story now, do it in Charity, my Angel. Besides, I would employ all thy Moments, for I am jealous of every one that is not dedicated to *Sylvia's Philander*.

TO PHILANDER.

I Have received your Tablets, of which I have the Key, and Heaven only knows (for Lovers cannot, unless they loved like *Sylvia*, and her *Philander*) what Pains and Pantings my Heart sustain'd at every Thought they brought me of thy near Approach; every Moment I start, and am ready to faint with Joy, Fear, and something not to be express'd that seizes me. To add to this, I have busy'd myself with dressing my Apartment up with Flowers, so that I fancy the ceremonious Business of the Light looks like the Preparations for the dear Joy of the Nuptial Bed; that too is so adorn'd and deck'd with all that's sweet and gay; all which possesses me with so ravishing and solemn a Confusion, that it is even approaching to the most profound Sadness itself. Oh *Philander*, I find I am fond of being undone; and unless you take a more than mortal Care of me, I know this Night some fatal Mischief will befall me; what it is I know not, either the Loss of *Philander*, my Life, or my Honour, or all together, which a Discovery only of your being alone in my Apartment, and at such an Hour will most certainly draw upon us: Death is the least we must expect, by some Surprize or other, my Father being rash, and extremely jealous, and the more so of me, by how much more he is fond of me, and nothing would enrage him like the Discovery of an Interview like this; though you have Liberty to range the House of *Bellfont* as a Son, and are indeed at Home there; but when you come by Stealth, when he shall find his Son and Virgin Daughter, the Brother and the Sister so retired, so entertained;---What but Death can ensue? Or what is worse, Eternal Shame? Eternal Confusion
on

on my Honour? What Excuse, what Evasions, Vows and Protestations will convince him, or appease *Myrtilla's* jealousy; *Myrtilla*, my Sister, and *Philander's* Wife? Oh God! that cruel Thought will put me into Ravings; I have a thousand Streams of killing Reflections which flow from that Original Fountain! Curse on the Alliance that gave you a Welcome to *Belfont*. Ah *Philander*, could you not have stay'd ten short Years longer? Alas, you thought that was an Age in Youth, but it is but a Day in Love: Ah could not your eager Youth have led you to a thousand Diversions, a thousand Times have baited in the long Journey of Life, without hurrying on to the last Stage, to the last Retreat, but the Grave; and to me seem as irrecoverable, as impossible to retrieve thee?-----Could no kind Beauty stop thee on thy Way, in Charity or Pity; *Philander* saw me then. And though *Myrtilla* was more fit for his Caresses, and I but capable to please with Childish Prattle; oh could he not have seen a promising Bloom in my Face, that might have foretold the future Conquests I was born to make? Oh! was there no prophetick Charm that could bespeak your Heart, engage it, and prevent that fatal Marriage? You say, my adorable Brother, we were destined from our Creation for one another; that the Decrees of Heaven, or Fate, or both, design'd us for this mutual Passion: Why, then, oh why did not Heaven, Fate, or Destiny, do the mighty Work, when first you saw my Infant Charms? But oh, *Philander*, why do I vainly rave? Why call in vain on Time that's fled and gone? Why idly wish for ten Years Retribution? That will not yield a Day, an Hour, a Minute: No, no, 'tis past, 'tis past and flown for ever, as distant as a thousand Years to me, as irrecoverable. Oh *Philander*, what hast thou thrown away? Ten glorious Years of ravishing Youth, of unmatch'd heavenly

heavenly Beauty, on one that knew not half the Value of it! *Sylvia* was only born to set a Rate upon it, was only capable of Love, such Love as might deserve it: Oh why was that charming Face ever laid on any Bosom that knew not how to sigh, and pant, and heave at every Touch of so much distracting Beauty? Oh why were those dear Arms, - whose soft Pressings ravish where they circle, destin'd for a Body cold and dull, that could sleep insensibly there, and not so much as dream the while, what the transporting Pleasure signified, but unconcerned receive the wondrous Blessing, and never knew its Price, or thank'd her Stars? She has thee all the Day to gaze upon, and yet she lets thee pass her careless Sight, as if there were no Miracles in view: She does not see the little Gods of Love that play eternally in thy Eyes; and since she never received a Dart from thence, believes there's no Artillery there, She plays not with thy Hair, nor weaves her snowy Fingers in the Curls of Jet, sets it in Order, and adores its Beauty: The Fool with Flaxen-Wigg had done as well for her; a dull, white Coxcomb had made as good a Property; a Husband is no more, at best no more. Oh thou charming Object of my eternal Wishes, why wert thou thus dispos'd? Oh save my Life, and tell me what indifferent Impulse obliged thee to these Nuptials: Had *Myrtilla* been recommended or forc'd by the Tyranny of a Father into thy Arms, or for base Lucre thou hadst chosen her, this had excus'd thy Youth and Crime; Obedience or Vanity I could have pardon'd, --- But oh --- 'twas Love; Love, my *Philander*! thy raving Love, and that which has undone thee was a Rape rather than Marriage; you fled with her. Oh Heavens, mad to possess, you stole the unloving Prize! --- Yes, you lov'd her, false as
you

you are, you did; perjur'd and faithless. Lov'd her?---Hell and Confusion on the Word; it was so---Oh *Philander*, I am lost---

This Letter was found torn in Pieces.

To *Monsieur*, the Count of---

My Lord,

THESE Pieces of Paper which I have put together as well as I could, were writ by my Lady to have been sent by *Dorinda*, when on a sudden she rose in Rage from her Seat, tore first the Paper, and then her Robes and Hair, and indeed nothing has escaped the Violence of her Passion; nor could my Prayers or Tears retrieve them, or calm her: 'Tis however chang'd at last to mighty Passions of Weeping, in which Employment I have left her on her Repose, being commanded away. I thought it my Duty to give your Lordship this Account, and to send the Pieces of Paper, that your Lordship may guess at the Occasion of the sudden Storm which ever rises in that fatal Quarter; but in putting them in Order, I had like to have been surprized by my Lady's Father; for my Lord, the Count, having long solicited me for Favours, and taking all Opportunities of entertaining me, found me alone in my Chamber, employ'd in serving your Lordship; I had only Time to hide the Papers, and to get rid of him, having given him an Assignment to Night in the Garden Grove, to give him the Hearing to what he says he has to propose to me: Pray Heaven all Things go right to your Lordship's Wish this Evening, for many ominous Things happen'd to Day. Madam, the Countess, had like to have taken

taken a Letter writ for your Lordship to-day ; for the Dutcheſs of----coming to make her a Viſit, came on a ſudden with her into my Lady's Apartment, and ſurpriz'd her writing in her Dreſſing Room, giving her only Time to ſlip the Paper into her Comb-Box. The firſt Ceremonies being paſſ'd, as Madam, the Dutcheſs, uſes not much, ſhe fell to commend my Lady's Dreſſing-Plate, and taking up the Box, and opening it, found the Letter, and laughing cry'd, Oh have I found you making Lovè ; at which my Lady, with an infinite Confuſion, would have retriev'd it,---But the Dutcheſs not quitting her Hold, cry'd---Nay, I am reſolv'd to ſee-in what manner you write to a Lover, and whether you have a Heart tender or cruel ; at which ſhe began to read aloud, my Lady to bluſh and change Colour a hundred Times in a Minute ; I ready to die with Fear ; Madam the Counteſs, in infinite Amazement, my Lady interrupting every Word the Dutcheſs read, by Prayers and Intreaties, which heightened her Curioſity, and being young and airy, regarded not the Indecency, to which ſhe prefer'd her Curioſity, who ſtill laughing, cry'd, ſhe was reſolv'd to read it out, and know the Conſtitution of her Heart ; when my Lady, whoſe Wit never fail'd her, cry'd, I beſeech you, Madam, let us have ſo much Complaiſance for *Melinda* as to aſk her Conſent in this Affair, and then I am pleas'd you ſhould ſee what Love I can make upon Occaſion : I took the Hint, and with a real Confuſion, cry'd---I implore you, Madam, not to diſcover my Weakneſs to Madam, the Dutcheſs ; I would not for the World---be thought to love ſo paſſionately, as your Ladyſhip, in Favour of *Alexis*, has made me profeſs, under the Name of *Sylvia* to *Philander*. This encouraged my Lady, who began to ſay a thouſand pleaſant Things of *Alexis*, *Dorillus* his
Son,

Son, and my Lover, as your Lordship knows, and who is no inconsiderable Fortune for a Maid, enrich'd only by your Lordship's Bounty. My Lady, after this, took the Letter, and all being resolv'd it should be read, she herself did it, and turned it so prettily into Burlesque Love by her manner of reading it, that made Madam, the Dutchess, laugh extreamly; who at the End of it, cry'd to my Lady---Well, Madam, I am satisfied you have not a Heart wholly insensible of Love, that could so express it for another. Thus they rally'd on, till careful of my Lover's Repose, the Dutchess urg'd the Letter might be immediately sent away; at which my Lady readily folding up the Letter, writ, *For the Constant Alexis*, on the Outside: I took it, and begg'd I might have Leave to retire to write it over in my own Hand; they permitted me, and I carry'd it, after sealing it, to *Dorillus*, who waited for it, and wondring to find his Son's Name on it, cry'd---Mistress, *Melinda*, I doubt you have mistook my present Business; I wait for a Letter from my Lady to my Lord, and you give me one from yourself to my Son *Alexis*; 'twill be very welcome to *Alexis* I confess, but at this Time I had rather oblige my Lord than my Son: I laughing reply'd, He was mistaken, that *Alexis*, at this Time, meant no other than my Lord, which pleas'd the good Man extreamly, who thought it a good Omen for his Son, and so went his way satisfy'd; as every Body was, except the Countess, who fancy'd something more in it than my Lady's Inditing for me; and after Madam the Dutchess was gone, she went ruminating and pensive to her Chamber, from whence I am confident she will not depart To-night, and will possibly set Spies in every Corner; at least 'tis good to fear the worst, that we may prevent all Things that would hinder this Night's Affignation: As
soon

soon as the Coast is clear, I'll wait on your Lordship, and be your Conductor, and in all Things else am ready to shew myself,

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's most humble
and most obedient Servant,*

MELINDA.

*Sylvia has given Orders to wait on your
Lordship as soon as all is clear.*

To MELINDA.

OH *Melinda*, what have you told me? Stay me with an immediate Account of the Recovery and Calmness of my adorable weeping *Sylvia*, or I shall enter *Bellfont* with my Sword drawn, bearing down all before me, 'till I make my Way to my charming Mourner: O God! *Sylvia* in a Rage! *Sylvia* in any Passion, but that of Love? I cannot bear it, no, by Heaven I cannot; I shall do some Outrage either on myself or at *Bellfont*. Oh thou dear Advocate of my tenderest Wishes, thou Confident of my never dying Flame, thou kind administering Maid, send some Relief to my breaking Heart---Haste and tell me, *Sylvia* is calm, that her bright Eyes sparkle with Smiles, or if they languish, say 'tis with Love, with expecting Joys; that her dear Hands are no more employed in Exercises too rough and unbecoming their Native Softness. O eternal God! tearing perhaps her Divine Hair, brighter than the Sun's reflecting Beams, injuring the heavenly Beauty of her charming Face and Bosom, the Joy and Wish of all Mankind that look upon her: Oh charm her with Prayers and
Tears,

Tears, stop her dear Fingers from the rude Assaults ; bind her fair Hands ; repeat *Philander* to her, tell her he's fainting with the News of her Unkindness and Outrage on her lovely Self ; but tell her too, I die adoring her ; tell her I rave, I tear, I curse my self,---for so I do ; tell her I would break out into a Violence that should set all *Bellfont* in a Flame, but for my Care of her. Heaven and Earth should not restrain me,---no, they should not,---But her least Frown should still me, tame me, and make me a calm Coward : Say this, say all, say any Thing to charm her Rage and Tears. Oh I am mad, stark-mad, and ready to run on that frantick Business I die to think her guilty of : Tell her how it would grieve her to see me torn and mangled ; to see that Hair she loves ruffled and diminish'd by Rage, violated by my insupportable Grief, myself quite bereft of all Sense but that of Love, but that of Adoration for my charming, cruel Insensible, who is possessed with every Thought, with every Imagination that can render me unhappy, borne away with every Fancy that is in Disfavour of the wretched *Philander*. Oh *Melinda*, write immediately, or you will behold me enter a most deplorable Object of Pity.

When I receiv'd your's, I fell into such a Passion that I forc'd myself back to *Dorillus* his House, lest my Transports had hurry'd me to *Bellfont*, where I should have undone all : But as I can rest no where, I am now returning to the Meadow again, where I will expect your Aid, or die.

*From Dorillus his Cottage,
almost nine a Clock.*

TO PHILANDER.

I Must own, my charming *Philander*, that my Love is now arrived to that Excess, that every Thought which before but discompos'd me, now puts me into a Violence of Rage unbecoming my Sex; or any Thing but the mighty Occasion of it, Love, and which only had Power to calm what it had before ruff'd into a destructive Storm: But like the anger'd Sea, which pants and heaves, and retains still an uneasy Motion long after the rude Winds are appeas'd and hush'd to Silence; my Heart beats still, and heaves with the sensible Remains of the late dangerous Tempest of my Mind, and nothing can absolutely calm me but the Approach of the all-powerful *Philander*; though that Thought possesses me with ten thousand Fears, which I know will vanish all at thy Appearance, and assume no more their dreadful Shapes till thou art gone again: Bring me then that kind Cessation, bring me my *Philander*, and set me above the Thoughts of Cares, Frights, or any other Thoughts but those of tender Love: Haste then, thou charming Object of my eternal Wishes, and of my new Desires; haste to my Arms, my Eyes, my Soul,--- But oh, be wondrous careful there, do not betray the easy Maid that trusts thee amidst all her sacred Store.

'Tis almost dark, and my Mother is retired to her Chamber, my Father to his Cabinet, and has left all that Apartment next the Garden wholly without Spies. I have, by trustfully *Dorillus*, sent you a Key *Melinda* got made to the Door, which leads from the Garden to the Back-stairs to my Apartment, so carefully locked, and the original Key so closely guarded by my jealous Father: That Way I beg you to come; a Way but too well

well known to *Philander*, and by which he has made many an Escape to and from *Myrtilla*. Oh damn that Thought, what makes it torturing me, ---let me change it for those of *Philander*, the Advantage will be as great as bartering Hell for Heaven; haste then, *Philander*: But what need I bid thee, Love will lend thee his Wings; thou who commandest all his Artillery, put them on, and fly to thy languishing

S Y L V I A.

*Oh I faint, with the dear
Thought of thy Approach.*

To the Charming Sylvia.

WITH much ado, with many a Sigh, a parting Heart, and many a languishing Look back towards happy *Belfont*, I have recovered *Dorillus* his Farm, where I threw me on a Bed, and lay without Motion, and almost without Life for two Hours; till at last, through all my Sighs, my great Concern, my Torment, my Love and Rage broke Silence, and burst into all the different Complaints both soft and mad by Turns, that ever possessed a Soul extravagantly seized with frantick Love; ah, *Sylvia*, what did not I say? How did I not curse, and who except my charming Maid? For yet my *Sylvia* is a Maid: Yes, yes, ye envying Powers, she is, and yet the sacred and inestimable Treasure was offered a trembling Victim to the overjoyed and fancy'd Deity, for then and there I thought myself happier than a Triumphant God; but having overcome all Difficulties, all the Fatigues and Toils of Love's long Sieges, vanquish'd the mighty Fantom of the Fair, the Giant Honour, and routed all the numerous Host of Womens
little

little Reasonings, passed all the Bounds of peevish Modesty; nay, even all the loose and filken Countercarps that fenced the sacred Fort, and nothing stopped my glorious Pursuit: Then, then, ye Gods, just then, by an Over-transport, to fall just fainting before the surrendering Gates, unable to receive the yielding Treasure! Oh *Sylvia*! What *Demon*, malicious at my Glory, seized my Vigour? What God, envious of my mighty Joy, rendered me a shameful Object of his Raillery! Snatched my (till then) never failing Power, and left me dying on thy charming Bosom. Heavens, how I lay! Silent with wonder, Rage and Extasy of Love, unable to complain, or rail, or storm, or seek for Ease, but with my Sighs alone, which made up all my Breath; my mad Desires remained, but all unactive, as Age or Death itself, as cold and feeble, as unfit for Joy, as if my youthful Fire had long been past, or *Sylvia* had never been blest with Charms. Tell me, thou wondrous perfect Creature, tell me, where lay the hidden Witchcraft? Was *Sylvia*'s Beauty too Divine to mix with mortal Joys? Ah no, 'twas Ravishing, but Human all. Yet sure 'twas so approaching to Divinity, as changed my Fire to awful Adoration, and all my wanton Heat to reverend Contemplation.---But this is Nonsense all, it was something more that gave me Rage, Despair and Torments insupportable: No, it was no dull Devotion, tame Divinity, but mortal killing Agony, unlucky Disappointment, unnatural Impotence. Oh! I am lost, enchanted by some Magick Spell: Oh, what can *Sylvia* say? What can she think of my fond Passion; she'll swear it is all a Cheat, I had it not. No, it could not be; such Tales I've often heard, as often laughed at too, of disappointed Lovers; would *Sylvia* believe (as sure she may) mine was Excess of Passion: What! My *Sylvia*! being

ing arrived to all the Joy of Love, just come to reap the glorious recompence, the full Reward, the Heaven for all my Sufferings, do I lie gazing only, and no more? A dull, a feeble unconcerned Admirer! Oh my eternal Shame!---Curse on my Youth; give me, ye Powers, old Age, for that has some Excuse, but Youth has none: 'Tis Dullness, stupid Insensibility: Where shall I hide my Head when this lewd Story's told? When it shall be confirmed, *Philander* the young, the brisk and gay *Philander*, who never failed the Woman he scarce wished for, never baulked the Amorous conceited Old, nor the Ill-favoured Young, yet when he had extended in his Arms the Young, the charming Fair and longing *Sylvia*, the untouched, unspotted, and till then, unwishing lovely Maid, yielded, defenceless, and unguarded all, he wanted Power to seize the trembling Prey: Defend me, Heaven, from Madness. Oh *Sylvia*, I have reflected on all the little Circumstances that might occasion this Disaster, and damn me to this Degree of Coldness, but I can fix on none: I had, it is true, for *Sylvia*'s Sake, some Apprehensions of Fear of being surprized; for coming through the Garden, I saw at the farther End a Man, at least I fancied by that Light it was a Man; who perceiving the Glimpse of something approach from the Grove, made softly towards me, but with such Caution, as if he feared to be mistaken in the Person, as much as I was to approach him: And, reminding what *Melinda* told me, of an Affignation she had made to *Monsieur* the Count---imagined it him; nor was I mistaken when I heard his Voice calling in low Tone---*Melinda*---At which I mended my Pace, and ere he got half Way the Garden recovered the Door, and softly unlocking it, got in unperceived, and fastened it after me, well enough assured that he saw not which Way I vanished: However it failed

failed not to alarm me with some Fears on your dear Account, that disturbed my Repose, and which I thought then not necessary to impart to you, and which indeed all vanished at the Sight of my adorable Maid: When entering thy Apartment, I beheld thee extended on a Bed of Roses, in Garments, which, if possible, by their wanton loose Negligence and Gaiety, augmented thy natural Charms: I trembling fell on my Knees by your Bed-side and gazed a while, unable to speak for Transports of Joy and Love: You too were silent, and remained so, so long that I ventured to press your Lips with mine, which all their eager Kisses could not put in Motion, so that I feared you fainted; a sudden Fright, that in a Moment changed my Fever of Love into a cold Ague Fit; but you revived me with a Sigh again, and fired me a-new, by pressing my Hand, and from that silent soft Encouragement, I, by Degrees, ravished a thousand Blissess; yet still between your tempting charming Kisses, you would cry---Oh, my *Philander*, do not injure me,---be sure you press me not to the last Joys of Love;----Oh have a Care, or I am undone for ever: restrain your roving Hands,----Oh whither would they wander?----My Soul, my Joy, my everlasting Charmer, oh whither would you go?---Thus with a thousand Cautions more, which did but raise what you designed to calm, you made me but the madder to possess: Not all the Vows you bid me call to mind, could now restrain my wild and headstrong Passion; my raving, raging (but my soft) Desire: No, *Sylvia*, no, it was not in the Power of feeble Flesh and Blood to find Resistance against so many Charms; yet still you made me swear, still I protested, but still burnt on with the same torturing Flame, till the vast Pleasure even became a Pain: To add to this, I saw, (yes, *Sylvia*, not all your Art and Modesty could hide it) I

saw the ravishing Maid as much inflamed as I; she burnt with equal Fire, with equal Languishment: Not all her Care could keep the Sparks concealed, but it broke out in every Word and Look; her trembling Tongue, her feeble fainting Voice betrayed it all; Sighs interrupting every Syllable; a Languishment I never saw till then dwelt in her charming Eyes, that contradicted all her little Vows; her short and double Breathings heaved her Breast, her swelling snowy Breast, her Hands that grasped me trembling as they closed, while she permitted mine unknown, unheeded to traverse all her Beauties, till quite forgetting all I had faintly promised, and wholly abandoning my Soul to Joy, I rushed upon her, who, all fainting, lay beneath my useless Weight, for on a sudden all my Power was fled, swifter than Lightning hurried through my infebled Veins, and vanished all: Not the dear lovely Beauty which I prest, the dying Charms of that fair Face and Eyes, the Clasps of those soft Arms, nor the bewitching Accent of her Voice, that murmured Love half smothered in her Sighs, nor all my Love, my vast, my mighty Passion, could call my fugitive Vigour back again: Oh no, the more I look---the more I touched and saw, the more I was undone. Oh pity me, my too too lovely Maid, do not revile the Faults which you alone create. Consider all your Charms at once exposed, consider every Sense about me ravished, overcome with Joys too mighty to be supported, no wonder if I sell a shameful Sacrifice to the fond Deity: Consider how I waited, how I strove, and still burnt on, and every tender Touch still added Fuel to the vigorous Fire, which by your Delay consumed itself in Burning. I want Philosophy to make this out, or Faith to fix my Unhappiness on any Chance or natural Accident; but this, my charming *Sylvia*, I am sure, that had I loved you less,

less, I'd been less wretched: Nor had we parted, *Sylvia*, on so ill Terms, nor had I left you with an Opinion so disadvantageous for *Philander*, but for that unhappy Noise at your Chamber-door, which alarming your Fear, occasioned your Recovery from that dear Trance, to which Love and soft Desire had reduced you, and me from the most tormenting silent Agony that disappointed Joy ever possesseth a fond expecting Heart with. Oh Heavens! to have my *Sylvia* in my Power, favoured by Silence, Night and safe Retreat! then, then, to lie a tame cold Sigher only, as if my *Sylvia* gave that Assignation alone by Stealth, undrest, all loose and languishing, fit for the mighty Business of the Night, only to hear me prattle, see me gaze, or tell her what a pretty Sight it was to see the Moon shine through the dancing Boughs. O damn my hardened Dullness!----But no more,----I am all Fire and Madness at the Thought,----But I was saying, *Sylvia*, we both recovered then when the Noise alarmed us. I long to know whether you think we were betrayed, for on that Knowledge rests a mighty Part of my Destiny: I hope we are not, by an Accident that befel me at my going away, which (but for my untimely Force of leaving my lovely *Sylvia*, which gave me Pains insupportable) would have given me great Diversion. You know our Fear of being discovered occasioned my Disguise, for you found it necessary I should depart, your Fear had so prevailed, and that in *Melinda's* Night-gown and Head-dress: Thus attired, with much ado, I went and left my Soul behind me, and finding no Body all along the Gallery, nor in my Passage from your Apartment into the Garden, I was a thousand Times about to return to all my Joys; when in the Midst of this almost ended Dispute, I saw by the Light of the Moon (which was by good Fortune under a Cloud, and could not

distinctly direct the Sight) a Man making towards me with cautious Speed, which made me advance with the more Haste to recover the Grove, believing to have escaped him under the Covert of the Trees; for retreat I could not, without betraying which Way I went; but just at the Entrance of the Thicket, he turning short made up to me, and I perceived it *Monsieur* the Count, who taking me for *Melinda*, whom it seems he expected, caught hold of my Gown as I would have passed him, and cried, Now *Melinda*, I see you are a Maid of Honour,---Come retire with me into the Grove, where I have a Present of a Heart and something else to make you, that will be of more Advantage to you than that of *Alexis*, though something younger. ---I all confounded knew not what to reply, nor how, lest he should find his Mistake, at least, if he discovered not who I was: Which Silence gave him Occasion to go on, which he did in this manner: What not a Word, *Melinda*, or do you design I shall take your Silence for Consent? If so, come my pretty Creature, let us not lose the Hour Love has given us; at this he would have advanced, leading me by the Hand, which he pressed and kissed very amorously: Judge, my adorable *Sylvia*, in what a fine Condition your *Philander* then was in. What should I do? To go had disappointed him worse than I was with thee before; not to go, betrayed me: I had much ado to hold my Countenance, and unwilling to speak. While I was thus employed in Thought, *Monsieur*--- pulling me (eager of Joys to come,) and I holding back, he stopped and cried, sure, *Melinda*, you came not hither to bring me a Denial. I then replied, whispering,---Softly, Sir, for Heaven's Sake (sweetening my Voice as much as possible) consider I am a Maid, and would not be discovered for the World. Who can discover us? replied my Lover,
what

what I take from thee shall never be missed, not by *Alexis* himself upon thy Wedding Night;---- Come---sweet Child, come:---With that I pulled back and whispered---Heavens! Would you make a Mistress of me?----Says he---A Mistress, what would'st thou be a Cherubin? Then I replied as before---I am no Whore, Sir,---No, cries he, but I can quickly make thee one, I have my Tools about me, Sweet-heart; therefore let us lose no Time, but fall to Work: This last Raillery from the brisk old Gentleman, had in Spight of Resolution almost made me burst out into a loud Laughter, when he took more Gravity upon him, and cry'd----Come, come, *Melinda*, why all this foolish Argument at this Hour in this Place, and after so much serious Courtship; believe me, I'll be kind to thee for ever; with that he clapt fifty Guineas in a Purse into one Hand, and something else that shall be nameless into the other, Presents that had been both worth *Melinda's* Acceptance: All this while was I studying an Evasion; at last, to shorten my pleasant Adventure, looking round, I cried softly, Are you sure, Sir, we are safe---for Heaven's Sake step towards the Garden Door and see, for I would not be discovered for the World.---Nor I, cried he---but do not fear, all is safe:---However see (whispered I) that my Fear may not disturb your Joys. With that he went toward the House, and I slipping into the Grove, got immediately into the Meadow, where *Alexis* waited my coming with *Brilliard*; so I left the expecting Lover, I suppose, ranging the Grove for his fled Nymph, and I doubt will fall heavy on poor *Melinda*, who shall have the Guineas, either to restore or keep, as she and the angry Count can agree: I leave the Management of it to her Wit and Conduct.

This Account I thought necessary to give my

Charmer, that she might prepare *Melinda* for the Assault, who understanding all that passed between us, may so dispose of Matters, that no Discovery may happen by Mistake, and I know my *Sylvia* and she can find a thousand Excuses for the supposed *Melinda's* Flight. But, my adorable Maid, my Business here was not to give an Account of my Adventure only, nor of my Ravings, but to tell my *Sylvia*, on what my Life depends; which is, in a Permission to wait on her again this ensuing Night; make no Excuse, for if you do, by all I adore in Heaven and Earth I'll end my Life here where I received it. I will say no more, nor give your Love Instructions, but wait impatiently here the Life or Death of your

P H I L A N D E R.

'Tis Six o'Clock, and yet my Eyes have not closed themselves to Sleep: Alexis and Brilliard give me Hopes of a kind Return to this, and have brought their Flute and Violin to charm me into a Slumber: If Sylvia loves, as I am sure she does, she will wake me with a dear Consent to see me; If not, I only wake to sleep for ever.

To my Fair CHARMER.

WHEN I had sealed the inclosed, my Page, whom I had ordered to come to me with an Account of any Business extraordinary, is this Morning arrived with a Letter from *Cesario*, which I have sent here inclosed, that my *Sylvia* may see how little I regard the World, or the mighty Revolution in Hand, when set in Competition with the least Hope of beholding her adorable Face, or hearing her charming Tongue when it whispers the soft Dictates of her tender Heart into my ravished Soul; one Moment's Joy like that furmounts an
Age

Age of dull Empire. No, let the busy unregarded Rout perish, the Cause fall or stand alone for me: Give me but Love, Love and my *Sylvia*; I ask no more of Heaven; to which vast Joy could you but imagine (O wondrous Miracle of Beauty!) how poor and little I esteem the valued Trifles of the World, you would in Return contemn your Part of it, and live with me in silent Shades for ever. Oh! *Sylvia*, what hast thou this Night to add to the Soul of thy

PHILANDER.

To the Count of—

I'LL allow you, my Dear, to be very fond of so much Beauty as the World must own adorns the lovely *Sylvia*: I'll permit Love too to Rival me in your Heart, but not out-rival Glory; haste then, my Dear, to the Advance of that, make no Delay, but with the Morning's Dawn let me find you in my Arms, where I have something that will surprize you to relate to you: You were last Night expected at---It behoves you to give no Umbrage to Persons whose Interest renders them enough jealous. We have two new Advancers come in of Youth and Money, teach them not Negligence; be careful, and let nothing hinder you from taking Horse immediately, as you value the Repose and Fortune of,

My Dear,

Your CESARIO.

I called last Night on you, and your Page following me to my Coach, whispered me---if I had any earnest Business with you, he knew where to find you; I soon imagin'd where, and bid him call within an Hour for this, and post with it immediately, though dark.

T O P H I L A N D E R .

AH! What have I done, *Philander*, and where shall I hide my guilty blushing Face? Thou hast undone my eternal Quiet: Oh, thou hast ruin'd my everlasting Repose, and I must never, never look abroad again: Curse on my Face that first debauched my Virtue, and taught thee how to love! Curse on my tempting Youth, my Shape, my Air, my Eyes, my Voice, my Hands, and every Charm that did contribute to my fatal Love, a lasting Curse on all----but those of the adorable *Philander*, and those----even in this raging Minute, my furious Passion dares not approach with an indecent Thought: No, they are sacred all, Madness itself would spare them, and shouldst thou now behold me as I sit, my Hair dishevelled, ruffled and disordered, my Eyes bedewing every Word I write, when for each Letter I let fall a Tear; then (pressed with Thought) starting, I dropped my Pen, and fell to rave anew, and tear those Garments whose loose Negligence helped to betray me to my shameful Ruin, wounding my Breast, but want the Resolution to wound it as I ought; which when I but propose, Love stays the Thought, raging and wild as it is, the Conqueror checks it, with whispering only *Philander* to my Soul; the dear Name calms me to an Easiness, gives me the Pen into my trembling Hand, and I pursue my silent soft Complaint: Oh! shouldst thou see me thus, in all these sudden different Changes of Passion, thou wouldst say, *Philander*, I were mad indeed; Madness itself can find no stranger Motions: And I would calmly ask thee, for I am calm again, How comes it, my adorable *Philander*, that thou canst possess a Maid with so much Madness?

neis? Who art thyself a Miracle of Softness, all sweet and all serene, the most of Angel in thy Composition that ever mingled with Humanity; the very Words fall so gently from thy Tongue, ---are uttered with a Voice so ravishingly soft, a Tone so tender and so full of Love, it would charm even Frenzy, calm rude Distraction, and Wildness would become a silent Listner; there's such a sweet Serenity in thy Face, such Innocence and Softness in thy Eyes, should desert Savages but gaze on thee, sure they would forget their native Forest Wildness, and be inspired with easy Gentleness: Most certainly this God-like Power thou hast. Why then? Oh tell me in the Agony of my Soul, why must those Charms that bring Tranquillity and Peace to all, make me alone a wild, unseemly Raver? Why has it contrary Effects on me? Oh! all I act and say is perfect Madness: Yet this is the least unaccountable Part of my most wretched Story;----Oh! I must never behold thy lovely Face again, for if I should, sure I should blush my Soul away; no, no, I must not, nor ever more believe thy dear deluding Vows; never thy charming perjured Oaths, after a Violation like to this. Oh Heaven, what have I done? Yet by Heaven I swear, I dare not ask my Soul, lest it inform me how I was to blame, unless that fatal Minute would instruct me how to revenge my Wrongs upon my Heart, my fond betraying Heart,----Despair and Madness seize me, Darkness and Horror hide me from human Sight, after an Ease like this;----What, to yield,----To yield my Honour? Betray the Secrets of my Virgin Wishes?---My new Desires, my unknown shameful Flame. ---Hell and Death! Where got I so much Confidence? Where learned I the hardened and unblushing Folly? To wish was such a Fault, as is a Crime unpardonable to own; to shew Desire is

such a Sin in Virtue as must deserve Reproach from all the World; but I, unlucky I, have not only betrayed all these, but with a Transport void of Sense and Shame, I yield to thy Arms----I'll not endure the Thought----By Heaven! I cannot; there is something more than Rage that animates that Thought: Some Magick Spell, that in the Midst of all my Sense of Shame keeps me from true Repentance; this angers me, and makes me know my Honour but a Fantom: Now I could curse again my Youth and Love; but Oh! When I have done, alas, *Philander*, I find myself as guilty as before; I cannot make one firm Resolve against thee, or if I do, when I consider thee, they weigh not all one lovely Hair of thine. It is all in vain, the charming Cause remains, *Philander's* still as lovely as before, it is him I must remove from my fond Eyes and Heart, him I must banish from my Touch, my Smell, and every other Sense; by Heaven I cannot bear the mighty Pressure, I cannot see his Eyes, and touch his Hands, smell the Perfume every Pore of his breathes forth, taste thy soft Kisses, hear thy charming Voice, but I am all on a Flame: No, it is these I must exclaim on, not my Youth, it is they debauch my Soul, no natural Propensity in me to yield, or to admit of such destructive Fires. Fain I would put it off, but it will not do, I am the Aggressor still; else why is not every living Maid undone that does but touch or see thee? Tell me why? No, the Fault is in me, and thou art innocent.---Were but my Soul less delicate, were it less sensible of what it loves and likes in thee, I yet were dully happy; but oh, there is a Nicety there so charmed, so apprehensive of thy Beauties, as has betrayed me to Unrest for ever:---Yet something I will do to tame this lewd Betrayer of my Right, and it shall plead no more in thy Behalf; no more, no more
 disperse

disperse the Joys which it conceives through every Vein (cold and insensible by Nature) to kindle new Desires there.---No more shall fill me with unknown Curiosity; no, I will in Spight of all the Perfumes that dwell about thee, in Spight of all the Arts thou hast of looking, of speaking and of touching, I will, I say, assume my native Temper, I will be calm, be cold and unconcerned, as I have been to all the World,---but to *Philander*.

---The Almighty Power he has is unaccountable:---By yonder breaking Day that opens in the East, opens to see my Shame---I swear---by that great Ruler of the Day, the Sun, by that Almighty Power that rules them both, I swear---I swear, *Philander*, charming lovely Youth! Thou art the first e'er kindled soft Desires about my Soul, thou art the first that ever did inform me that there was such a Sort of Wish about me. I thought the Vanity of being beloved made up the greatest Part of the Satisfaction; it was Joy to see my Lovers sigh about me, adore and praise me, and increase my Pride by every Look, by every Word and Action; and him I fancied best I favoured most, and he past for the happy Fortune; him I have suffered too to kiss and press me, to tell me all his Tale of Love, and sigh, which I would listen to with Pride and Pleasure, permitted it, and smiled him kind Returns; nay, by my Life, then thought I loved him too, though I could have been content to have passed my life at this gay Rate, with this fond hoping Lover, and thought no farther than of being great, having rich Coaches, shewing Equipage, to pass my Hours in dressing, in going to the Operas and the Tower, make Visits where I list, be seen at Balls; and having still the Vanity to think the Men would gaze and languish where I came, and all the Women envy me; I thought no farther on---But thou, *Philander*, hast

made me take new Measures, I now can think of nothing but of thee, I loath the Sound of Love from any other Voice, and Conversation makes my Soul impatient, and does not only dull me into Melancholy, but perplexes me out of all Humour, out of all patient Sufferance, and I am never so well pleased when from *Philander*, as when I am retired, and curse my Character and Figure in the World, because it permits me not to prevent being visited; one Thought of thee is worth the World's Enjoyment, I hate to dress, I hate to be agreeable to any Eyes but thine; I hate the Noise of Equipage and Crouds, and would be more content to live with thee in some lone shaded Cottage, than be a Queen, and hindered by that Grandeur one Moment's Conversation with *Philander*: May'st thou despise and loath me, a Curse the greatest that I can invent, if this be any Thing but real honest Truth. No, no, *Philander*, I find I never lov'd till now, I understood it not, nor knew what those Sighs and Pressings meant which others gave me; yet every speaking Glance thy Eyes put on, inform my Soul what it is they plead and languish for: If you but touch my Hand, my Breath grows faint and short, my Blood glows in my Face, and runs with an unusual Warmth thro' every Vein, and tells my Heart what it is *Philander* ails; when he falls sighing on my Bosom; oh then, I fear, I answer every Look, and every Sigh and Touch, in the same silent but intellible Language, and understood, I fear, too well by thee: Till now I never feared Love as a Criminal. Oh tell me not, mistaken foolish Maids, true Love is innocent, ye cold, ye dull, ye unconsidering Lovers; tho' I have often heard it from the grave and wise, and preached myself that Doctrine: I now renounce it all, it is false, by Heaven! it is false, for now I love, and know it all a Fiction;

yes,

yes, and love so, as never any Woman can equal me in Love, my Soul being all compos'd (as I have often said) of softer Materials. Nor is it Fancy sets my Rates on Beauty, there is an intrinsic Value in thy Charms, who surely none but I am able to understand, and to those that view thee not with my judging Eyes, Ugliness fancied would appear the same, and please as well. If all could love or judge like me, why does *Philander* pass so unregarded by a thousand Women, who never sigh'd for him? What makes *Myrilla*, who possesses all, looks on thee, feels thy Kisses, hears thee speak, and yet wants Sense to know how blessed she is, it is want of Judgment all; and how, and how can she that judges ill, love well?

Granting my Passion equal to its Object, you must allow it infinite, and more in me than any other Woman, by how much more my Soul is compos'd of Tenderness; and yet I say I own, for I may own it, now Heaven and you are Witness of my Shame, I own with all this Love, with all this Passion, so vast, so true and so unchangeable, that I have Wishes, new, unwonted Wishes, at every Thought of thee I find a strange Disorder in my Blood, that pants and burns in every Vein, and makes me blush, and sigh, and grow impatient, ashamed and angry; but when I know it the Effects of Love, I am reconciled, and wish and sigh a-new; for when I sit and gaze upon thy Eyes, thy languishing, thy lovely dying Eyes, play with thy soft white Hand, and lay my glowing Cheeks to thine---Oh God! What Language can express my Transport! All that is tender, all that is soft Desire, seizes every trembling Limb, and it is with Pain conceal'd.---Yes, yes, *Philander*, it is the fatal Truth, since thou hast found it, I confess it too, and yet I love thee dearly; long, long it was that I essay'd to hide the guilty Flame,

if Love be Guilt; for I confess I did dissemble a Coldness which I was not Mistress of: There lies a Woman's Art, there all her boasted Virtue, it is but well dissembling, and no more---But mine, alas, is gone, for ever fled; this, this feeble Guard that should secure my Honour, thou hast betrayed, and left it quite defenceless. Ah what's a Woman's Honour when it is so poorly guarded! No Wonder that you conquer with such Ease, when we are only safe by the mean Arts of base Dissimulation, an Ill as shameful as that to which we fall. Oh silly Refuge! What foolish Nonsense fond Custom can persuade; Yet so it is; and she that breaks her Laws, loses her Fame, her Honour and Esteem. Oh Heavens! How quickly lost it is! Give me, ye Powers, my Fame, and let me be a Fool; let me retain my Virtue and my Honour, and be a dull Insensible---But, oh! Where is it? I have lost it all; it is irrecoverably lost: Yes, yes, ye charming perjured Man, it is gone, and thou hast quite undone me.---

What tho' I lay extended on my Bed, undrest, unapprehensive of my Fate, my Bosom loose and easy of Access, my Garments ready, thin and wantonly put on, as if they would with little Force submit to the fond straying Hand: What then, *Philander*, must you take the Advantage? Must you be perjured because I was tempting? It is true, I let you in by Stealth by Night, whose silent Darkness favoured your Treachery; but oh, *Philander*, were not your Vows as binding by a glimmering Taper, as if the Sun with all his awful Light had been a Looker on? I urged your Vows as you pressed on,---But oh, I fear it was in such a Way, so faintly and so feebly I upbraided you, as did but more advance your Perjuries. Your Strength increas'd, but mine alas declin'd; 'till I quite fainted in your Arms, left you triumphant Lord of all:

No more my faint Denials do persuade, no more my trembling Hands resist your Force, unregarded lay the Treasure which you toiled for, betrayed and yielded to the lovely Conqueror---But oh tormenting,--- when you saw the Store, and found the Prize no richer, with what Contempt, (yes, false dear Man) with what Contempt you viewed the unvalu'd Trophy: What, despis'd! Was all you call a Heaven of Joy and Beauty exposed to View, and then neglected? Were all your Prayers heard, your Wishes granted, and your Toils rewarded, the trembling Victim ready for the Sacrifice, and did you want Devotion to perform it? And did you thus receive the expected Blessing?---Oh--- by Heaven I'll never see thee more, and it will be Charity to thee, for thou hast no Excuse in Store that can convince my Opinion that I am hated, loathed,---I cannot bear that Thought---or if I do, it shall only serve to fortify my fixed Resolve never to see thee more.---And yet I long to hear thy false Excuse, let it be quickly then; it is my Disdain invites thee---To strengthen which, there needs no more than that you let me hear your poor Defence.---But it is a tedious Time to that slow Hour wherein I dare permit thee, but hope not to incline my Soul to Love: No, I am yet safe if I can stop but here, but here be wise, resolve and be myself.

SYLVIA.

To PHILANDER.

AS my Page was coming with the inclosed, he met *Alexis* at the Gate with your's, and who would not depart without an Answer to it;---to go or stay is the Question. Ah, *Philander!* Why do you

you press a Heart too ready to yield to Love and You! Alas, I fear you guess too well my Answer, and your own Soul might save me the blushing Trouble of a Reply. I am plunged in, past Hope of a Retreat; and since my Fate has pointed me out for Ruin, I cannot fall more gloriously. Take then, *Philander*, to your dear Arms, a Maid that can no longer resist, who is disarmed of all defensive Power: She yields, she yields, and does confess it too; and sure she must be more than mortal, that can hold out against thy Charms and Vows. Since I must be undone, and give all away; I'll do it generously, and scorn all mean Reserves: I will be brave in Love, and lavish all; nor shall *Philander* think I love him well, unless I do. Take, charming Victor, then, what your own Merits, and what Love has given you; take, take, at last, the dear Reward of all your Sighs and Tears, your Vows and Sufferings. But since, *Philander*, it is an Age to Night, and till the Approach of those dear silent Hours, thou knowest I dare not give thee Admittance; I do conjure thee, go to *Cesario*, whom I find too pressing, not to believe the Concerns great; and so jealous I am of thy dear Safety, that every Thing alarms my Fears: Oh! satisfy them then and go, it is early yet, and if you take Horse immediately, you will be there by eight this Morning; go, I conjure you; for tho' it is an unspeakable Satisfaction to know you are so near me, yet I prefer your Safety and Honour to all Considerations else. You may soon dispatch your Affair, and render yourself Time enough on the Place appointed, which is where you last Night waited; and it will be at least eight at Night before it is possible to bring you to my Arms. Come in your Chariot, and do not heat yourself with Riding; have a Care of me and my Life, in the Preservation of all I love. Be sure
you

you go, and do not, my *Philander*, out of a Punctilio of Love, neglect your dear Safety---- Go then, *Philander*, and all the Gods of Love preserve and attend thee on thy Way, and bring thee safely back to

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

OH thou most charming of thy Sex! Thou lovely dear Delight of my transported Soul! thou everlasting Treasure of my Heart! What hast thou done? Given me an Over-joy, that fails but very little of performing what Grief's Excess had almost finished before: Eternal Blessings on thee, for a Goodness so divine, oh, thou most excellent, and dearest of thy Sex! I know not what to do, or what to say. I am not what I was, I do not speak, nor walk, nor think as I was wont to do; sure the Excess of Joy is far above dull Sense, or formal Thinking, it cannot stay for Ceremonious Method. I rave with Pleasure, rage with the dear Thought of coming Extasy. Oh *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia!* My Soul, my vital Blood, and without which I could as well subsist----Oh, my adorable, my *Sylvia!* Methinks I press thee, kiss thee, hear thee sigh, behold thy Eyes, and all the wondrous Beauty of thy Face; a solemn Joy has spread itself through every Vein, sensibly through every Artery of my Heart, and I can think of nothing but of *Sylvia*, the lovely *Sylvia*, the blooming flowing *Sylvia!* And shall I see thee? Shall I touch thy Hands, and press thy dear, thy charming Body in my Arms, and taste a thousand Joys, a thousand Ravishments? Oh God! shall I? Oh *Sylvia*, say; but thou hast said enough to make
me

me mad, and I, forgetful of thy Safety and my own, shall bring thy wild adoring Slave to *Bellfont*, and throw him at thy Feet, to pay his humble Gratitude for this great Condescension, this vast Bounty.

Ah, *Sylvia*! How shall I live till Night? And you impose too cruelly upon me, in conjuring me to go to *Cesario*; alas! Does *Sylvia* know to what she exposes her *Philander*? Whose Joy is so transporting, great, that when he comes into the grave Cabal, he must betray the Story of his Heart, and, in lieu of the mighty Business there in Hand, be raving still on *Sylvia*, telling his Joy to all the amazed Listeners, and answering Questions that concern our great Affair, with something of my Love; all which will pass for Madness, and undo me: No, give me leave to rave in Silence, and unseen among the Trees, they'll humour my Disease, answer my murmuring Joy, and Echos flatter it, repeat thy Name, repeat that *Sylvia's* mine! and never hurt her Fame; while the Cabals, Business and noisy Town will add Confusion to my present Transport, and make me mad indeed: No, let me alone, thou sacred lovely Creature, let me be calm and quiet here, and tell all the Insensibles I meet in the Woods what *Sylvia* has this happy Minute destined me: Oh, let me record it on every Bark, on every Oak and Beech, that all the World may wonder at my Fortune, and bless the generous Maid; let it grow up to Ages that shall come, that they may know the Story of our Loves, and how a happy Youth, they called *Philander*, was once so blest by Heaven as to possess the charming, the adored and loved by all, the glorious *Sylvia*! a Maid, the most divine that ever graced a Story; and when the Nymphs would look for an Example of Love and Constancy, let them point out *Philander* to their doubted Swains, and cry, Ah! love

love but as the young *Philander* did, and then be fortunate, and then reap all your Wishes: And when the Shepherd would upbraid his Nymph, let him but cry,---See here what *Sylvia* did to save the young *Philander*; but oh! There never will be such another Nymph as *Sylvia*; Heaven formed but one to shew the World what Angels are, and she was formed for me, yes she was--- in whom I would not quit my glorious Interest to reign a Monarch here, or any boasted gilded Thing above! Take all, take all, ye Gods, and give me but this happy coming Night! Oh, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*! By all thy promised Joys I am undone if any Accident should ravish this Night from me: This Night! No not for a Lease of Years to all Eternity would I throw thee away: Oh! I am all Flame, all joyful Fire and Softness; methinks it is Heaven where-ever I look round me, Air where I tread, and ravishing Musick when I speak, because it is all of *Sylvia*---Let me alone, oh let me cool a little, or I shall by an Excess of joyful Thought lose all my hoped for Bliss. Remove a little from me; go, my *Sylvia*, you are so excessive sweet, so wondrous dazzling, you press my Senses even to Pain---away---let me take Air---let me recover Breath: Oh let me lay me down beneath some cooling Shade, near some refreshing Crystal murmuring Spring, and fan the gentle Air about me. I suffocate, I faint with this close Loving, I must allay my Joy or be undone---I will read thy cruel Letters, or I will think of some sad melancholy Hour wherein thou hast dismissed me despairing from thy Presence: Or while you press me now to be gone with so much Earnestness, you have some Lover to receive and entertain; perhaps it is only for the Vanity to hear him tell his nauseous Passion to you, breathe on your lovely Face, and daub your Garments with his fulsome
Em-

Embrace; But oh, by Heaven, I cannot think that Thought! And thou hast sworn thou canst not suffer it---if I should find thee false---but it is impossible---Oh! Should I find *Foscario* visit thee, him whom thy Parents favour, I should undo you all, by Heaven I should---but thou hast sworn, what need *Philander* more? Yes, *Sylvia*, thou hast sworn and called Heaven's Vengeance down whenever thou gavest a Look, or a dear Smile in Love to that pretending Fop: Yet from his mighty Fortune there is Danger in him---What makes that Thought torment me now?---Be gone, for *Sylvia* loves me, and will preserve my Life----

I am not able, my adorable Charmer, to obey your Commands in going from the Sight of happy *Belfont*; no, let the great Wheel of the vast Design roul on---or for ever stand still, for I will not aid its Motion to leave the mightier Business of my Love unfinished; no, let Fortune and the duller Fools toil on---for I'll not bate a Minute of my Joys with thee to save the World, much less so poor a Parcel of it; and sure there is more solid Pleasure even in these expecting Hours I wait to snatch my Blifs, than to be Lord of all the Universe without it: Then let me wait, my *Sylvia*, in those melancholy Shades that part *Belfont* from *Dorillus's* Farm; perhaps my *Sylvia* may walk that Way so unattended, that we might meet and lose ourselves for a few Moments in those intricate Retreats: Ah *Sylvia*! I am dying with that Thought---Oh Heavens! What cruel Destiny is mine? Whose fatal Circumstances do not permit me to own my Passion, and lay Claim to *Sylvia*, to take her without Controul to Shades and Palaces, to live for ever with her, to gaze for ever on her, to eat, to loll, to rise, to play, to sleep, to act over all the Pleasures and the Joys of Life with her---But it is in vain I rave, in vain employ
my

myself in the Fools barren Business, wishing---
 This Thought has made me sad as Death: Oh,
Sylvia! I can never be truly happy---adieu, employ
 thyself in writing to me, and remember my Life
 bears Date but only with thy Faith and Love.

PHILANDER.

*Try, my Adorable, what you can do to meet me in
 the Wood this Afternoon, for there I will live to Day.*

To P H I L A N D E R.

O Bstinate *Philander*, I conjure you by all your
 Vows, by all your sacred Love, by those dear
 Hours this happy Night designed in Favour of you, to
 go without Delay to *Cesario*; 'twill be unsafe to dis-
 obey a Prince in his jealous Circumstances. The
 Fatigue of the Journey cannot be great, and you
 well know the Torment of my Fears! Oh! I shall
 never be happy, or think you safe, till you have
 quitted this fatal Interest: Go, my *Philander*---
 and remember whatever Toils you take will be
 rewarded at Night in the Arms of

SYLVIA.

To S Y L V I A.

W Hatever Toils you take shall be rewarded in
 the Arms of *Sylvia!*---By Heaven, I am
 inspired to act Wonders: Yes, *Sylvia*, yes, my
 adorable Maid, I am gone, I fly as swift as Light-
 ning, or the soft Darts of Love shot from thy
 charming Eyes, and I can hardly stay to say---
 Adieu---

To

To the L A D Y—

Dear Child,

LONG foreseeing the Misery whereto you must arrive, by this fatal Correspondence with my unhappy Lord, I have often, with Tears and Prayers, implored you to decline so dangerous a Passion: I have never yet acquainted our Parents with your Misfortunes, but I fear I must at last make use of their Authority for the Prevention of your Ruin. It is not my dearest Child, that Part of this unhappy Story that relates to me, that grieves me, but purely that of thine.

Consider, oh young noble Maid; the Infamy of being a Prostitute! And yet the Act itself in this fatal Amour is not the greatest Sin, but the Manner, which carries an unusual Horror with it; for it is a Brother too, my Child, as well as a Lover; one that has lain by thy unhappy Sister's Side so many tender Years, by whom he has a dear and lovely Off-spring; by which he has more fixt himself to thee by Relation and Blood: Consider this, oh fond heedless Girl! And suffer not a momentary Joy to rob thee of thy Eternal Fame, me of my Eternal Repose, and fix a Brand upon our noble House, and so undo us all.—Alas, consider, after an Action so shameful, thou must obscure thyself in some remote Corner of the World, where Honesty and Honour never are heard of: No, thou canst not shew thy Face, but it will be pointed at for something monstrous; for a hundred Ages may not produce a Story so lewdly infamous and loose as thine. Perhaps (fond as you are) you imagine the sole Joy of being beloved by him, will atone for those Affronts and Reproaches you will meet with-in the censuring World: But, Child,

remember and believe me, there is no lasting Faith in Sin; he that has broke his Vows with Heaven and me, will be again perjured to Heaven and thee, and all the World!----He once thought me as lovely, lay at my Feet, and sigh'd away his Soul, and told such pitious Stories of his Sufferings, such sad, such mournful Tales of his departed Rest, his broken Heart and everlasting Love, that sure I thought it had been a Sin not to have credited his charming Perjuries; in such a Way he swore, with such a Grace he sigh'd, so artfully he moved, so tenderly he looked. Alas, dear Child, then all he said was new, unusual with him, never told before; now it is a beaten Road, it is learned by Heart, and easily addressed to any fond believing Woman, the tattered, worn out Fragments of my Trophies, the Dregs of what I long since drained from off his fickle Heart; then it was fine, then it was brisk and new, now palled and dulled by being repeated often. Think, my Child, what your victorious Beauty merits, the Victim of a Heart unconquered by any but your Eyes: Alas, he has been my Captive, my humble whining Slave, disdain to put him on your Fetters now; alas, he can say no new Thing of his Heart to thee, it is Love at second Hand, worne out, and all its gaudy Lustre tarnished; besides, my Child, if thou hadst no Religion binding enough, no Honour that could stay thy fatal Course, yet Nature should oblige thee, and give a Check to the unreasonable Enterprize. The Grievs and Dishonour of our noble Parents, who have been eminent for Virtue and Piety, oh suffer them not to be regarded in this censuring World as the most unhappy of all the Race of old Nobility; thou art the darling Child, the Joy of all, the last Hope left, the Refuge of their Sorrow, for they, alas, have had but unkind Stars to influence their unadvised Off-spring; no

Want

Want of Virtue in their Education, but this last Blow of Fate must strike them dead; think, think of this, my Child, and yet retire from Ruin; haste, fly from Destruction which pursues thee fast; haste, haste and save thy Parents and a Sister, or what is more dear, thy Fame; mine has already received but too many desperate Wounds, and all thro' my unkind Lord's growing Passion for thee, which was most fatally founded on my Ruin, and nothing but my Ruin could advance it; and when, my Sister, thou hast run thy Race, made thyself loathed, undone and in famous as Hell, despis'd, scorn'd and abandon'd by all, lampoon'd, perhaps diseas'd; this faithless Man, this Cause of all will leave thee too, grow weary of thee, nauseated by Use; he may perhaps consider what Sins, what Evils, and what Inconveniences and Shames thou'st brought him to, and will not be the last shall loath and hate thee: For tho' Youth fancy it have a mighty Race to run of pleasing Vice and Vanity, the Course will end, the Goal will be arrived to at the last, where they will sighing stand, look back, and view the Length of precious Time they've fool'd away; when traversed over with Honour and Discretion, how glorious were the Journey, and with what Joy the wearied Traveller lies down and basks beneath the Shades that end the happy Course.

Forgive, dear Child, this Advice, and pursue it; it is the Effect of my Pity, not Anger; nor could the Name of Rival ever yet have Power to banish that of Sister from my Soul----Farewel, remember me; pray Heaven thou hast not this Night made a Forfeit of thy Honour, and that this which comes from a tender bleeding Heart may have the Fortune to inspire thee with Grace to avoid all Temptations for the future, since they must end in Sorrow; which is the Eternal Prayer of,

Dearest Child,

Your affectionate Sister.

To

T O P H I L A N D E R.

ASK me not, my dearest Brother, the Reason of this sudden Change, ask me no more from whence proceeds this strange Coldness, or why this Alteration; it is enough my Destiny has not decreed me for *Philander*: Alas, I see my Error, and looking round about me, find nothing but approaching Horror and Confusion in my Pursuit of Love: Oh whither was I going, to what dark Paths, to what everlasting Shades had smiling Love betray'd me, had I pursued him farther? But I at last have subdu'd his Force, and the fond Charmer shall no more renew his Arts and Flatteries; for I'm resolv'd as Heaven, as fix'd as Fate and Death, and I conjure you trouble my Repose no more; for if you do (regardless of my Honour, which if you loved you would preserve) I will do a Deed shall free me from your Importunities, that shall amaze and cool your vicious Flame. No more---remember you have a noble Wife, Companion of your Vows, and I have Honour, both which are worth preserving, and for which, though you want generous Love, you will find neither that nor Courage wanting in *Sylvia*.

T O S Y L V I A.

YES, my Adorable *Sylvia*, I will pursue you no farther; only for all my Pains, for all my Sufferings, for my tormenting sleepless Nights, and thoughtful anxious Days; for all my faithless Hopes, my Fears, my Sighs, my Prayers and my Tears, for my unequalled and unbounded Passion, and my unwearied Pursuits in Love, my never-dying Flame, and lastly, for my Death; I only beg, in Recompence for all, this last Favour from your Pity;

E

That

That you will deign to view the bleeding Wound that pierced the truest Heart that ever fell a Sacrifice to Love; you will find my Body lying beneath that spreading Oak, so sacred to *Philander*, since it was there he first took into his greedy ravished Soul, the dear, the soft Confession of thy Passion, though now forgotten and neglected all----Make what Haste you can, you will find there stretched out the mangled Carcase of the lost

PHILANDER.

Ah *Sylvia*! Was it for this that I was sent in such Haste away this Morning to *Cesario*? Did I for this neglect the World, our great Affair, and all that Prince's Interest, and fly back to *Bellfont* on the Wings of Love? Where in lieu of receiving a dear Blessing from thy Hand, do I find----Never see me more---good Heaven---but, with my Life, all my Complaints are ended; only it would be some Ease, even in Death, to know what happy Rival it is has armed thy cruel Hand against *Philander's* Heart.

To PHILANDER.

STAY, I conjure thee, stay thy Sacrilegious Hand; for the least Wound it gives the Lord of all my Wishes, I'll double on my Breast a thousand Fold; stay then, by all thy Vows, thy Love, and all thy Hopes, I swear thou hast this Night a full Recompence of all thy Pains from yielding *Sylvia*; I do conjure thee stay---for when the News arrives thou art no more, this poor, this lost, abandoned Heart of mine shall fall a Victim to thy Cruelty: No, live, my *Philander*, I conjure thee, and receive all thou canst ask, and all that can be given by

SYLVIA.
To

To PHILANDER.

OH, my charming *Philander*! How very ill have you recompens'd my last soft Commands? Which were that you should live; and yet at the same Moment, while you are reading of the dear Obligation, and while my Page was waiting your kind Return, you desperately expos'd your Life to the Mercy of this innocent Rival, betraying unadvisedly at the same Time my Honour, and the Secret of your Love, and where to kill, or to be killed, had been almost equally unhappy: It was well my Page told me you disarm'd him in this Rencounter; yet you, he says, are wounded, some sacred Drops of Blood are fallen to the Earth and lost, the least of which is precious enough to ransom Captive Queens: Oh! Haste, *Philander*, to my Arms for Cure, I die with Fear there may be Danger,---haste, and let me bathe the dear, the wounded Part in Floods of Tears, lay to my warm Lips, and bind it with my torn Hair: Oh! *Philander*, I rave with my Concern for thee, and am ready to break all Laws of Decency and Duty, and fly without considering, to thy Succour, but that I fear to injure thee much more by the Discovery, which such an unadvised Absence would make. Pray Heaven the unlucky Adventure reach not *Belfont*; *Foscario* has no Reason to proclaim it, and thou art too generous to boast the Conquest, and my Page was the only Witness, and he is as silent and as secret as the Grave: But why, *Philander*, was he sent me back without Reply? What meant that cruel Silence---say, my *Philander*, will you not obey me?---Will you abandon me? Can that dear Tongue be perjured? And can you this Night disappoint your *Sylvia*? What have I done, oh obstinately cruel, irreconcilable---What, for

my first Offence? A little poor Resentment and no more? A little faint Care of my gasping Honour, could that displease so much? Besides I had a Cause, which you shall see; a Letter that would cool Love's hottest Fires, and turn it to Devotion; by Heaven it was such a Check----such a Surprize----but you yourself shall judge, if after that I could say less, than bid eternally farewell to Love----at least to thee----but I recanted soon; one sad dear Word, one soft resenting Line from thee, gained Love the Day again, and I despised the Censures of the duller World: Yes, yes, and I confessed you had overcome, and did this merit no Reply? I asked the Boy a thousand Times what you said, how and in what Manner you received it, chid him, and laid your silent Fault on him, till he with Tears convinced me, and said he found you hastening to the Grove,---and when he gave you my Commands---you looked upon him with such a stedfast, wild and fixed Regard, surveying him all over while you were opening it---as argued some unusual Motion in you; then cried; Be gone---I cannot answer Flattery---Good Heaven, what can you mean? But ere he got to the farther End of the Grove, where still you walked a solemn Death-like Pace, he saw *Foscario* pass him unattended, and looking back saw your Rencounter, saw all that happened between you, then ran to your Assistance just as you parted; still you were roughly fullen, and neither took Notice of his proffered Service, nor that you needed it, although you bled apace; he offered you his Aid to tie your Wounds up---but you replied---Be gone, and do not trouble me---Oh, could you imagine I could live with this Neglect? Could you, my *Philander*? Oh what would you have me do! If nothing but my Death or Ruin can suffice for my Atonement, I will sacrifice either with Joy; yes, I'll proclaim my Passion aloud,

aloud, proclaim it at *Belfont*, own the dear criminal Flame, fly to my *Philander's* Aid and be undone; for thus I cannot, no, I will not live, I rave, I languish, faint and die with Pain; say that you live, oh, say but that you live, say you are coming to the Meadow behind the Garden-Grove, in order to your Approach to my Arms: Oh, swear that all your Vows are true; oh, swear that you are *Sylvia's*; and in Return, I will swear, that I am your's without Reserve, whatever Fate is destined for your

SYLVIA.

I die with Impatience, either to see or hear from you; I fear it is yet too soon for the first---oh therefore save me with the last, or I shall rave, and wildly betray all by coming to Dorillus his Farm, or seeking you where-ever you cruelly have hid yourself from

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*, how have you in one Day destroyed that Repose-I have been designing so many Years! Oh, thou false---but wondrous fair Creature! Why did Heaven ordain so much Beauty, and so much Perfidy, so much excellent Wit, and so much Cunning, (Things inconsistent in any but in *Sylvia*) in one divine Frame, but to undo Mankind: Yes, *Sylvia*, thou wert born to murder more believing Men than the unhappy and undone *Philander*. Tell me, thou charming Hypocrite, why hast thou thus deluded me? Why? oh, why was I made the miserable Object of thy fatal Vow-breach? What have I done, thou lovely, fickle Maid, that thou shouldst be my Murderer? And

why dost thou call me from the Grave with such dear soft Commands as would awake the very quiet Dead, to torture me anew, after my Eyes (curse on their fatal Sense) were too sure Witnesses of thy Infidelity? Oh, fickle Maid, how much more kind it had been to have sent me down to Earth, with plain heart-breaking Truth, than a mean subtle Falshood, that has undone thy Credit in my Soul? Truth, though it were cruel, had been generous in thee; though thou wert perjured, false, forsworn---thou shouldst not have added to it that yet baser Sin of Treachery: You might have been provok'd to have killed your Friend, but it were base to stab him unawares, defenceless and unwarned; smile in my Face, and strike me to the Heart; sooth me with all the tenderest Marks of my Passion---nay, with an Invitation too, that would have gained a Credit in one that had been jilted over the World; flattered and ruined by all thy cozening Sex, and all to send me vain and pleas'd away, only to gain a Day to entertain another Lover in. Oh, fantastick Woman! destructive glorious Thing, what needed this Deceit? Hadst thou not with unwonted Industry persuad'd me to have hast'd to *Cesario*, by Heaven, I had dully lived the tedious Day in traversing the flowery Meadows and silent Groves, laid by some murmuring Spring had sigh'd away the often counted Hours, and thought on *Sylvia*, till the blessed Minute of my ravishing Approach to her; had been a fond, believing and impos'd on Coxcomb, and never had dreamt the Treachery, never seen the Snake that bask'd beneath the gay, the smiling Flowers; securely thou hadst cozen'd me, reaped thy new Joys, and made my Rival sport at the Expence of all my Happiness: Yes, yes, your hasty Importunity first gave me Jealousy, made me impatient with *Cesario*, and excuse myself to him by a hundred Inven-

tions ;

tions; neglected all to hasten back, where all my Joys, where all my killing Fears and Torments resided---But when I came---how was I welcomed? With your confirming Billet; yes, *Sylvia*, how! Let *Dorillus* inform you, between whose Arms I fell dead, Shame on me, dead---and the first Thought my Soul conceived when it returned, was, not to die in Jest. I answered your Commands, and hastened to the Grove, where---by all that is sacred, by thyself I swear (a deerer Oath than Heaven and Earth can furnish me with) I did resolve to die; but oh, how soon my soft, my silent Passion turned to loud Rage, Rage easier to be borne, to dire Despair, to Fury and Revenge; for there I saw *Foscario*, my young, my fair, my rich and powerful Rival, he hasted through the Grove, all warm and glowing from the fair false one's Arms; the Blushes which thy Eyes had kindled were fresh upon his Cheeks, his Looks were sparkling with the new-blown Fire, his Heart so briskly burnt with a glad, a peaceful Smile dressed all his Face, tricked like a Bridegroom, while he perfum'd the Air as he passed thro' it---None but the Man that loves and dotes like me is able to express my Sense of Rage: I quickly turned the Sword from my own Heart to send it to his elevated one, giving him only Time to---draw---that was the Word, and I confess your Spark was wondrous ready, brisk with Success, vain with your new-given Favours, he only cry'd---If *Sylvia* be the Quarrel---I am prepared---And he maintained your Cause with admirable Courage I confess, though Chance or Fortune luckily gave me his Sword, which I would fain have rendered back, and that Way would have died; but he refused to arm his Hand anew against the Man that had not took Advantage of him, and thus we parted: Then it was that Malice supported me with Life, and

told me I should scorn to die for so perfidious and so ruinous a Creature; but charming and bewitching still, it was then I borrowed so much Calmness of my lessening Anger to read the Billet over, your Page had brought me, which melted all the rough remaining Part of Rage away into tame Languishment: Ah, *Sylvia*! This Heart of mine was never formed by Nature to hold out long in stubborn Sullenness; I am already on the excusing Part, and fain would think thee innocent and just; deceive me prettily, I know thou canst sooth my fond Heart, and ask how it could harbour a faithless Thought of *Sylvia*---do---flatter me, protest a little, swear my Rival saw thee not, say he was there by Chance---say any Thing; or if thou sawest him, say with how cold a Look he was receiv'd--Oh, *Sylvia*, calm my Soul, deceive it, flatter it, and I shall still believe and love thee on---Yet shouldest thou tell me Truth, that thou art false, by Heaven I do adore thee so, I still should love thee on; should I have seen thee clasp him in thy Arms, print Kisses on his Cheeks and Lips, and more---so fondly and so dotingly I love, I think I should forgive thee; for I swear by all the Powers that pity frail Mortality, there is no Joy, no Life, no Heaven without thee! Be false! Be cruel, perjured, infamous, yet still I must adore thee; my Soul was formed of nothing but of Love, and all that Love, and all that Soul is *Sylvia*'s; But yet, since thou hast framed me an Excuse, be kind and carry it on;---to be deluded well, as thou canst do it, will be the same to Innocence, as Loving: I shall not find the Cheat: I will come then---and lay myself at thy Feet, and seek there that Repose, that dear Content which is not to be found in this vast World besides; though much of my Heart's Joy thou hast abated, and fixed a Sadness in my Soul that will not easily vanish---Oh *Sylvia*, take Care
of

of me, for I am in thy Power, my Life, my Fame, my Soul are all in thy Hands, be tender of the Victims, and remember if any Action of thy Life should shew a fading Love, that very Moment I perceive the Change, you shall find dead at your Feet the abandoned

PHILANDER.

Sad as Death, I am going towards the Meadow, in order to my Approach towards Sylvia, the World affording no Repose to me, but when I am where the dear Charmer is.

To Philander in the Meadow.

AND can you be jealous of me, *Philander*? I mean so poorly jealous as to believe me capable of Falshood, of Vow-Breach, and what is worse, of loving any Thing but the adorable *Philander*? Oh, I could not once believe so cruel a Thought could have entered into the Imaginations of a Soul so entirely possessed with *Sylvia*, and so great a Judge of Love. Abandon me, reproach me, hate me, scorn me, whenever I harbour any Thing in Mind so destructive to my Repose and thine. Can I, *Philander*, give you a greater Proof of my Passion, of my faithful, never-dying Passion, than being undone for you? Have I any other Prospect in all this soft Adventure, but Shame, Dishonour, Reproach, eternal Infamy, and everlasting Destruction, even of Soul and Body? I tremble with Fear of future Punishment; but oh, Love will have no Devotion (mixed with his Ceremonies) to any other Deity; and yet, alas, I might have loved another, and have been saved, or any Maid but *Sylvia* might have possessed without Damnation. But it is a Brother I pursue, it is a

Sister gives her Honour up, and none but *Cannace*, that ever I read in Story, was ever found so wretched as to love a Brother with so criminal a Flame, and possibly I may meet her Fate. I have a Father too as great as *Æolus*, as angry and revengeful where his Honour is concerned; and you found, my dearest Brother, how near you were last Night to a Discovery in the Garden. I have some Reason too to fear this Night's Adventure, for as ill Fate would have it (loaded with other Thoughts) I told not *Melinda* of your Adventure last Night with *Monsieur* the Count, who meeting her early this Morning, had like to have made a Discovery, if he have not really so already; she strove to shun him, but he cried out---*Melinda*, you cannot fly me by Light, as you did last Night in the Dark---She turned and begged his Pardon, for neither coming nor designing to come, since she had resolved never to violate her Vows to *Alexis*: Not coming? Cried he, not returning again, you meant, *Melinda*; secure of my Heart and my Purse, you fled with both. *Melinda*, whose Honour was now concerned, and not reminding your Escape in her Likeness, blushing, she sharply denied the Fact, and with a Disdain that had laid aside all Respect, left him; nor can it be doubted, but he fancied (if she spoke Truth) there was some other Intrigue of Love carried on at *Bellfont*. Judge, my charming *Philander*, if I have not Reason to be fearful of thy Safety, and my Fame; and to be jealous that so wise a Man as *Monsieur* did not take that Parly to be held with a Spirit last Night, or that it was an Apparition he courted: But if there be no Boldness like that of Love, nor Courage like that of a Lover; sure there never was so great a *Heroine* as *Sylvia*. Undaunted, I resolve to stand the Shock of all, since it is impossible for me to leave *Philander* any Doubt or Jealousy that I can
diffi-

dissipate, and Heaven knows how far I was from any Thought of seeing *Foscario*, when I urged *Philander* to depart. I have to clear my Innocence, sent thee the Letter I received two Hours after thy Absence, which falling into my Mother's Hands, whose Favourite he is, he had Permission to make his Visit, which within an Hour he did; but how received by me, be thou the Judge, whenever it is thy Fate to be obliged to entertain some Woman to whom thy Soul has an entire Aversion. I forced a Complaisance against my Nature, endured his racking Courtship with a Fortitude that became the great Heart that bears thy sacred Image; as Martyrs do, I suffered without murmuring, or the least Sign of the Pain I endured---It is below the Dignity of my mighty Passion to justify it farther, let it plead its own Cause, it has a thousand Ways to do it, and those all such as cannot be resisted, cannot be doubted, especially this last Proof of sacrificing to your Repose the never more to be doubted

SYLVIA.

*About an Hour hence I shall
expect you to advance.*

To the LADY—

Madam,

'TIS not always the Divine Graces wherewith Heaven has adorned your resplendent Beauties, that can maintain the innumerable Conquests they gain, without a noble Goodness; which may make you sensibly compassionate the poor and forlorn Captives you have undone: But, most fair of your Sex, it is I alone that have a Destiny more cruel and severe, and find myself wounded from

your very Frowns, and secured a Slave as well as made one; the very Scorn from those triumphant Stars, your Eyes, have the same Effects, as if they shined with the continual Splendor of ravishing Smiles; and I can no more shun their killing Influence, than their all-saving Aspects: And I shall expire contentedly, since I fall by so glorious a Fate, if you will vouchsafe to pronounce my Doom from that Storehouse of Perfection, your Mouth, from Lips that open like the blushing Rose, strow'd over with Morning Dew, and from a Breath sweeter than holy Incense; in order to which, I approach you, most excellent Beauty, with this most humble Petition, that you will deign to permit me to throw my unworthy Self before the Throne of your Mercy, there to receive the Sentence of my Life or Death; a Happiness, tho' incomparably too great for so mean a Vassal, yet with that Reverence and Awe I shall receive it, as I would the Sentence of the Gods, and which I will no more resist than I would the Thunderbolts of *Jove*, or the Revenge of angry *Juno*: For, Madam, my immense Passion knows no *Medium* between Life and Death, and as I never had the Presumption to aspire to the Glory of the first, I am not so abject as to fear I am wholly deprived of the Glory of the last: I have too long lain convicted, extend your Mercy, and put me now out of Pain: You have often wrecked me to confess my Promethean Sin; spare the cruel Vulture of Despair, take him from my Heart in Pity, and either by killing Words, or blasting Lightening from those resplendent Eyes, pronounce the Death of,

Madam,

Your admiring Slave,

F O S C A R I O.

To SYLVIA.

My Everlasting Charmer,

I Am convinc'd and pleas'd, my Fears are vanish'd,
and a Heaven of solid Joy is opened to my View,
and I have nothing now in Prospect but Angel-
Brightness, glittering Youth, dazzling Beauty, charm-
ing Sounds, and ravishing Touches, and all around
me Extasies of Pleasure, unconceivable Transports
without Conclusion; *Mahomet* never fancied such
a Heaven, not all his Paradise promised such lasting
Felicity, or ever provided there the Recompence
of such a Maid as *Sylvia*, such a bewitching Form,
such soft, such glorious Eyes, where the Soul
speaks and dances, and betrays Love's Secrets in
every killing Glance, a Face, where every Mo-
tion, every Feature sweetly languishes, a Neck
all tempting---and her lovely Breast inviting pres-
ses from the eager Lips; such Hands, such clasping
Arms, so white, so soft and slender! No, nor one
of all his heavenly Enjoyments, though promised
Years of fainting in one continued Extasy, can
make one Moment's Joy with charming *Sylvia*.
Oh, I am wrapt (with bare Imagination) with a
much vaster Pleasure than any other dull Appoint-
ment can dispense---Oh, thou Blessing sent from
Heaven to ease my Toils of Life! Thou sacred
dear Delight of my fond dotting Heart, oh, whither
wilt thou lead me, to what vast Heights of Love?
Into Extremes as fatal and as dangerous as those
Excesses were that rendered me so cold in your
Opinion. Oh, *Sylvia, Sylvia*, have a Care of me,
manage my over-joyed Soul, and all its eager Pas-
sions, chide my fond Heart, be angry if I faint
upon thy Bosom, and do not with thy tender Voice
recal me, a Voice that kills out-right, and calls
my

my fleeting Soul out of its Habitation: Lay not such charming Lips to my cold Cheeks, but let me lie extended at thy Feet untouched, unfighed upon, unpressed with Kisses: Oh, change those tender, trembling Words of Love into rough Sounds and Noises unconcerned, and when you see me dying, do not call my Soul to mingle with thy Sighs; yet shouldst thou abate one Word, one Look or Tear, by Heaven, I should be mad; oh, never let me live to see Declension in thy Love! No, no, my Charmer, I cannot bear the least supposed Decay in those dear Fondnesses of thine; and sure none ever became a Maid so well, nor ever were received with Adorations like to mine!

Pardon, my adorable *Sylvia*, the Rashness of my Passion in this Rencounter with *Foscario*; I am satisfied he is too unhappy in your Disfavour to merit the being so in mine; but it was sufficient I then saw a Joy in his Face, a pleased Gaiety in his Looks to make me think my Rage reasonable, and my Quarrel just; by the Stile he writes, I dread his Sense less than his Person; but you, my lovely Maid, have said enough to quit me of my Fears for both---the Night comes on---I cannot call it envious, though it rob me of the Light that should assist me to finish this, since it will more gloriously repay me in a happier Place---Come on then, thou blest Retreat of Lovers, I forgive thy Interruptions here, since thou wilt conduct to the Arms of *Sylvia*, ---the adoring

PHILANDER.

If you have any Commands for me, this Weeder of the Gardens, whom I met in going in thither, will bring it back; I wait in the Meadow, and date this from the dear Primrose-Bank, where I have sate with *Sylvia*.

To

TO PHILANDER.

After the happy Night.

'TIS done; yes, *Philander*, it is done, and after that, what will not Love and Grief oblige me to own to you? Oh, by what insensible Degrees a Maid in Love may arrive to say any Thing to her Lover without Blushing! I have known the Time, the blest innocent Time, when but to think I loved *Philander* would have covered my Face with Shame, and to have spoke it would have filled me with Confusion---have made me tremble, blush, and bend my guilty Eyes to Earth, not daring to behold my charming Conqueror, while I made that bashful Confession---though now I am grown bold in Love, yet I have known the Time, when being at Court, and coming from the Presence, being offered some officious Hand to lead me to my Coach, I have shrunk back with my Aversion to your Sex, and have concealed my Hands in my Pockets to prevent their being touched;---a Kiss would turn my Stomach, and amorous Looks (though they would make me vain) gave me a Hate to him that sent them, and never any Maid resolved so much as I to tread the Paths of Honour, and I had many Precedents before me to make me careful: Thus I was armed with Resolution, Pride and Scorn, against all Mankind; but alas, I made no Defence against a Brother, but innocently lay exposed to all his Attacks of Love, and never thought it criminal till it kindled a new Desire about me, Oh, that I should not die with Shame to own it---Yes see (I say) how from one soft Degree to another, I do not only confess the shameful Truth, but act it too; what with a Brother---Oh Heavens! A Crime so monstrous and
so

fo new---But by all thy Love, by those surprizing Joys so lately experienced----I never will----No, no, I never can---repent it: Oh incorrigible Passion! Oh harden'd Love! At least I might have some Remorse, some Sighing after my poor departed Honour; but why should I dissemble with the Powers Divine; that know the Secrets of a Soul doomed to eternal Love? Yet I am mad, I rave and tear myself, traverse my guilty Chamber in a disordered, but a soft Confusion; and often opening the conscious Curtains, survey the Print where thou and I were last Night laid, surveying it with a thousand tender Sighs, and kiss and press thy dear forsaken Side, imagine over all our solemn Joys, every dear Transport, all our ravishing repeated Bliss'es; then almost fainting, languishing, cry---*Philander*, oh, my charming little God! Then lay me down in the dear Place you pressed, still warm and fragrant with the sweet Remains that thou hast left behind thee on the Pillow. Oh, my Soul's Joy! My dear, eternal Pleasure! What Softness hast thou added to my Heart within a few Hours! But oh, *Philander*---if (as I've oft been told) Possession, which makes Women fond and doting, should make thee cold, and grow indifferent--if nauseated with repeated Joy, and having made a full Discovery of all that was but once imaginary, when Fancy rendered every Thing much finer than Experience, oh, how were I undone! For me, by all the Inhabitants of Heaven I swear, by thy dear charming Self, and by thy Vows---thou so transcendest all Fancy, all dull Imagination, all wondering Ideas of what Man was to me, that I believe thee more than human! Some Charm Divine dwells in thy Touches; besides all these, thy charming Look, thy Love, the Beauties that adorn thee, and thy Wit, I swear there is a Secret in Nature that renders thee more dear, and fits thee to my Soul;

Soul; do not ask it me, let it suffice, it is so, and is not to be told; yes, by it I know thou art the Man created for my Soul; and he alone that has the Power to touch it; my Eyes and Fancy might have been diverted, I might have favoured this above the other, preferred that Face, that Wit, or Shape, or Air---but to concern my Soul, to make that capable of something more than Love, it was only necessary that *Philander* should be formed, and formed just as he is; that Shape, that Face, that Height, that dear Proportion; I would not have a Feature, not a Look, not a Hair altered, just as thou art, thou art an Angel to me, and I, without considering what I am, what I might be, or ought, without considering the fatal Circumstances of thy being married (a Thought that shocks my Soul whenever it enters) or whatever other Thought that does concern my Happiness or Quiet, have fixed my Soul to Love and my *Philander*, to love thee with all thy Disadvantages, and glory in my Ruin; these are my firm Resolves--these are my Thoughts. But thou art gone, with all the Trophies of my Love and Honour, gay with the Spoils, which now perhaps are unregarded: The Mystery is now revealed, the mighty Secret is known, and now will be no Wonder or Surprise: But hear my Vows: By all on which my Life depends I swear---if ever I perceive the least Decay of Love in thee, if ever thou breakest an Oath, a Vow, a Word, if ever I see Repentance in thy Face, a Coldness in thy Eyes (which Heaven divert) by that bright Heaven I will die; you may believe me, since I had the Courage and durst love thee, and after that durst sacrifice my Fame, lose all to justify that Love, will, when a Change so fatal shall arrive, find Courage too to die; yes, die *Philander*, assure thyself I will, and therefore have a Care of

SYLVIA.

To

TO PHILANDER.

OH, where shall I find Repose, where seek a silent Quiet, but in my last Retreat, the Grave! I say not this, my dearest *Philander*, that I do or ever can repent my Love, though the fatal Source of all: For already we are betrayed, our Race of Joys, our Course of stolen Delight is ended ere begun. I chid, alas, at Morning's Dawn, I chid you to be gone, and yet, Heaven knows, I grasped you fast, and rather would have died than parted with you; I saw the Day come on, and cursed its busy Light, and still you cried, One blessed Minute more, before I part with all the Joys of Life! And Hours were Minutes then, and Day grew old upon us unawares, it was all abroad, and had called up all the Household Spies to pry into the Secrets of our Loves, and thou, by some Tale-bearing Flatterer, wert seen in passing through the Garden; the News was carried to my Father, and a mighty Consult has been held in my Mother's Apartment, who now refuses to see me; while I, possessed with Love, and full of Wonder at my new Change, lulled with dear Contemplation, (for I am altered much since Yesterday, however thou hast charmed me) imagining none knew our Theft of Love, but only Heaven and *Melinda*. But oh, alas, I had no sooner finished this enclosed, but my Father entered my Cabinet, but it was with such a Look---as soon informed me all was betrayed to him; a while he gazed on me with Fierceness in his Eyes, which so surprized and frightened me, that I, all pale and trembling, throw myself at his Feet; he, seeing my Disorder, took me up, and fixed so steadfast and so sad a Look upon me, as would have broken any Heart but mine, supported with *Philander's* Image; I sighed and wept---and silently attended

attended when the Storm should fall, which turned into a Shower so soft and piercing, I almost died to see it; at last delivering me a Paper---Here, (cried he, with a Sigh and Trembling-interrupted Voice) read what I cannot tell thee. Oh, *Sylvia*, cried he,---thou Joy and Hope of all my aged Years, thou Object of my Dotage, how hast thou brought me to my Grave with Sorrow! So left me with the Paper in my Hand: Speechless, unmov'd a while a stood, till he awaked me by new Sighs and Cries; for passing through my Chamber, by Chance, or by Design, he cast his melancholy Eyes towards my Bed, and saw the dear Disorder there, unusual---then cried---Oh, wretched *Sylvia*, thou art lost! And left me almost fainting. The Letter, I soon found, was one you'd sent from *Dorillus* his Farm this Morning, after you had parted from me, which has betrayed us all, but how it came into their Hands I since have understood: for, as I said, you were seen passing through the Garden, from thence (to be confirmed) they dogged you to the Farm, and waiting there your Motions, saw *Dorillus* come forth with a Letter in his Hand, which though he soon concealed, yet not so soon but it was taken Notice of, when hastening to *Belfont* the nearest Way, they gave an Account to *Monsieur*, my Father, who going out to *Dorillus*, commanded him to deliver him the Letter; his Vassal durst not disobey, but yielded it with such Dispute and Reluctancy, as he durst maintain with a Man so great and powerful; before *Dorillus* returned you had taken Horse, so that you are a Stranger to our Misfortune---What shall I do? Where shall I seek a Refuge from the Danger that threatens us? A sad and silent Grief appears throughout *Belfont*, and the Face of all Things is changed, yet none knows the unhappy Cause but *Monsieur* my Father, and *Madam* my Mother, *Melinda* and myself.

self: *Melinda* and my Page are both dismissed from waiting on me, as supposed Confidents of this dear Secret, and Strangers, Creatures of *Madam* the Countess, put about me. Oh *Philander*, what can I do? Thy Advice, or I am lost: But how, alas, shall I either convey these to thee, or receive any Thing from thee, unless some God of Love, in Pity of our Miseries, should offer us his Aid? I will try to corrupt my new Boy, I see Goodnature, Pity and Generosity in his Looks, he is well born too, and may be honest.

Thus far, *Philander*, I had writ when Supper was brought me, for yet my Parents have not deigned to let me come into their Presence; those that serve me tell me *Myrilla* is this Afternoon arrived at *Bellfont*; all is mighty close carried in the Countess's Apartment. I tremble with the Thought of what will be the Result of the great Consultation: I have been tempting of the Boy, but I perceive they have strictly charged him not to obey me; he says, against his Will he shall betray me, for they will have him searched; but he has promised me to see one of the Weeders, who working in the Garden, into which my Window opens, may from thence receive what I shall let down; if it be true, I shall get this fatal Knowledge to you, that you may not only prepare for the worst, but contrive to set at Liberty

The unfortunate Sylvia.

My Heart is ready to break, and my Eyes are drowned in Tears: Oh Philander, how much unlike the last will this fatal Night prove! Farewel, and think of Sylvia.

This

This was writ in the Cover to both the foregoing Letters to Philander.

Philander, all that I dreaded, all that I feared is fallen upon me: I have been arraigned, and convicted, three Judges, severe as the three infernal ones, fate in Condemnation on me, a Father, a Mother, and a Sister; the Fact, alas, was too clearly proved, and too many circumstantial Truths appeared against me, for me to plead not guilty. But, oh Heavens! Had you seen the Tears, and heard the Prayers, Threats, Reproaches and Upbraidings---these from an injured Sister, those my Heart-broken Parents; a tender Mother here, a railing and reviling Sister there---an angry Father, and a guilty Conscience----thou wouldst have wondered at my Fortitude, my Courage, and my Resolution, and all from Love! For surely I had died, had not thy Love, thy powerful Love supported me; through all the Accidents of Life and Fate, that can and will support me; in the Midst of all their Clamours and their Railings I had from that a secret and soft Repose within, that whispered me, *Philander* loves me still; discarded and renounced by my found Parents, Love still replies, *Philander* still will own thee; thrown from thy Mother's and thy Sister's Arms, *Philander's* still are open to receive thee: And though I rave and almost die to see them grieve, to think that I am the fatal Cause who makes so sad Confusion in our Family; (for, oh, 'tis piteous to behold my Sister's Sighs and Tears, my Mother's sad Despair, my Father's Raging and his Weeping, by melancholy Turns;) yet even these deplorable Objects, that would move the most obdurate, stubborn Heart to Pity and Repentance, render not mine relenting;

ing; and yet I am wondrous pitiful by Nature, and I can weep and faint to see the sad Effects of my loose, wanton Love, yet cannot find Repentance for the dear, charming Sin; and yet, should'st thou behold my Mother's Languishment, no bitter Words proceeding from her Lips, no Tears fall from her down-cast Eyes, but silent and sad as Death she sits, and will not view the Light; should'st thou, I say, behold it, thou would'st, if not repent, yet grieve that thou had'st loved me: Sure Love has quite confounded Nature in me, I could not else behold this fatal Ruin without revenging it upon my stubborn Heart; a thousand Times a Day I make new Vows against the God of Love, but it is too late, and I am as often perjured---Oh, should the Gods revenge the broken Vows of Lovers, what Love-sick Man, what Maid betrayed like me, but would be damned a thousand Times? For every little Love-quarrel, every kind Repentment makes us swear to love no more; and every Smile, and every flattering Softness from the dear Injurer, makes us perjured: Let all the Force of Virtue, Honour, Interest join with my suffering Parents to persuade me to cease to love *Philander*, yet let him but appear, let him but look on me with those dear charming Eyes, let him but sigh, or press me to his fragrant Cheek, fold me---and cry---Ah, *Sylvia*, can you quit me? ---nay, you must not, you shall not, nay, I know you cannot, remember you are mine---There is such Eloquence in those dear Words, when uttered with a Voice so tender and so passionate, that I believe them irresistible---alas, I find them so---and easily break all the feeble Vows I make against thee; yes, I must be undone, perjured, forsworn, incorrigible, unnatural, disobedient, and any Thing, rather than not *Philander's*---Turn then, my Soul, from these domestick, melancholy Objects, and look

look abroad, look forward for a while on charming Prospects; look on *Philander*, the dear, the young, the amorous *Philander*, whose very Looks infuse a tender Joy throughout the Soul, and chase all Cares, all Sorrows and anxious Thoughts from thence, whose wonton Play is softer than that of young-fledged Angels, and when he looks, and sighs, and speaks, and touches, he is a very God: Where art thou, oh Miracle of Youth, thou charming, dear Undoer! Now thou has gained the Glory of the Conquest, thou slightest the rifled Captive: What, not a Line? Two tedious Days are past, and no kind Power relieves me with a Word, or any Tidings of *Philander*---and yet thou mayest have sent---but I shall never see it, till they raise up fresh Witnesses against me---I cannot think thee wavering or forgetful; for if I did, surely thou knowest my Heart so well, thou canst not think it would live to think another Thought. Confirm my kind Belief, and send to me---

There is a Gate well known to thee through which thou passest to *Bellfont*, it is in the Road about half a League from hence, an old Man opens it, his Daughter weeds in the Garden, and will convey this to thee as I have ordered her; by the same Messenger thou mayest return thine, and early as she comes I'll let her down a String, by which Way unperceived I shall receive them from her: I will say no more, nor instruct you how you shall preserve your

SYLVIA.

TO SYLVIA.

That which was left in her Hands by Monsieur, her Father, in her Cabinet.

My Adorable Sylvia.

I Can no more describe to thee the Torment with which I part from *Belfont*, than I can that Heaven of Joy I was raised to last Night by the transporting Effects of thy wondrous Love; both are to Excess, and both killing, but in different Kinds. Oh, *Sylvia*, by all my unspeakable Raptures in thy Arms, by all thy Charms of Beauty, too numerous and too ravishing for Fancy to imagine---I swear---by this last Night, by this dear new Discovery, thou hast increased my Love to that vast Height, it has undone my Peace---all my Repose is gone---this dear, dear Night has ruined me, it has confirmed me now I must have *Sylvia*, and cannot live without her, no not a Day, an Hour---to save the World, unless I had the entire Possession of my lovely Maid: Ah, *Sylvia*, I am not that indifferent dull Lover that can be raised by one Beauty to an Appetite, and satisfy it with another; I cannot carry the dear Flame you kindle, to quench it in the Embraces of *Myrtilla*; no, by the eternal Powers, he that pretends to love, and loves at that coarse Rate, needs fear no Danger from that Passion, he never was born to love, or die for Love; *Sylvia*, *Myrtilla* and a thousand more were all the same to such a dull Insensible; no, *Sylvia*, when you find I can return back to the once left matrimonial Bed, despise me, scorn me: Swear (as then thou justly may'st) I love not *Sylvia*: Let the hot Brute drudge on (he who is fired by Nature, not by Love, whom any Body's Kisses
can

can inspire) and ease the necessary Heats of Youth; Love is a nobler Fire, which nothing can allay but the dear She that raised it; no, no, my purer Stream shall never run back to the Fountain, whence it is parted, nay it cannot, it were as possible to love again, where one has ceased to love, as carry the Desire and Wishes back; by Heaven, to me there is nothing so unnatural; no, *Sylvia*, it is you I must possess, you have compleated my Undoing now, and I must die unless you give me all---but oh, I am going from thee---when are we like to meet---oh, how shall I support my absent Hours! Thought will destroy me, for it will be all on thee, and those at such a Distance will be insupportable. ---What shall I do without thee? If after all the Toils of dull insipid Life I could return and lay me down by thee, *Herculean* Labours would be soft and easy---the harsh Fatigues of War, the dangerous Hurries of Affairs of State, the Business and the Noise of Life, I could support with Pleasure, with wondrous Satisfaction, could treat *Myrtilla* too with that Respect, that generous Care, as would become a Husband. I could be easy every where, and every one should be at Ease with me; now I shall go and find no *Sylvia* there, but sigh and wander like an unknown Thing, on some strange foreign Shore; I shall grow peevish as a new wean'd Child, no Toys, no Bauble of the gaudy World will please my wayward Fancy: I shall be out of Humour, rail at every Thing, in Anger shall demand, and sullenly reply to every Question asked and answered, and when I think to ease my Soul by a Retreat, a thousand soft Desires, a thousand Wishes wreck me, pain me to raving, till beating the senseless Floor with my Feet---I cried aloud ---My *Sylvia*!--!--thus, thus, my charming Dear, the poor *Philander* is employed when banished from his Heaven! If thus it used to be when only that

bright Outside was adored, judge now my Pain, now thou hast made known a thousand Graces more—oh, pity me---for it is not in thy Power to guess what I shall now endure in Absence of thee; for thou hast charmed my Soul to an Excess too mighty for a patient Suffering: Alas, I die already---

I am yet at *Dorillus* his Farm, lingering on from one swift Minute to the other, and have not Power to go; a thousand Looks all languishing I've cast from Eyes all drowned in Tears towards *Balfont*, have sigh'd a thousand Wishes to my Angel, from a sad breaking Heart---Love will not let me go---and Honour calls me---alas, I must away; When shall we meet again? Ah, when my *Sylvia*?---Oh charming Maid---thou'lt see me shortly dead, for thus I cannot live; thou must be mine, or I must be no more---I must away---farewel---may all the softest Joys of Heaven attend thee---adieu---fail not to send a hundred Times a Day, if possible; I've ordered *Alexis* to do nothing but wait for all that comes, and post away with what thou sendest to me---again adieu, think on me---and till thou callest me to thee, imagine nothing upon Earth so wretched as *Sylvia's* own

PHILANDER.

Know, my Angel, that passing through the Garden this Morning, I met Erasto---I fear he saw me near enough to know me, and will give an Account of it; let me know what happens---adieu half dead, just taking Horse to go from Sylvia.

TO PHILANDER.

Written in a Leaf of a Table-Book.

I Have only Time to say, on *Thursday* I am destined a Sacrifice to *Poscario*, which Day finishes the Life of

SYLVIA.

TO SYLVIA.

From Dorillus his Farm.

R Aving and mad at the News your Billet brought me, I (without considering the Effects that would follow) am arrived at *Bellfont*; I have yet so much Patience about me, to suffer myself to be concealed at *Dorillus* his Cottage; but if I see thee not to Night, or find no Hopes of it---by Heaven I'll set *Bellfont* all in a Flame but I will have my *Sylvia*; be sure I'll do it---What? To be married---*Sylvia* to be married---and given from *Philander*---Oh, never think it, forsworn fair Creature---What? Give *Poscario* that dear charming Body? Shall he be grasped in those dear naked Arms? Taste all thy Kisses, press thy snowy Breasts, command thy Joys, and rise all thy Heaven? Furies and Hell environ me if he do---Oh, *Sylvia*, faithless, perjured, charming *Sylvia*---and canst thou suffer it---Hear my Vows, oh fickle Angel---Hear me, thou faithless Ravisher! That fatal Moment that the daring Priest offers to join your Hands, and give thee from me, I will sacrifice your Lover; by Heaven I will, before the Altar, stab him at your Feet; the holy Place, nor the Numbers that attend ye, nor all
 F 2 your

your Prayers nor Tears, shall save his Heart; look to it, and be not false---yet I'll trust not thy Faith; no, she that can think but falsely, and she that can so easily be perjured---for, but to suffer it is such a Sin---such an undoing Sin---that thou art surely damned! And yet, by Heaven, that is not all the Ruin shall attend thee; no, lovely Mischief, no---you shall not escape till the Damnation Day; for I will rack thee, torture thee and plague thee, those few Hours I have to live, (if spiteful Fate prevent my just Revenge upon *Foscario*) and when I am dead---as I shall quickly be killed by thy Cruelty---know, thou fair Murtherer, I will haunt thy Sight, be ever with thee, and surround thy Bed, and fright thee from the Ravisher; fright all thy loose Delights, and check thy Joys---Oh, I am mad!---I cannot think that Thought, no, thou shalt never advance so far in Wickedness, I will save thee, if I can---Oh, my adorable, why dost thou torture me? How hast thou sworn so often and so loud that Heaven I am sure has heard thee, and will punish thee? How didst thou swear that happy blessed Night, in which I saw thee last, clasped in my Arms, weeping with eager Love, with melting Softness on my Bosom---remember how thou swor'st---oh, that dear Night,---let me recover Strength---and then I will tell thee more---I must repeat the Story of that Night, which thou perhaps (oh faithless!) hast forgot---that glorious Night, when all the Heavens were gay, and every favouring Power looked down and smiled upon our Thefts of Love, that gloomy Night, the first of all my Joys, the blessedest of my Life---trembling and fainting I approach your Chamber, and while you met and grasped me at the Door, taking my trembling Body in your Arms---remember how I fainted at your Feet, and what dear Arts you used to call me back to Life---Remember how

I

you

you kissed and pressed my Face---Remember what dear charming Words you spoke---and when I did recover, how I asked you with a feeble doubtful Voice---Ah, *Sylvia*, will you still continue thus, thus wondrous soft and fond? Will you be ever mine, and ever true?---What did you then reply, when kneeling on the Carpet where I lay, what *Sylvia*, did you vow? How invoke Heaven? How call its Vengeance down if ever you loved another Man again, if ever you touched or smiled on any other, if ever you suffered Words or Acts of Love but from *Philander*? Both Heaven and Hell thou didst awaken with thy Oaths, one was an angry Listener to what it knew thou'dst break, the other laughed to know thou would'st be perjured, while only I, poor I, was all the while a silent fond Believer; your Vows stopped all my Language, as your Kisses did my Lips, your swore and kissed, and vowed and clasped my Neck---Oh charming Flatterer! Oh artful, dear Beguiler! Thus into Life, and Peace, and fond Security, you charmed my willing Soul! It was then, my *Sylvia*, (certain of your Heart, and that it never could be given away to any other) I pressed my eager Joys, but with such tender Caution---such Fear and Fondness, such an awful Passion, as overcame your faint Resistance; my Reasons and my Arguments were strong, for you were mine by Love, by sacred Vows, and who could lay a better Claim to *Sylvia*? How oft I cried---Why this Resistance, *Sylvia*? My charming Dear, whose are you? Not *Philander's*? And shall *Philander* not command his own---you must---ah cruel---then a soft Struggle followed, with half-breathed Words, with Sighs and trembling Hearts, and now and then---Ah cruel and unreasonable---was softly said on both Sides; thus strove, thus argued---till both lay panting in each others Arms, not with the Toil, but

Rapture; I need not say what followed after this
—what tender Showers of strange indearing
Mixtures 'twixt Joy and Shame, 'twixt Love and
new Surprize, and ever when I dried your Eyes
with Kisses, unable to repeat any other Language
than—Oh my *Sylvia*! Oh my charming Angel!
While Sighs of Joy, and close grasping thee—
spoke all the rest—while every tender Word, and
every Sigh, was echoed back by thee; you
pressed me— and you vowed you loved me
more than ever yet you did; then swore anew,
and in my Bosom, hid your charming blushing Face,
then with Excess of Love would call on Heaven,
be Witnesses, oh ye Powers (a thousand Times ye
cried) if ever Maid e'er loved like *Sylvia*—punish
me strangely, oh eternal Powers, if ever I leave
Philander, if ever I cease to love him; no Force,
no Art, not Interest, Honour, Wealth, Conve-
nience, Duty, or what other necessary Cause—
shall ever be of Force to make me leave thee—
Thus hast thou sworn, oh charming, faithless Flat-
terer, thus betwixt each ravishing Minute thou
would'st swear— and I as fast believed— and loved
thee more— Hast thou forgot it all, oh fickle
Charmer, hast thou? Hast thou forgot between
each awful Ceremony of Love, how you cried
out, Farewel the World and mortal Cares, give
me *Philander*, Heaven, I ask no more— Hast thou
forgot all this? Did all the live-long Night hear
any other Sound but those our mutual Vows, of
Invocations, broken Sighs, and soft and trembling
Whispers? Say, had we any other Business for the
tender Hours? Oh, all ye Host of Heaven, ye Stars
that shone, and all ye Powers the faithless lovely
Maid has sworn by, be Witness how she is perjur'd;
revenge it all, ye injured Powers, revenge it,
since by it she has undone the faithfullest Youth,
and broke the tenderest Heart— that ever fell a
Sa-

Sacrifice to Love; and all ye little weeping Gods of Love; revenge your murdered Victim---your

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

In the Leaves of a Table-Book.

OH, my *Philander*, how dearly welcome, and how needless were thy kind Reproaches! Which I will not endeavour to convince by Argument, but such a Deed as shall at once secure thy Fears now and for the future. I have not a Minute to write in; place, my dear *Philander*, your Chariot in *St. Vincent's Wood*, and since I am not able to fix the Hour of my Flight, let it wait there my Coming; it is but a little Mile from *Bellfont*, *Dorillus* is suspected there, remove thyself to the High-way-Gate Cottage---there I'll call on thee---'twas lucky, that thy Fears, or Love, or Jealousy brought thee so near me, since I'd resolv'd before upon my Flight. Parents and Honour, Interest and Fame, farewell---I leave you all to follow my *Philander*---Haste the Chariot to the thickest Part of the Wood, for I am impatient to be gone, and shall take the first Opportunity to fly to my *Philander*---Oh, love me, love me, love me!

Under Pretence of reaching the Jessamin which shades my Window, I unperceived let down and receive what Letters you send by the honest Weeder; by her send your Sense of my Flight, or rather your Direction, for it is resolv'd already.

T O S Y L V I A.

My lovely Angel,

SO careful I will be of this dear mighty Secret, that I will only say, *Sylvia* shall be obeyed; no more---nay, I'll not dare to think of it, lest in my Rapture I should name my Joy aloud, and busy Winds should bear it to some officious Listener, and undo me; no more, no more, my *Sylvia*, Extremes of Joy (as Grief) are ever dumb: Let it suffice, this Blessing which you proffer I had designed to ask, as soon as you'd convinced me of your Faith; yes, *Sylvia*, I had asked it though it was a Bounty too great for any Mortal to conceive Heaven should bestow upon him; but if it do, that very Moment I'll resign the World, and barter all for Love and charming *Sylvia*. Haste, haste, my Life; my Arms, my Bosom and my Soul are open to receive the lovely Fugitive; haste, for this Moment I am going to plant myself where you directed. *Adieu.*

T O P H I L A N D E R.

After her Flight.

AH, *Philander*, how have you undone a harmless poor Unfortunate? Alas, where are you? Why would you thus abandon me? Is this the Soul, the Bosom, these the Arms that should receive me? I'll not upbraid thee with my Love, or charge thee with my Undoing; it was all my own, and were it yet to do, I should again be ruined for *Philander*, and never find Repentance, no not for a Thought, a Word or Deed of Love, to the dear false Forsworn;

sworn; but I can die, yes, hopeless, friendless---
left by all, even by *Philander*---all but Resolution
has abandoned me, and that can lay me down,
whenever I please, in safe Repose and Peace: But
oh, thou art not false, or if thou be'st, oh, let me
hear it from thy Mouth, see thy repented Love,
that I may know there is no such Thing on Earth,
as Faith, as Honesty, as Love or Truth; however,
be thou true, or be thou false, be bold and let me
know it, for thus to doubt is Torture worse than
Death. What Accident, thou dear, dear Man, has
happened to prevent thee from pursuing my Direc-
tions, and staying for me at the Gate? Where
have I missed thee, thou Joy of my Soul? By what
dire Mistake have I lost thee? And where, oh,
where art thou, my charming Lover? I sought
thee every where, but like the languishing aban-
doned Mistress in the *Canticles* I sought thee, but
I found thee not, no Bed of Roses would dis-
cover thee: I saw no Print of thy dear Shape,
nor heard no amorous Sigh that could direct me
---I ask the Wood and Springs, complained and
called on thee through all the Groves, but they
confessed thee not; nothing but Echo's answered
me, and when I cried *Philander*---cried---*Philander*;
thus searched I till the coming Night, and my in-
creasing Fears made me resolve for Flight, which
soon we did, and soon arrived at *Paris*, but whither
then to go, Heaven knows, I could not tell, for
I was almost naked, friendless and forlorn; at
last, consulting *Brilliard* what to do, after a thousand
Révolutions, he concluded to trust me with a
Sister he had, who was married to a *Guidon* of the
Guard de Corps, he changed my Name, and made
me pass for a Fortune he had stolen; but oh, no
Welcomes, nor my safe Retreat were sufficient to
repose me all the ensuing Night, for I had no News
of *Philander*, no, not a Dream informed me; a

thousand Fears and Jealousies have kept me waking, and *Brilliard*, who has been all Night in Pursuit of thee, is now returned successless and distracted as thy *Sylvia*, for Duty and Generosity have almost the same Effects in him, with Love and Tenderness and Jealousy in me; and since *Paris* affords no News of thee, (which sure it would if thou wert in it, for oh, the Sun might hide himself with as much Ease as great *Philander*) he is resolved to search *St. Vincent's Wood*, and all the adjacent Cottages and Groves; he thinks that you, not knowing of my Escape, may yet be waiting thereabouts; since quitting the Chariot for Fear of being seen, you might be so far advanced into the Wood, as not to find the Way back to the Thicket where the Chariot waited: It is thus he feeds my Hope, and flatters my poor Heart, that fain would think thee true---or if thou be'st not---but cursed be all such Thoughts, and far from *Sylvia's* Soul; no, no, thou art not false, it cannot be, thou art a God, and art unchangeable: I know, by some Mistake, thou art attending me, as wild and impatient as I; perhaps thou thinkest me false, and thinkest I have not Courage to pursue my Love, and fly; and, thou perhaps art waiting for the Hour wherein thou thinkest I will give myself away to *Foscario*: Oh cruel and unkind! To think I loved so lightly, to think I would attend that fatal Hour; no, *Philander*, no faithless, dear Enchanter: Last Night, the Eve to my intended Wedding-Day, having reposed my Soul by my Resolves for Flight, and only waiting the lucky Minute for Escape, I set a willing Hand to every Thing that was preparing for the Ceremony of the ensuing Morning; with that Pretence I got me early to my Chamber, tried on a thousand Dresses, and asked a thousand Questions, all impertinent, which would do best, which looked most gay and rich, then dress my Gown

Gown with Jewels, decked my Apartment up, and left nothing undone that might secure 'em both of my being pleased, and of my Stay; nay, and to give the less Suspicion, I undressed myself even to my Under-Petticoat and Nigh-Gown; I would not take a Jewel, not a Pistole, but left my Women finishing my Work, and carelessly, and thus undressed, walked towards the Garden, and while every one was busy in their Office, getting myself out of Sight, I posted over the Meadow to the Wood as swift as *Daphne* from the God of Day, till I arrived most luckily where I found the Chariot waiting; attended by *Brilliard*; of whom, when I (all fainting and breathless with my swift Flight) demanded his Lord, he lifted me into the Chariot, and cried, a little farther, *Madam*, you will find him; for he, for Fear of making a Discovery, took yonder shaded Path---towards which we went, but no dear Vision of my Love appeared---And thus, my charming Lover, you have my kind Adventure; send me some Tidings back that you are found, that you are well, and lastly, that you are mine, or this, that should have been my Wedding-Day, will see itself that of the Death of

SYLVIA.

Paris, Thursday, from my Bed, for Want of Cloaths,
or rather News from Philander.

TO SYLVIA.

MY Life, my *Sylvia*, my eternal Joy, art thou then safe! And art thou reserved for *Philander*? Am I so blest by Heaven, by Love, and my dear charming Maid? Then let me die in Peace, since I have lived to see all that my Soul desires in *Sylvia's* being mine; perplex not thy soft Heart with Fears

or Jealousies, nor think so basely, so poorly of my Love, to need more Oaths or Vows; yet to confirm thee, I would swear my Breath away; but oh, it needs not here;---take then no Care, my lovely Dear, turn not thy charming Eyes or Thoughts on afflicting Objects; oh think not on what thou hast abandoned, but what thou art arriv'd to; look forward on the Joys of Love and Youth, for I will dedicate all my remaining Life to render thine serene and glad; and yet, my *Sylvia*, thou art so dear to me, so wondrous precious to my Soul, that in my Extravagance of Love, I fear I shall grow a troublesome and wearying Coxcomb, shall dread every Look thou givest away from me--a Smile will make me rave, a Sigh or Touch make me commit a Murder on the happy Slave, or my own jealous Heart, but all the World besides is *Sylvia's*, all but another Lover; but I rave and run too fast away; Ages must pass a tedious Term of Years before I can be jealous, or conceive thou can'st be weary of *Philander*--I will be so fond, so doting, and so playing, thou shalt not have an idle Minute to throw away a Look in, or a Thought on any other; no, no, I have thee now, and will maintain my Right by Dint and Force of Love--Oh, I am wild to see thee ---but, *Sylvia*, I am wounded---do not be frighted though, for it is not much or dangerous, but very troublesome, since it permits me not to fly to *Sylvia*, but she must come to me in order to it. *Brilliard* has a Bill on my Goldsmith in *Paris* for a thousand Pistoles to buy thee something to put on; any Thing that is ready, and he will conduct thee to me, for I shall rave myself into a Fever if I see thee not to Day---I cannot live without thee now, for thou art my Life, my everlasting Charmer; I have ordered *Brilliard* to get a Chariot and some unknown Livery for thee, and I think the Con-

tinuance

tinuance of passing for what he has already rendered thee will do very well, till I have taken farther Care of thy dear Safety, which will be as soon as I am able to rise; for most unfortunately, my dear *Sylvia*, quitting the Chariot in the Thicket for Fear of being seen with it, and walking down a shaded Path that suited with the Melancholy and Fears of Unsuccess in thy Adventure; I went so far, as ere I could return to the Place where I left the Chariot, it was gone—it seems with thee; I know not how you missed me—but possessed myself with a thousand false Fears, sometimes that in thy Flight thou mightest be pursued and overtaken, seized in the Chariot and returned back to *Belfont*; or that the Chariot was found seized on upon Suspicion, though the Coachman and *Brilliard* were disguised past Knowledge—or if thou wert gone, alas, I knew not whither; but that was a Thought my Doubts and Fears would not suffer me to ease my Soul with; no, I (as jealous Lovers do) imagined the most tormenting Things for my own Repose. I imagined the Chariot taken, or at least so discovered, as to be forced away without thee: I imagined that thou wert false—Heaven forgive me, false, my *Sylvia*, and hadst changed thy Mind; mad with this Thought (which I fancied most reasonable, and fixt it in my Soul) I raved about the Wood, making a thousand Vows to be revenged on all; in order to it I left the Thicket, and betook myself to the high Road of the Wood, where I laid me down among the Fern, close hid, with Sword ready, waiting for the happy Bridegroom, who I knew (it being the Wedding Eve) would that Way pass that Evening; pleased with Revenge, which now had got even the Place of Love, I waited there not above a little Hour but heard the trampling of a Horse, and looking up with mighty Joy, I found it *Foscario's*;
alone

alone he was, and unattended, for he'd outstripped his Equipage, and with a Lover's Haste, and full of Joy, was making towards *Bellfont*; but I (now fired with Rage) leaped from my Cover, cried, Stay, *Foscario*, ere you arrive to *Sylvia*, we must adjust an odd Account between us---at which he stopping, as nimbly alighted;---in fine, we fought, and many Wounds were given and received on both Sides, till his People coming up, parted us, just as we were fainting with Loss of Blood in each others Arms; his Coach and Chariot were amongst his Equipage; into the first his Servants lifted him, when he cried out with a feeble Voice, to have me, who now lay bleeding on the Ground, put into the Chariot, and to be safely conveyed where-ever I commanded, and so in Haste they drove him towards *Bellfont*, and me, who was resolved not to stir far from it, to a Village within a Mile of it; from whence I sent to *Paris* for a Surgeon, and dismissed the Chariot, ordering, in the Hearing of the Coachman, a Litter to be brought me immediately, to convey me that Night to *Paris*; but the Surgeon coming, found it not safe for me to be removed, and I am now willing to live, since *Sylvia* is mine; haste to me then, my lovely Maid, and fear not being discovered, for I have given Order here in the Cabaret where I am, if any Enquiry is made after me, to say, I went last Night to *Paris*. Haste, my Love, haste to my Arms, as feeble as they are, they'll grasp thee a dear Welcome: I will say no more, nor prescribe Rules to thy Love, that can inform thee best what thou must do to save the Life of thy most passionate Adorer,

PHILANDER.

To

TO PHILANDER.

I Have sent *Brilliard* to see if the Coast be clear, that we may come with Safety; he brings you, instead of *Sylvia*, a young Cavalier that will be altogether as welcome to *Philander*, and who impatiently waits his Return at a little Cottage at the End of the Village.

TO SYLVIA.

From the Bastill.

I Know my *Sylvia* expected me at Home with her at Dinner to Day, and wonders how I could live so long as since Morning without the eternal Joy of my Soul; but know, my *Sylvia*, that a trivial Misfortune is now fallen upon me, which in the Midst of all our Heaven of Joys, our softest Hours of Life, has so often changed thy Smiles into Fears and Sighings, and ruffled thy calm Soul with Cares: Nor let it now seem strange or afflicting, since every Day for these three Months we have been alarmed with new Fears that have made thee uneasy even in *Philander's* Arms; we knew some Time or other the Storm would fall on us, though we had for three happy Months sheltered ourselves from its threatening Rage; but Love, I hope, has armed us both; for me---let me be deprived of all Joys, (but those my Charmer can dispense) all the false World's Respect, the dull Esteem of Fools and formal Coxcombs, the grave Advice of the censorious Wife, the kind Opinion of ill-judging Women, no Matter, so my *Sylvia* remain but mine.

I am, my *Sylvia*, arrested at the Suit of *Monsieur* the Count your Father for a Rape on my lovely Maid: I desire, my Soul, you will immediately take Coach and go to the Prince *Cesar*, and he will bail me out. I fear not a fair Trial; and, *Sylvia*, Thefts of mutual Love were never counted Felony; I may die for Love, my *Sylvia*, but not for Loving---go, haste, my *Sylvia*, that I may be no longer detained from the solid Pleasure and Business of my Soul---haste, my loved Dear---haste and relieve.

PHILANDER.

Come not to me, lest there should be an Order to detain my Dear.

To PHILANDER.

I Am not at all surprized, my *Philander*, at the Accident that has befallen thee, because so long expected, and Love has so well fortified my Heart, that I support our Misfortune with a Courage worthy of her that loves and is beloved by the glorious *Philander*; I am armed for the worst that can befall me, and that is my being rendered a publick Shame, who have been so in the private Whispers of all the Court for near these happy three Months, in which I have had the wondrous Satisfaction of being retired from the World with the charming *Philander*; my Father too knew it long since, at least he could not hinder himself from guessing it, though his fond Indulgence suffered his Justice and his Anger to sleep, and possibly had still slept, had not *Myrtilla's* Spight and Rage (I should say just Resentment, but I cannot) rouzed up his drowsy Vengeance: I know she has plied him with her softening Eloquence, her Prayers and Tears, to win him to consent to make a publick Business of it; but I am entered, Love has

armed.

armed my Soul, and I'll pursue my Fortune with that Height of Fortitude as shall surprize the World; yes, *Philander*, since I have lost my Honour, Fame and Friends, my Interest and my Parents, and all for mightier Love, I'll stop at nothing now; if there be any Hazards more to run, I will thank the spiteful Fates that bring them on, and will even tire them out with my unwearied Passion. Love on, *Philander*, if thou darest, like me; let 'em pursue me with their Hate and Vengeance, let Prisons, Poverty and Tortures seize me, it shall not take one Grain of Love away from my resolved Heart, nor make me shed a Tear of Penitence for loving thee; no, *Philander*, since I know what a ravishing Pleasure it is to live thine, I will never quit the Glory of dying also thy

SYLVIA.

Cesario, my Dear, is coming to be your Bail; with Monsieur the Count of---I die to see you after your Suffering for Sylvia.

To SYLVIA.

Believe me, charming *Sylvia*, I live not those Hours I am absent from thee, thou art my Life, my Soul, and my eternal Felicity; while you believe this Truth, my *Sylvia*, you will not entertain a thousand Fears, if I but stay a Moment beyond my appointed Hour; especially when *Philander*, who is not able to support the Thought that any Thing should afflict his lovely Baby, takes Care from Hour to Hour to satisfy her tender doubting Heart. My Dearest, I am gone into the City to my Advocate's, my Trial with *Monsieur* the Count, your Father, coming on to Morrow, and it will be at least two tedious Hours ere I can bring my Adorable her

PHILANDER.

To

TO SYLVIA.

I Was called on, my dearest Child, at my Advocate's by *Cesario*; there is some great Business this Evening debated in the Cabal, which is at *Monsieur--* in the City; *Cesario* tells me there is a very diligent Search made by *Monsieur* the Count, your Father, for my *Sylvia*; I die if you are taken, lest the Fright should hurt thee; if possible, I would have thee remove this Evening from those Lodgings, lest the People, who are of the Royal Party, should be induced thro' Malice or Gain to discover thee; I dare not come myself to wait on thee, lest my being seen should betray thee, but I have sent *Brilliard* (whose Zeal for thee shall be rewarded) to conduct thee to a little House in the *Fauxburgh* *S. Germans*, where lives a pretty Woman, and Mistress to *Chevalier Tomaso*, called *Belinda*, a Woman of Wit, and discreet enough to understand what ought to be paid to a Maid of the Quality and Character of *Sylvia*; she already knows the Stories of our Loves; thither I'll come to thee, and bring *Cesario* to Supper, as soon as the Cabal breaks up. Oh, my *Sylvia*, I shall one Day recompense all thy Goodness, all thy Bravery, thy Love and thy Suffering for thy eternal Lover and Slave,

PHILANDER.

TO PHILANDER.

SO hasty I was to obey *Philander's* Commands, that by the unwearied Care and Industry of the faithful *Brilliard*, I went before three o'Clock disguised away to the Place whither you ordered us, and was well received by the very pretty young Woman of the House, who has Sense and Breeding as well as Beauty: But oh, *Philander*, this
Flight

Flight pleases me not; alas, What have I done? my Fault is only Love, and that sure I should boast, as the most divine Passion of the Soul; no, no, *Philander*, it is not my Love's the Criminal, no, not the placing it on *Philander* the Crime, but it is thy most unhappy Circumstances, thy being married, and that was no Crime to Heaven till Man made Laws, and can Laws reach to Damnation? If so, curse on the fatal Hour that thou wert married, curse on the Priest that joined ye, and curst be all that did contribute to the undoing Ceremony---except *Philander's* Tongue, that answered Yes---Oh, Heavens! Was there but one dear Man of all your whole Creation that could charm the Soul of *Sylvia*? And could ye---oh, ye wise all-seeing Powers that knew my Soul, could ye give him away? How had my Innocence offend-ed ye? Our Hearts you did create for mutual Love, How came the dire Mistake? Another would have pleased the indifferent *Myrtille's* Soul as well, but mine was fitted for no other Man; only *Philander*, the adored *Philander*, with that dear Form, that Shape. that charming Face, that Hair, those lovely speaking Eyes, that wounding Softness in his tender Voice, had Power to conquer *Sylvia*; And can this be a Sin? Oh, Heavens, can it? Must Laws, which Man contrived for mere Convenience, have Power to alter the divine Decrees: at our Creation?---Perhaps they argue to Morrow at the Bar, that *Myrtille* was ordained by Heaven for *Philander*; no, no, he mistook the Sister, it was pretty near he came, but by a fatal Error was mistaken; his hasty Youth made him too negligently stop before his Time at the wrong Woman, he should have gazed a little farther on---and then it had been *Sylvia's* Lot---It is fine Divinity they teach, that cry Marriages are made in Heaven---Folly and Madness grown into grave Custom; should

Should an unheedy Youth in Heat of Blood take up with the first convenient She that offers, though he be an Heir to some grave Politician, great and rich, and She the Outcast of the common Stews, coupled in Height of Wine, and sudden Lust, which once allayed, and that the sober Morning wakes him to see his Error, he quits with Shame the Jilt, and owns no more the Folly; shall this be called a heavenly Conjunction? Were I in Height of Youth, as now I am, forced by my Parents, obliged by Interest and Honour, to marry the old, deformed, diseased, decrepid Count *Antonio*, whose Person, Qualities and Principles I loath, and rather than suffer him to consummate his Nuptials, suppose I should (as sure I should) kill myself, it were Blasphemy to lay this fatal Marriage to Heaven's Charge--Curse on your Nonsense, ye imposing Gownmen, curse on your holy Cant; you may as well call Rapes and Murthers, Treason and Robbery, the Acts of Heaven; because Heaven suffers them to be committed, Is it Heaven's Pleasure therefore, Heaven's Decree? A Trick, a wise Device of Priests, no more--to make the nauseated, tired-out Pair drag on the careful Business of Life, drudge for the dull-got Family with greater Satisfaction, because they are taught to think Marriage was made in Heaven; a mighty Comfort that, when all the Joys of Life are lost by it: Were it not nobler far that Honour kept him just, and that Good-nature made him reasonable Provision? Daily Experience proves to us, no Couple live with less Content, less Ease, than those who cry Heaven joins? Who is it loves less than those that marry? And where Love is not, there is Hate and Loathing at best, Disgust, Disquiet, Noise and Repentance: No, *Philander*, that's a heavenly Match when two Souls touched with equal Passion meet, (which is but rarely seen)

---when

—when willing Vows, with serious Considerations, are weighed and made, when a true View is taken of the Soul, when no base Interest makes the hasty Bargain, when no Conveniency or Design, or Drudge, or Slave, shall find it necessary, when equal Judgments meet that can esteem the Blessings they possess, and distinguish the Good of either's Love, and set a Value on each other's Merits, and where both understand to take and pay; who find the Beauty of each other's Minds, and rate them as they ought; whom not a formal Ceremony binds, (with which I've nought to do, but dully give a cold consenting Affirmative) but well considered Vows from soft inclining Hearts, uttered with Love, with Joy, with dear Delight, when Heaven is called to witness; she is thy Wife, *Philander* he is my Husband; this is the Match, this Heaven designs and means; how then, oh how came I to miss *Philander*? Or he is

SYLVIA.

*Since I writ this, which I designed not an Inve-
ctive against Marriage, when I began, but to in-
form thee of my being where you directed; but since
I write this, I say, the House where I am is broken
open with Warrants and Officers for me, but being
all undressed and ill, the Officer has taken my Word
for my Appearance to Morrow; it seems they saw
me when I went from my Lodgings, and pursued me;
haste to me, for I shall need your Counsel.*

To SYLVIA.

MY eternal Joy, my Affliction is inexpressible at the News you send me of your being surprized; I am not able to wait on thee yet---not being suffered to leave the Cabal, I only borrow this Minute to tell thee the Sense of my Advocate

in this Case; which was, if thou should be taken, there was no Way, no Law to save thee from being ravished from my Arms, but that of marrying thee to some Body whom I can trust; this we have often discoursed, and thou hast often vowed thou'lt do any Thing rather than kill me with a Separation; resolve then, oh thou Charmer of my Soul, to do a Deed, that though the Name would fright thee, only can preserve both thee and me; it is--- and though it have no other Terror in it than the Name, I faint to speak it---to marry, *Sylvia*; yes, thou must marry; though thou art mine as fast as Heaven can make us, yet thou must marry; I have pitched upon the Property, it is *Brilliard*, him I can only trust in this Affair; it is but joining Hands---no more, my *Sylvia*,---*Brilliard* is a Gentleman; though a *Cadet*, and may be supposed to pretend to so great a Happiness, and whose only Crime is Want of Fortune; he is handsome too, well made, well bred, and so much real Esteem he has for me, and I have so obliged him, that I am confident he will pretend no farther than to the Honour of owning thee in Court; I'll time him from it, nay, he dares not do it, I will trust him with my Life---but oh, *Sylvia* is more---think of it, and this Night we will perform it, there being no other Way to keep *Sylvia* eternally.

PHILANDER'S.

To SYLVIA.

NOW, my adorable *Sylvia*, you have truly need of all that heroick Bravery of Mind I ever thought thee Mistress of; for *Sylvia*, coming from thee this Morning, and riding full Speed for *Paris*, I was met, stop't, and seized for High-Treason by the King's Messengers, and possibly may fall a Sa-

crifice to the Anger of an incens'd Monarch. My *Sylvia*, bear this last Shock of Fate with a Courage worthy thy great and glorious Soul; 'tis but a little Separation, *Sylvia*, and we shall one Day meet again; by Heaven, I find no other Sting in Death but parting with my *Sylvia*, and every Parting would have been the same; I might have died by thy Disdain, thou might'st have grown weary of thy *Philander*, have loved another, and have broke thy Vows, and tortured me to Death these crueller Ways: But Fate is kinder to me, and I go blest with my *Sylvia's* Love, for which Heaven may do much, for her dear Sake, to recompense her Faith, a Maid so innocent and true to sacred Love; expect the best, my lovely Dear, the worst has this Comfort in it, that I shall die my charming *Sylvia's*

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

I'll only say, thou dear Supporter of my Soul, that if *Philander* dies, he shall not go to Heaven without his *Sylvia*---by Heaven and Earth I swear it, I cannot live without thee, nor shalt thou die without thy

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

SEE, see my adorable Angel, what Care the Powers above take of Divine Innocence, true Love and Beauty; oh, see what they have done for their darling *Sylvia*; could they do less?

Know, my dear Maid, that after being examined before the King, I was found guilty enough to be com-

committed to the *Bastile*, (from whence, if I had gone, I had never returned, but to my Death;) but the Messenger, into whose Hands I was committed, refusing other Guards, being alone with me in my own Coach, I resolved to kill, if I could no other Way oblige him to favour my Escape; I tried with Gold before I shewed my Dagger, and that prevailed, a Way less criminal, and I have taken Sanctuary in a small Cottage near the Seashore, where I wait for *Sylvia*; and tho' my Life depend upon my Flight, nay, more, the Life of *Sylvia*, I cannot go without her; dress yourself then, my dearest, in your Boy's Cloaths, and haste with *Brilliard*, whither this Seaman will conduct thee, whom I have hired to set us on some Shore of Safety; bring what News you can learn of *Cesario*; I would not have him die poorly after all his mighty Hopes, nor be conducted to a Scaffold with Shouts of Joy, by that uncertain Beast the Rabble, who used to stop his Chariot-wheels with fickle Adorations whenever he looked Abroad--- by Heaven, I pity him; but *Sylvia's* Presence will chase away all Thoughts, but those of Love, from

PHILANDER.

*I need not bid
thee haste.*

The End of the first Part.



LOVE-

LOVE-LETTERS

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO HIS

SISTER;

Mixed with the

HISTORY

OF THEIR

ADVENTURES.

The SECOND PART.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1759.





T O

LEMUEL KINGDON, Esq;

S I R,

Leg you will give me Leave to express my Gratitude, in some Measure, for the Favours I have received of you, and to make an Acknowledgment where I cannot pay a Debt. It is only what was long since designed you, when possibly it might have found something a better Welcome, by its having made (as then it must have done) a Voyage to have kissed your Hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in some small Degree to your Diversion, in a Place where there is found so little.---In order to it, I sent you the First Part by one of your Officers, of which this is a Continuation. But being obliged to lay it by for other more material Business, it has had the Misfortune not to approach you till now, and to which Honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a Value upon it to the World. And since I never was of a Nature to board any Good to my peculiar Use, it is with great Satisfaction I am, by this short Character

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rafter of you, distributing a Blessing to that Part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unspeakable Power and Pleasure in obliging; and it is a Pain to the good-natured to conceal any Thing, whose Communication may gratify the World, and I am uneasy when a good Man is not as well understood by every Body as by myself; and I boast that Honour here, with more Vanity than of any other Happiness. Though I know I shall be censured by your Lovers, for saying so little where so much 's due: But since I write to the Number that do not know you, rather than those that do, this will at least suffice to shew how fine a Thing Man can be, so qualified and set out by Nature for eternal Esteem. For, Sir, there is in you something, besides the common Virtues of your Sex, so engaging, some Art in Nature so peculiar to yourself, so insinuating into the Soul, that there is not found any Thing so dull in Human-kind, as not to love, honour, and value you: Nor is that Man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongst those Phanatical Dispositions, whose Principles and Opinions are so distant from those honest and generous ones of yours; at least they love the Man, though they rail at his Notions, esteem the Person though they abominate the Loyalist; nor can I reflect on the Excellency of your Temper, but I think you born to put the ill-natured World into good Humour. You are always easy without Affectation, merry without Extravagance, generous, liberal, and good without Vanity, sedate and even without Constraint, chearful and calm as Innocence, though the World storm and reel with mad Confusion, still from the Serenity of your Looks we read the fair Weather in your Mind, which Times or Seasons can never discompose, while all goes well with your King and Country. You have a Greatness of Soul, which it seems as if Fate durst
not

The Epistle Dedicatory.

not oppress; and he who is so truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for Elbow-room; and who is ambitious of more than you possess, does but purchase an empty Name at the Expence of his Repose and Sense, and lessens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at Noon is no Wonder, but to see as great an Illumination in a Star, though of the first Magnitude, we gaze at with Admiration. Title (that Trifle which you can command when you please, and which it is far greater to merit than to wear,) serves rather to render Vice more apparent, than to elevate the Virtues. Heaven has made you more truly happy, and has set no Blessing at too vast a Distance for your Reach; but has subdued even all your Wishes to your Power, and left you almost nothing to ask; having suited your Fame and Fortune to the Greatness of your Mind.

How soon, at the Choice of the most glorious Senate that ever blessed the Land, was your valued Name snatched by every glad and giving Voice, and made the Musick of the happy Day, when black Exclusions were justly damned from the Field, and only such untainted Supporters of the Royal Cause thought worthy to bear a Part in so glorious a Concern, as Giving Cæsar his Due. Here, Sir, you appeared in your proper Sphere, dispersing that darling Virtue of your Soul, lavishly giving, generously disposing and dealing out according to your mighty Mind, and had the Glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater Satisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all Things with a perfect good Grace, and even Business, that Toil of Life, you render soft and easy, and as if you alone was created to manage the Concerns of the World, you make Business your Pleasure and Diversion, and laugh at those that fatigue themselves with mighty Affairs, and who assume, like Trinkilo, a dull Gravity, to be esteemed great, wise, and busy, while you discover only the best and noblest Part of Business, the Effects of it;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the rest, the Gentleman so handsomly conceals, we perceive is no more than Fairy Housewifery, which is still acted in the Shades and Silence of the Night, when Mortals are asleep, and who find all fair and clean in the Morning, but cannot guess at the invisible Hand that did it. I am so good a Subject, that I wish all his Majesty's Work done by such Hands, Heads and Hearts, so effectual and so faithful; and then we shall fear no more rebellions, but every Man shall bask securely under his own Vine, that has one---For my Part, I have only escaped fleeing by the Rebels, to starve more securely in my own native Province of Poetry, though I am as well pleased at our late Victory, and the growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Commission by it, if I may have this Happiness added to it, of still retaining the Honour of your Friendship, and be still numbered in the Croud of,

S I R,

Your most Obliged

Humble Servants,

A. B.



LOVE-LETTERS

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO HIS

SISTER.

PART II.



AT the End of the first Part of these Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea-Shore for the Approach of the lovely *Sylvia*; who accordingly came to him dressed like a Youth, to secure herself from a Discovery. They staid not long to caress each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms, with a transported Joy bore her to a small Vessel, that lay ready near the Beach; where, with only *Brilliard* and two Men Servants, they put to Sea, and past into *Holland*, landing at the nearest Port; where, after having refreshed themselves for

two or three Days, they passed forwards towards the *Brill*, *Sylvia* still remaining under that amiable Disguise: But in their Passage from Town to Town, which is sometimes by Coach, and other Times by Boat, they chanced one Day to encounter a young *Hollander* of a more than ordinary Gallantry for that Country, so degenerate from good Manners, and almost common Civility, and so far short of all the good Qualities that made themselves appear in this young Nobleman. He was very handsome, well made, well dressed, and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he spoke admirable good *French*, and had a Vivacity and Quickness of Wit unusual with the Natives of that Part of the World, and almost above all the rest of his Sex: *Philander* and *Sylvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Vessel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any Place there but amongst the common Croud; which the Master of the Vessel, who knew him, was much troubled at, and addressed himself as civilly as he could to *Philander*, to beg Permission for one Stranger of Quality to dispose of himself in the Cabin for that Day: *Philander* being well enough pleased, so to make an Acquaintance with some of Power of that Country, readily consented; and *Octavio* entered with an Address so graceful and obliging, that at first Sight he inclined *Philander's* Heart to a Friendship with him; and on the other Side the lovely Person of *Philander*, the Quality that appeared in his Face and Mein, obliged *Octavia* to become no less his Admirer. But when he saluted *Sylvia*, who appeared to him a Youth of Quality, he was extremely charmed with her pretty Gaiety, and an unusual Air and Life in her Address and Motion; he felt a secret Joy and
Pleasure

Pleasure play about his Soul, he knew not why, and was almost angry, that he felt such an Emotion for a Youth, tho' the most lovely that he ever saw. After the first Compliments, they fell into Discourse of a thousand indifferent Things, and if he were pleased at first Sight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charmed by their Conversation, especially that of the amiable Youth; who well enough pleased with the young Stranger, or else hitherto having met nothing so accomplished in her short Travels; and indeed despairing to meet any such; she put on all her Gaiety and Charms of Wit, and made as absolute a Conquest as it was possible for her supposed Sex to do over a Man, who was a great Admirer of the other; and surely the lovely Maid never appeared so charming and desirable as that Day; they dined together in the Cabin; and after Dinner reposed on little Mattresses by each other's Side, where every Motion, every Limb, as carelessly she lay, discovered a thousand Graces, and more and more enflamed the now beginning Lover; she could not move, nor smile, nor speak, nor order any Charm about her, but had some peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneasy; and from a thousand little Modesties, both in her Blushes and Motions, he had a secret Hope she was not what she seemed, but of that Sex whereof she discovered so many Softnesses and Beauties; tho' to what Advantage that Hope would amount to his Repose, was yet a Disquiet he had not considered nor felt: Nor could he by any Fondness between them, or Indiscretion of Love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were allied; he only hoped, and had no Thoughts of Fear, or any Thing that could check his new beginning Flame. While thus they passed the Afternoon, they asked a thousand Questions, of Lovers, of the Country and Manners, and their Security and

Civility to Strangers; to all which *Octavio* answered as a Man, who would recommend the Place and Persons purely to oblige their Stay; for now Self-Interest makes him say all Things in Favour of it; and of his own Friendship, offers them all the Service of a Man in Power, and who could make an Interest in those that had more than himself; much he protested, much he offered, and yet no more than he designed to make good on all Occasions, which they received with an Acknowledgment that plainly discovered a Generosity and Quality above the common Rate of Men; so that finding in each other Occasions for Love and Friendship, they mutually professed it, and nobly entertained it. *Octavio* told his Name and Quality, left nothing unsaid that might confirm the Lovers of his Sincerity. This begot a Confidence in *Philander*, who in Return told him so much of his Circumstances, as sufficed to let him know he was a Person so unfortunate to have occasioned the Displeasure of his King against him, and that he could not continue with any Repose in that Kingdom, whose Monarch thought him no longer fit for those Honours he had before received: *Octavio* renewed his Protestations of serving him with his Interest and Fortune, which the other receiving with all the gallant Modesty of an unfortunate Man, they came ashore, where *Octavio's* Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his House, he offered his new Friends the best of them to carry them to their Lodging, which he had often pressed might be his own Palace; but that being refused as too great an Honour, he would himself see them placed in some one, which he thought might be most suitable to their Quality; they excused the Trouble, but he pressed too eagerly to be denied, and he conducted them to a Merchant's House not far from his own,

so

so Love had contrived for the better Management of this new Affair of his Heart, which he resolv'd to pursue, be the fair Object of what Sex soever: But after having well enough recommended them to the Care of the Merchant, he thought it Justice to leave them to their Rest, tho' with Abundance of Reluctancy; so took his Leave of both the lovely Strangers, and went to his own Home. And after a hasty Supper got himself up to Bed: Not to sleep; for now he had other Business: Love took him now to Task, and asked his Heart a thousand Questions. Then it was he found the Idea of that fair Unknown had absolute Possession there: Nor was he at all displeas'd to find he was a Captive; his Youth and Quality promise his Hopes a thousand Advantages above all other Men: But when he reflect'd on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his charming Youth and Conversation, and every Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, disorder'd, restless, angry, and out of Love with his own Attractions; consider'd every Beauty of his own Person, and found them, or at least thought them infinitely short of those of his now fancied Rival; yet it was a Rival that he could not hate, nor did his Passion abate one Thought of his Friendship for *Philander*, but rather more encreas'd it, insomuch that he once resolv'd it should surmount his Love if possible, at least he left it on the Upper-hand, till Time should make a better Discovery. When tired with Thought we'll suppose him asleep, and see how our Lovers fared; who being lodg'd all on one Stair-Case (that is, *Philander*, *Sylvia*, and *Brilliard*) it was not hard for the Lover to steal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Sylvia*; no Fatigues of tedious Journies, and little Voyages, had abated her Fondness or his Vigour; the Night was like the first, all Joy! All Transport! *Brilliard* lay so

near as to be a Witness to all their Sighs of Love, and little soft Murmurs, who now began from a Servant to be permitted as an humble Companion; since he had had the Honour of being married to *Sylvia*, though yet he durst not lift his Eyes or Thoughts that Way; yet it might be perceived he was melancholy and fullen whenever he saw their Dalliances; nor could he know the Joys his Lord nightly stole, without an Impatience, which, if but minded or known, perhaps had cost him his Life. He began, from the Thoughts she was his Wife, to fancy fine Enjoyment, to fancy Authority which he durst not assume, and often wished his Lord would grow cold, as possessing Lovers do, that then he might advance his Hope, when he should even abandon or slight her: He could not see her kissed without blushing with Resentment; but if he has assisted to undress him for her Bed, he was ready to die with Anger, and would grow Sick, and leave the Office to himself: He could not see her naked Charms, her Arms stretched out to receive a Lover, with impatient Joy, without Madness; to see her clasp him fast, when he threw himself into her soft, white Bosom, and smother him with Kisses: No, he could not bear it now, and almost lost his Respect when he beheld it, and grew saucy unperceived. And it was in vain that he looked back upon the Reward he had to stand for that necessary Cypher a Husband. In vain he considered the Reasons why, and the Occasion wherefore; he now seeks Precedents of usurped Dominion, and thinks she is his Wife, and has forgot that he is her Creature, and *Philander's* Vassal. These Thoughts disturbed him all the Night, and a certain Jealousy, or rather Curiosity to listen to every Motion of the Lovers, while they were employed after a different Manner.

Next Day it was debated what was best to be done, as to their Conduct in that Place; or whether *Sylvia* should yet own her Sex or not; but she, pleased with the Cavalier in herself, begged she might live under that Disguise, which indeed gave her a thousand Charms to those which Nature had already bestowed on her Sex; and *Philander* was well enough pleased she should continue in that agreeable Dress, which did not only add to her Beauty, but gave her a thousand little Privileges, which otherwise would have been denied to Women, though in a Country of much Freedom. Every Day she appeared in the *Tour*, she failed not to make a Conquest on some unguarded Heart of the Fair Sex: Nor was it long ere she received *Billet-Doux* from many of the most accomplished who could speak and write *French*. This gave them a Pleasure in the Midst of her unlucky Exile, and she failed not to boast her Conquests to *Octavio*, who every Day gave all his Hours to Love, under the Disguise of Friendship, and every Day received new Wounds, both from her Conversation and Beauty, and every Day confirmed him more in his first Belief, that she was a Woman; and that confirmed his Love. But still he took care to hide his Passion with a Gallantry, that was natural to him, and to very few besides; and he managed his Eyes, which were always full of Love, so equally to both, that when he was soft and fond it appeared more his natural Humour, than from any particular Cause. And that you may believe that all the Arts of Gallantry, and Graces of good Management were more peculiarly his than another's, his Race was illustrious, being descended from that of the Princes of *Orange*, and great Birth will shine through, and shew itself in Spight of Education and Obscurity: But *Octavio* had all those Additions that render a Man truly
great

great and brave; and this is the Character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this Rate for some Time they lived thus disguised under feigned Names, *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige them in the highest Degree, and hardly any Thing was talked of but the new and beautiful Strangers, whose Conquests in all Places over the Ladies are well worthy, both for their Rarity and Comedy, to be related entirely by themselves in a Novel. *Octavio* saw every Day with Abundance of Pleasure the little Revenges of Love, on those Womens Hearts who had made before little Conquests over him, and strove by all the gay Presents he made a young *Fillmond* (for so they called *Sylvia*,) to make him appear irresistible to the Ladies; and while *Sylvia* gave them new Wounds, *Octavio* failed not to receive them too among the Croud, till at last he became a confirmed Slave, to the lovely Unknown; and that which was yet more strange, she captivated the Men no less than the Women, who often gave her *Serenades* under her Window, with Songs fitted to the Courtship of a Boy, all which added to their Diversion: But Fortune had smiled long enough, and now grew weary of obliging, she was resolved to undeceive both Sexes, and let them see the Errors of their Love; for *Sylvia* fell into a Fever so violent, that *Philander* no longer hoped for her Recovery, insomuch that she was obliged to own her Sex, and take Women Servants out of Decency. This made the first Discovery of who and what they were, and for which every Body languished under a secret Grief. But *Octavio*, who now was not only confirmed she was a Woman, but that she was neither Wife to *Philander*, nor could in almost all Possibility ever be so; that she was his Mistress, gave him Hope that she might one Day as well be conquered by him; and

he found her Youth, her Beauty, and her Quality, merited all his Pains of lavish Courtship. And now there remains no more than the Fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a Discovery of his Passion, too violent now by his new Hope to be longer concealed, but Decency forbids he should now pursue the dear Design; he waited and made Vows for her Recovery; visited her, and found *Philander* the most deplorable Object that Despair and Love could render him, who lay eternally weeping on her Bed, and no Counsel or Persuasion could remove him thence; but if by Chance they made him sensible it was for her Repose, he would depart to ease his Mind by new Torments, he would rave and tear his delicate Hair, sigh and weep upon *Octavio's* Bosom, and a thousand Times begin to unfold the Story, already known to the generous Rival; Despair, and Hopes of Pity from him, made him utter all: And one Day, when by the Advice of the Physician he was forced to quit the Chamber to give her Rest, he carried *Octavio* to his own, and told him from the Beginning, all the Story of his Love with the charming *Sylvia*, and with it all the Story of his Fate: *Octavio* sighing (though glad of the Opportunity) told him his Affairs were already but too well known, and that he feared his Safety from that Discovery, since the States had obliged themselves to harbour no declared Enemy to the *French* King. At this News our young Unfortunate shewed a Resentment that was so moving, that even *Octavio*, who felt a secret Joy at the Thoughts of his Departure, could no longer refrain from Pity and Tenderness, even to a Wish that he were less unhappy, and never to part from *Sylvia*: But Love soon grew again triumphant in his Heart, and all he could say was, that he would afford him the Aids of all his Power in this Encounter; which

which, with the Acknowledgments of a Lover, whose Life depended on it, he received, and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Council concerning him. While *Philander* returned to *Sylvia*, the most dejected Lover that ever Fate produced, when he had not sighed away above an Hour, but received a Billet by *Octavio's* Page from his Lord; he went to his own Apartment to read it, fearing it might contain something too sad for him to be able to hold his Temper at the reading of, and which would infallibly have disturbed the Repose of *Sylvia*, who shared in every cruel Thought of *Philander's*: When he was alone he opened it, and read this.

OCTAVIO to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

I Had rather die than be the ungrateful Messenger of News, which I am sensible will prove too fatal to you, and which will be best expressed in fewest Words: It is decreed, that you must retire from the United Provinces in four and twenty Hours, if you will save a Life that is dear to me and *Sylvia*, there being no other Security against your being rendered up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all Things from the Assistance of your

OCTAVIO.

From the Council, Wednesday.

Philander having finished the reading of this, remained a while wholly without Life or Motion, when coming to himself, he sighed and cried,---
Why---farewel trifling Life---If of the two Extremes one must be chosen, rather than I'll abandon Sylvia, I'll stay and be delivered up a Victim to incensed

cens'd France---It is but a Life----at best I never valued thee----and now I scorn to preserve thee at the Price of Sylvia's Tears! Then taking a hasty Turn or two about his Chamber, he pausing, cried
---But by my Stay I ruin both Sylvia and myself, her Life depends on mine; and it is impossible her's can be preserv'd when mine is in Danger: By retiring I shall shortly again be bless'd with her Sight in a more safe Security, by staying I resign myself poorly to be made a publick Scorn to France, and the cruel Murderer of Sylvia. Now, it was after an hundred Turns and Pauses, intermix'd with Sighs and Ravings, that he resolv'd for both their Safeties to retire; and having a while longer debated within himself how, and where, and a little Time ruminated on his hard pursuing Fate, grown to a Calm of Grief, (less easy to be borne than Rage) he hastes to *Sylvia*, whom he found something more chearful than before, but dares not acquaint her with the Commands he had to depart---But silently he views her, while Tears of Love and Grief glide unperceivably from his fine Eyes, his Soul grows tenderer at every Look, and Pity and Compassion joining to his Love and his Despair, set him on the Wreck of Life; and now believing it less Pain to die than to leave *Sylvia*, resolves to disobey, and dare the worst that shall befall him; he had some glimmering Hope, as Lovers have, that some kind Chance will prevent his going, or being deliver'd up; he trusts much to the Friendship of *Octavio*, whose Power join'd with that of his Uncle, (who was one of the States also, and whom he had an Ascendant over, as his Nephew and his Heir) might serve him; he therefore ventures to move him to Compassion by this following Letter.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO. —

I Know my Lord, that the Exercise of Virtue and Justice is so innate to your Soul, and fixed to the very Principle of a generous Commonwealths Man, that where those are in Competition, it is neither Birth, Wealth, or glorious Merit, that can render the Unfortunate condemned by you, worthy of your Pity or Pardon: Your very Sons and Fathers fall before your Justice, and it is Crime enough to offend (tho' innocently) the least of your wholesome Laws, to fall under the Extremity of their Rigour. I am not ignorant neither how flourishing this necessary Tyranny, this lawful Oppression, renders your State; how safe and glorious, how secure from Enemies at Home, (those worst of Foes) and how feared by those abroad: Pursue then, Sir, your justifiable Method, and still be high and mighty, retain your ancient *Roman* Virtue, and still be great as *Rome* herself in her Height of glorious Commonwealths; rule your stubborn Natives by her excellent Examples, and let the Height of your Ambition be only to be as severely Just, as rigidly Good as you please; but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and dispense a noble Charity to the Distressed, compassionate a poor wandering young Man, who lies to you for Refuge, lost to his native Home, lost to his Fame, his Fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the Knowledge of his Innocence to support him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate Life, pursued every where, and safe no where; a Life whose only Refuge is *Ostavo's* Goodness; nor is it barely to preserve this Life that I have Recourse to that only as my Sanctuary, and like a humble Slave implore your Pity: Oh,

Ostavo,

Octavio, pity my Youth, and intercede for my Stay yet a little longer: Yourself makes one of the illustrious Number of the grave, the wise and mighty Council, your Uncle and Relations make up another considerable Part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a Refusal of your just and compassionate Application. Oh! What Fault have I committed against you, that I should not find a Safety here; as well as those charged with the same Crime with me, though of less Quality? Many I have encountered here of our unlucky Party, who find a Safety among you: Is my Birth a Crime? Or does the Greatness of that augment my Guilt? Have I broken any of your Laws, committed any Outrage? Do they suspect me for a Spy to *France*? Or do I hold any Correspondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I design the Subversion of your glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with some Offence, or yourselves of Injustice. Say, why am I denied my Length of Earth amongst you, if I die? Or why to breathe the open Air, if I live, since I shall neither oppress the one, nor infect the other? But on the contrary am ready with my Sword, my Youth and Blood to serve you, and bring my little Aids on all Occasions to yours: And should be proud of the Glory to die for you in Battle, who would deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France*. Oh! Where, *Octavio*, is the Glory or Virtue of this *Punctilio*? For it is no other: There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unnecessary Compliment made a *Nemine contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing but ill Nature, and cannot redound to any one's Advantage; an ill Nature that's levelled at me alone; for many I found here, and many shall leave under the same Circumstances

cumstances with me; it is only me whom you have marked out the Victim to atone for all: Well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a Safety for this Unfortunate, at least be so merciful to suspend your Cruelty a little, yet a little, and possibly I shall render you the Body of *Philiander*, though dead, to send into *France*, as the Trophy of your Fidelity to that Crown: Oh yet a little stay your cruel Sentence, till my lovely Sister, who pursued my hard Fortunes, declare my Fate by her Life or Death: Oh, my Lord, if ever the soft Passion of Love have touched your Soul, if you have felt the unresistible Force of young Charms about your Heart, if ever you have known a Pain and Pleasure from fair Eyes, or the transporting Joys of Beauty, pity a Youth undone by Love and Ambition, those powerful Conquerors of the Young---Pity, oh pity a Youth that dies, and will ere long no more complain upon your Rigours. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the Force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim Reproaches of an angry Judge, without the soon consulted Arbitrary---Guilty of a severe and hasty Jury, without the Ceremony of the Scaffold, Ax, and Hangman, and the Clamours of inconsidering Crouds; all which melancholy Ceremonies render Death so terrible, which else would fall like gentle Slumbers upon the Eye-Lids, and which in Field I would encounter with that Joy I would the sacred Thing I love! But oh, I fear my Fate is in the lovely *Sylvia*, and in her dying Eyes you may read it, in her languishing Face you will see how near it is approached. Ah, will you not suffer me to attend it there? By her dear Side I shall fall as calmly as Flowers from their Stalks, without Regret or Pain: Will you, by forcing me to die from her, run me to a Madness? To wild Distraction? Oh think it sufficient that I die here before half
my

my Race of Youth be run, before the Light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a World of Glory! Alas, she dies---the lovely *Sylvia* dies; she is sighing out a Soul to which mine is so intirely fixed, that they must go upward together; yes, yes, she breathes it sick into my Bosom, and kindly gives mine its Disease of Death: Let us at least then die in Silence quietly; and if it please Heaven to restore the languished Charmer, I will resign myself up to all your rigorous Honour; only let me bear my Treasure with me, while we wander over the World to seek us out a Safety in some Part of it, where Pity and Compassion is no Crime, where Men have tender Hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where Politicks are not all the Business of the Powerful, but where Civility and good Nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you will wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my Stay than Love, or the Griefs and Tears of a languishing Maid: But, oh! They are such Tears as every Drop would ransom Lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming Eyes can be valued at a less Rate! In Pity to her, to me, and your amorous Youths, let me bear her hence: For should she look abroad as her own Sex, should she appear in her natural and proper Beauty, alas they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the Weakness of this Confession, and which I make with more Glory than could I boast myself Lord of all the Universe: If it appear a Fault to the more Grave and Wise, I hope my Youth will plead something for my Excuse. Oh say, at least, it was pity that Love had the Ascendant over *Philander's* Soul, say it was his Destiny, but say withal, that it put no Stop to his Advance to Glory; rather it set an Edge upon his Sword, and gave Wings to his Ambition!—Yes, try me in your Councils,
I prove

prove me in your Camps, place me in any Hazard--but give me Love! And leave me to wait the Life or Death of *Sylvia*, and then dispose as you please, my Lord, of your unfortunate

PHILANDER.

OCTAVIO to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

I Am much concerned that a Request so reasonable as you have made, will be of so little Force with these arbitrary Tyrants of State; and tho' you have address'd and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid Number, (tho' without one Grain of their Formalities, and I hope Age, which renders us less gallant, and more envious of the Joys and Liberties of Youth, will never reduce me to so dull and thoughtless a Member of State) yet I have so small and single a Portion of their Power, that I am ashamed of my Incapacity of serving you in this great Affair. I bear the Honour and the Name, it is true, of glorious Sway; but I can boast but of the worst and most impotent Part of it, the Title only; but the busy, absolute, mischievous Politician finds no Room in my Soul, my Humour, or Constitution; and plodding restless Power I have made so little the Business of my gayer and more careless Youth, that I have even lost my Right of Rule, my Share of Empire amongst them. That little Power (whose unregarded Loss I never bemoan'd till it rendered me incapable of serving *Philander*) I have stretch'd to the utmost Bound for your Stay; insomuch that I have received many Reproaches from the wiser Coxcombs, have made my Youth's little Debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (disadvantageous) from my Friendship to you; a Friendship, which, my Lord, at first Sight of you found, a being
in

in my Soul, and which your Wit, your Goodness, your Greatness, and your Misfortunes have improved to all the Degrees of it: Tho' I am infinitely unhappy that it proves of no Use to you here, and that the greatest Testimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your approaching Danger, and hasten your Departure, for there is no Safety in your Stay. I just now heard what was decreed against you in Council, which no Pleading, nor Eloquence of Friendship had Force enough to evade. Alas, I had but one single Voice in the Number, which I fully and singly gave, and which unregarded past. Go then, my Lord, haste to some Place where good Breeding and Humanity reigns: Go and preserve *Sylvia*, in providing for your own Safety; and believe me, till she be in a Condition to pursue your Fortunes, I will take such Care that nothing shall be wanting to her Recovery here, in order to her following after you. I am, alas, but too sensible of all the Pains you must endure by such a Separation; for I am neither insensible, nor incapable of Love, or any of its violent Effects: Go then, my Lord, and preserve the lovely Maid in your Flight, since your Stay and Danger will serve but to hasten on her Death: Go and be satisfied she shall find a Protection suitable to her Sex, her Innocence, her Beauty, and her Quality; and that wherever you fix your Stay, she shall be resigned to your Arms by, my Lord, your eternal Friend and humble Servant,

OCTAVIO.

Left in this sudden Remove you should want Money, I have sent you several Bills of Exchange to what Place soever you arrive, and what you want more (make no Scruple to use me as a Friend and) command.

After

After this Letter finding no Hopes, but on the contrary a dire Necessity of departing, he told *Brilliard* his Misfortune, and asked his Counsel in this Extremity of Affairs. *Brilliard*, (who of a Servant was become a Rival) you may believe, gave him such Advice as might remove him from the Object he adored. But after a great deal of dissembled Trouble, the better to hide his Joy, he gave his Advic for his Going, with all the Arguments that appeared reasonable enough to *Philander*; and at every Period urged, that his Life being dear to *Sylvia*, and on which her's so immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate, but hasten his Flight: To all which Counsel our amorous Heroe, with a Soul ready to make its Way thro' his trembling Body, gave a sighing unwilling Assent. It was now no longer a Dispute, but was concluded he must go; but how was the only Question. How should he take his Farewel? How he should bid adieu, and leave the dear Object of his Soul in an Estate so hazardous; He formed a thousand sad Ideas to torment himself with fancying he should never see her more, that he should hear that she was dead, though now she appeared on this Side the Grave, and had all the Signs of a declining Disease. He fancied Absence might make her cold, and abate her Passion to him; that her powerful Beauty might attract Adorers, and she being but a Woman, and no Part Angel but her Form, 'twas not expected she should want her Sex's Frailties. Now he could consider how he had won her, how by Importunity and Opportunity she had at last yielded to him, and therefore might to some new Gamester, when he was not by to keep her Heart in continual Play: Then it was that all the Despair of jealous Love, the Throbs and Piercing of a violent Passion seized his timorous and tender Heart, he fancied her already

ready

ready in some new Lover's Arms, and ran over all these soft Enjoyments he had with her; and fancied with tormenting Thought, that so another would possess her; till racked with Tortures, he almost fainted on the Repose on which he was set: But *Brilliard* roused and endeavoured to convince him, told him he hoped his Fear was needless, and that he would take all the watchful Care imaginable of her Conduct, be a Spy upon her Virtue, and from Time to Time give him Notice of all that should pass! Bid him consider her Quality, and that she was no common Mistress whom Hire could lead astray; and that if from the Violence of her Passion, or her most severe Fate, she had yielded to the most charming of Men, he ought as little to imagine she could be again a Lover, as that she could find an Object of equal Beauty with that of *Philander*. In fine, he soothed and flattered him into so much Ease, that he resolves to take his Leave for a Day or two, under Pretence of meeting and consulting with some of the Rebel Party; and that he would return again to her by that Time it might be imagined her Fever might be abated, and *Sylvia* in a Condition to receive the News of his being gone for a longer Time, and to know all his Affairs. While *Brilliard* prepared all Things necessary for his Departure, *Philander* went to *Sylvia*; from whom, having been absent two tedious Hours, she caught him in her Arms with a Transport of Joy, reproached him with Want of Love, for being absent so long: But still the more she spoke soft sighing Words of Love, the more his Soul was seized with Melancholy, his Sighs redoubled, and he could not refrain from letting fall some Tears upon her Bosom---which *Sylvia* perceiving, with a Look and a Trembling in her Voice, that spoke her Fears, she cried, Oh *Philander*! These are unusual Marks

of your Tenderness; oh tell me, tell me quickly what they mean. He answered with a Sigh, and she went on---It is so, I am undone, it is your lost Vows, your broken Faith you weep; yes, *Philander*, you find the Flower of my Beauty faded, and what you loved before, you pity now, and these be the Effects of it. Then sighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her Neck, he cried, By Heaven, by all the Powers of Love, thou art the same dear Charmer that thou wert; then pressing her Body to his Bosom, he sighed anew as if his Heart were breaking---I know (says she) *Philander*, there is some hidden Cause that gives these Sighs their Way, and that dear Face a Paleness. Oh tell me all; for she that could abandon all for thee; can dare the worst of Fate: If thou must quit me---oh *Philander*, if it must be so, I need not stay the lingering Death of a feeble Fever; I know a Way more noble and more sudden. Pleased at her Resolution, which almost destroyed his Jealousy and Fears, a thousand Times he kissed her, mixing his grateful Words and Thanks with Sighs; and finding her fair Hands (which he put often to his Mouth) to encrease their Fires, and her Pulse to be more high and quick, fearing to relapse her into her (abating) Fever, he forced a Smile, and told her, he had no Grievances but what she made him feel, no Torments but her Sickness, nor Sighs but for her Pain, and left nothing unsaid that might confirm her he was still more and more her Slave; and concealing his Design in Favour of her Health, he ceased not vowing and protesting, till he had settled her in all the Tranquility of a recovering Beauty. And as since her first Illness he had never departed from her Bed, so now this Night he strove to appear in her Arms with all that usual Gaiety of Love that her Condition would permit, or his Circumstances could feign,

feign, and leaving her asleep at Day-break (with a Force upon his Soul that cannot be conceived but by parting Lovers) he stole from her Arms, and retiring to his Chamber, he soon got himself ready for his Flight, and departed. We will leave *Sylvia's* Ravings to be expressed by none but herself, and tell you that after about fourteen Days Absence, *Octavio* received this Letter from *Philander*.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

BEing safely arrived at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky Adventure lodged in the House of the best Quality in the Town, I find myself much more at Ease than I thought it possible to be without *Sylvia*, from whom I am nevertheless impatient to hear; I hope Absence appears not so great a Bugbear to her as it was imagined: For I know not what Effects it would have on me to hear her Grievs exceeded a few Sighs and Tears; those my kind Absence has taught me to allow and bear without much Pain, but should her Love transport her to Extremes of Rage and Despair, I fear I should quit my Safety here, and give her the last Proof of my Love and my Compassion, throw myself at her Feet, and expose my Life to preserve her's. Honour would oblige me to it. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendship you have vowed me, (and which I no longer doubt) let me speedily know how she bears my Absence, for on that Knowledge depends a great deal of the Satisfaction of my Life; carry her this inclosed which I have writ her, and soften my silent Departure, which possibly may appear rude and unkind, plead my Pardon, and give her the Story of my Necessity of offending, which none

can so well relate as yourself; and from a Mouth so eloquent to a Maid so full of Love, will soon reconcile me to her Heart. With her Letter I send you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as also those Bills I received of you at my Departure, having been supplied by an *English* Merchant here, who gave me Credit. It will be an Age, till I hear from you, and receive the News of the Health of *Sylvia*, than which two Blessings nothing will be more welcome to, generous *Octavio*, your

Collen.

PHILANDER.

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant Vander Hanskin.

PHILANDER to SYLVIA.

THERE is no Way left to gain my *Sylvia's* Pardon for leaving her, and leaving her in such Circumstances, but to tell her it was to preserve a Life which I believed entirely dear to her; but that unhappy Crime is too severely punished by the Cruelties of my Absence: Believe me, lovely *Sylvia*, I have felt all your Pains, I have burnt with your Fever, and sighed with your Oppressions; say, has my Pain abated yours? Tell me, and hasten my Health by the Assurance of your Recovery, or I have fled in vain from those dear Arms to save my Life, of which I know not what Account to give you, till I receive from you the Knowledge of your perfect Health, the true State of mine. I can only say I sigh, and have a Sort of a Being in *Collen*, where I have some more Assurance of Protection than I could hope from those interested Brutes,
 who

who sent me from you; yet brutish as they are, I know thou art safe from their clownish Outrages. For were they senseless as their Fellow-Monsters of the Sea, they durst not prophane so pure an Excellence as thine; the sullen Boars would jounder out a Welcome to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful Beauty, though they want the tender Sense to know to what Use it was made. Or if I doubtèd their Humanity, I cannot the Friendship of *Octavio*, since he has given me too good a Proof of it, to leave me any Fear that he has not in my Absence pursued those generous Sentiments for *Sylvia*, which he vowed to *Philander*, and of which this first Proof must be his relating the Necessity of my Absence, to set me well with my adorable Maid, who, better than I, can inform her; and that I rather chose to quit you only for a short Space, than reduce myself to the Necessity of losing you eternally. Let the Satisfaction this ought to give you retrieve your Health and Beauty, and put you into a Condition of restoring to me all my Joys; that by pursuing the Dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greatest Happiness on Earth to the Arms of your

PHILANDER.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My Affairs here are yet so unsettled, that I can take no Order for your coming to me; but as soon as I know where I can fix with Safety, I shall make it my Business and my Happiness: Adieu. Trust Octavio with your Letters only.

This Letter *Octavio* would not carry himself to her, who had omitted no Day, scarce an Hour, wherein he saw not or sent not to the charming *Sylvia*; but he found in that which *Philander* had

writ to him an Air of Coldness altogether unusual with that passionate Lover, and infinitely short in Point of Tenderness to those he had formerly seen of his, and from what he had heard him speak; so that he no longer doubted (and the rather because he hoped it) but that *Philander* found an Abatement of that Heat, which was wont to inspire at a more amorous Rate: This appearing Declension he could not conceal from *Sylvia*, at least to let her know he took Notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick-sighted and sensible to pass it unregarded; but he with Reason thought, that when she should find others observe the little Sight she had put on her, her Pride (which is natural to Women in such Cases) would decline and lessen her Love for his Rival. He therefore sent his Page with the Letters inclosed in this from himself.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

Madam,

FROM a little necessary Debauch I made last Night with the Prince, I am forced to employ my Page in those Duties I ought to have performed myself; He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*, as mine, which I have also sent you, informs me; I should else have doubted it; it is I think, his Character, and all he says of *Octavio* confesses the Friend, but where he speaks of *Sylvia* sure he disguises the Lover: I wonder the Mask should be put on now to me, to whom before he so frankly discovered the Secrets of his amorous Heart. It is a Mystery I would fain persuade myself he finds absolutely necessary to his Interest, and I hope you will make the same favourable Constructions of it, and not impute the lessened

Zeal

Zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Sylvia* to any possible Change or Coldness, since I am but too fatally sensible, that no Man can arrive at the Glory of being beloved by you, that had ever Power to shorten one Link of that dear Chain that holds him, and you need but survey that adorable Face, to confirm your Tranquility; set a just Value on your Charms, and you need no Arguments to secure your everlasting Empire, or to establish it in what Heart you please. This fatal Truth I learned from your fair Eyes, ere they discovered to me your Sex, and you may as soon change to what I then believed you, as I from adoring what I now find you: If all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languish for you, love on, even without Hope, and die, what must *Philander* pay you, who has the mighty Blessing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the Hours of amorous Youth, sacred, glad, and triumphant? But you know the conquering Power of your Charms too well to need either this daring Confession, or a Defence of *Philander's* Virtue from, Madam, your obedient Slave,

OCTAVIO.

Sylvia had no sooner read this with Blushes; and a thousand Fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Philander's* Letters both to *Octavio* and to herself, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul, she cried---*How---sighted! And must Octavio see it too! By Heaven, if I should find it true, he shall not dare to think it:* Then with a generous Rage she broke open *Philander's* Letter; and which she soon perceived did but too well prove the Truth of *Octavio's* Suspicion, and her own Fears. She repeated it again and again, and still she found more Cause of Grief and An-

ger; Love occasioned the first; and Pride the last: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Sylvia*, it was hard to guess which had the Ascendant: She considered *Octavio* to all the Advantages that Thought could conceive in one, who was not a Lover of him; she knew he merited a Heart, tho' she had none to give him; she found him charming without having a Tenderness for him, she found him young and amorous without Desire towards him; she found him great, rich, powerful and generous without designing on him; and though she knew her Soul free from all Passion, but that for *Philander*, nevertheless she blushed and was angry, that he had Thoughts no more advantageous to the Power of those Charms, which she wish'd might appear to him above her Sex, it being natural to Women to desire Conquests, though they hate the Conquered; to glory in the Triumph, though they despise the Slave: And she believed, while *Octavio* had so poor a Sense of her Beauty as to believe it could be forsaken, he would adore it less. And first, to satisfy her Pride, she left the softer Business of her Heart to the next tormenting Hour, and sent him this careless Answer by his Page, believing, if she appeared too angry, it might look as if she valued his Opinion; and therefore dissembled her Thoughts, as Women in those Cases ever do, who when most angry seem the most Galliard, especially when they have need of the Friendship of those they flatter.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

IS it indeed, *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or would you make that a Pretext to the Declaration of your own Passion? We French Ladies are not so nicely tied up to the Formalities of Virtue, but we can hear Love at both Ears:

I

and

and if we receive not the Addresses of both, at least we are perhaps vain enough not to be displeas'd to find we make new Conquests. But you have made your Attack with so ill Conduct, that I shall find Force enough without more Aids to repulse you. Alas, my Lord, did you believe my Heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thousand little Gods to defend it, of no less Power than himself; young Deities, who laugh at all your little Arts and Treacheries, and scorn to resign their Empire to any feeble *Cupids* you can draw up against them: Your thick foggy Air breeds Love too dull and heavy for noble Flights, nor can I stoop to them. The *Flemish* Boy wants Arrows keen enough for Hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too lazy and remiss, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle sends him to his Bed of Moss, where he sleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid yourself, my Lord, (by this Pursuit of your discovered Love) for all the little Friendship you have rendered me! How well you have explained, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judge the first by the last! Had you been thus obstinate in your Passion before *Philander* went, or you had believed me abandoned, I should perhaps have thought that you had loved indeed, because I should have seen you durst, and should have believed it true, because it ran some Hazards for me, the Resolution of it would have reconciled me then to the Temerity of it, and the greatest Demonstration you could have given of it, would have been the Danger you would have ran and contemned, and the Preference of your Passion above any other Consideration. This, my Lord, had been generous and like a Lover; but poorly thus to set upon a single

Woman in the Disguise of a Friend, in the dark silent melancholy Hour of Absence from *Philander*, then to surprize me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for Hearts! It is not like *Octavio*, *Octavio* that *Philander* made his Friend, and for whose dear Sake, my Lord, I will no farther reproach you, but from a Goodness, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an Offence, which your ill-timing has rendered almost inexcusable, and expect you will for the future consider better how you ought to treat

SYLVIA.

As soon as she had dismissed the Page, she hasted to her Business of Love, and again read over *Philander's* Letter, and finding still new Occasion for Fear; she had Recourse to Pen and Paper for a Relief of that Heart which no other Way could find; and after having wiped the Tears from her Eyes, she writ this following Letter.

SYLVIA to PHILANDER.

YES, *Philander*, I have received your Letter, and, but I found my Name there, should have hoped it was not meant for *Sylvia*! Oh! It is all cold---short---short and cold as a dead Winter's Day. It chilled my Blood, it shivered every Vein. Where, oh where hast thou lavished out all those soft Words so natural to thy Soul, with which thou usedst to charm; so tuned to the dear Musick of thy Voice? What is become of all the tender Things, which, as I used to read, made little nimble Pantings in my Heart, my Blushes rise, and tremblings in my Blood, adding new Fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty Flatteries of Love, that made me fond and vain, and set a Value on this trifling Beauty? Hast thou forgot thy wondrous Art of Loving? Thy pretty Cunn-
uing

nings, and thy soft Deceivings? Hast thou forgot them all? Or hast thou forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy industrious Passion gathered all the Sweets, and left the rifled Flower to hang its withered Head, and die in Shades neglected? For who will prize it now, now when all its Perfumes are fled? Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! Was it not enough you left me, like false *Theseus*, on the Shore, on the forsaken Shore, departed from my fond, my clasping Arms; where I believed you safe, secure and pleased, when Sleep and Night, that favoured you and ruined me, had rendered them incapable of their dear Loss! Oh was it not enough, that when I found them empty and abandoned, and the Place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling Bosom unpossessed of that dear Load it bore, that I almost expired with my first Fears? Oh, if *Philander* loved, he would have thought that Cruelty enough, without the sad Addition of a growing Coldness: I awaked, I missed thee, and I called aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander!* But no *Philander* heard; then drew the close-drawn Curtains, and with a hasty and busy View surveyed the Chamber over; but oh! In vain I viewed, and called yet louder, but none appeared to my Assistance but *Antonet* and *Brilliard* to torture me with dull Excuses, urging a thousand feigned and frivolous Reasons to satisfy my Fears: But I, who loved, who doted even to Madness, by Nature soft, and timorous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal escaped, that dreads each little Noise, fancied their Eyes and guilty Looks confessed the Treasons of their Hearts and Tongues, while they, more kind than true, strove to convince my killing Doubts, protested that you would return by Night, and feigned a likely Story to deceive. Thus between Hope and Fear I languished out a

Day; oh Heavens! A tedious Day without *Philander*: Who would have thought that such a dismal Day should not, with the End of its Reign, have finished that of my Life! But then *Octavio* came to visit me, and who till then I never wished to see, but now I was impatient for his Coming, who by Degrees told me that you were gone---I never asked him where, or how, or why; that you were gone was enough to possess me of all I feared, your being apprehended and sent into *France*, your delivering yourself up, your abandoning me; all, all I had an easy Faith for, without consulting more than that thou wert gone---that very Word yet strikes a Terror to my Soul, disables my trembling Hand, and I must wait for Re-inforcements from some kinder Thoughts. But, oh! From whence should they arrive? From what dear present Felicity, or Prospect of a future, though never so distant, and all those past ones serve but to increase my Pain; they favour me no more, they charm and please no more, and only present themselves to my Memory to compleat the Number of my Sighs and Tears, and make me wish that they had never been, tho' even with *Philander*? Oh! Say, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How hast thou treated *Sylvia*, to make her wish that she had never known a tender Joy with thee? Is it possible she should repent her loving thee, and thou shouldst give her Cause! Say, dear false Charmer, is it? But oh, there is no lasting Faith in Sin!----Ah---What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my first Debauch, and how glorious that never to be regained Prospect of my Virgin Innocence, where I sate enthroned in awful Virtue, crowned with shining Honour, and adorned with un sullied Reputation, till thou, O Tyrant *Love*, with a charming Usurpation invaded all my Glories; and which I resigned with
greater

greater Pride and Joy than a young Monarch puts them on. Oh! Why then do I repent? As if the vast, the dear Expence of Pleasures past were not enough to recompense for all the Pains of Love to come? But why, oh why do I treat thee as a Lover lost already? Thou art not, canst not; no, I will not believe it, till thou thyself confests it: Nor shall the Omission of a tender Word or two make me believe thou hast forgot thy Vows. Alas, it may be I mistake thy Cares, thy hard Fatigues of Life, thy present ill Circumstances, (and all the melancholy Effects of thine and my Misfortunes) for Coldness and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now obliged to contrive for Life as well as Love, thou perhaps (fearing the worst) are preparing Eloquence for a Council Table; and in thy busy and guilty Imaginations haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy Innocence, or evading thy Guilt: Feeing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witnesses, when thou shouldst be giving Satisfaction to my fainting Love-sick Heart: Sometimes in thy labouring Fancy the Horror of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious Death, strikes upon thy tender Soul with a Force that frights the little God from thence, and I am persuaded there are some Moments of this melancholy Nature, wherein your *Sylvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too she can think just and reasonable, without reproaching thy Heart with a declining Passion, especially when I am not by to call thy Fondness up, and divert thy more ~~te~~menting Hours: But oh, for those soft Minutes thou hast designed for Love, and hast dedicated to *Sylvia*, *Philander* should dismiss the dull Formalities of rigid Business, the pressing Cares of Dangers, and have given a Loose to Softness. Could my *Philander* imagine this short and unlov-

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ing Letter sufficient to atone for such an Absence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the Pain with which I languished, when but absent from him an Hour? How then can he imagine I can live, when distant from him so many Leagues, and so many Days? While all the scanty Comfort I have for Life is, that one Day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how---thou hast not Love enough so much as to divine; but poorly leavest me to be satisfied by *Octavio*, committing the Business of thy Heart, the once great Importance of thy Soul, the most necessary Devoirs of thy Life, to be supplied by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a blessed Time in our Reign of Love, when thou wouldst have thought even all thy own Power of too little Force to satisfy the doubting Soul of *Sylvia*: Tell me, *Philander*, hast thou forgot that Time? I dare not think thou hast, and yet (O God) I find an Alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet something whispers to my Soul, I am undone! Oh, where art thou, my *Philander*? Where is thy Heart? And what has it been doing since it begun my Fate? How can it justify thy Coldness, and thou this cruel Absence, without accounting with me for every parting Hour? My charming dear was wont to find me Business for all my lonely absent ones; and writ the softest Letters---loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wishes, which ere I had read over another would arrive, to keep eternal Warmth about my Soul; nor wert thou ever wearied more with writing, than I with reading, or with sighing after thee; but now--Oh! There is some Mystery in it I dare not understand. Be kind at least and satisfy my Fears, for it is a wondrous Pain to live in Doubt; if thou still lovest me, swear it over anew! And curse me if I do not credit thee. But---if thou art declining---or shouldst be sent a shame-

shameful Victim into *France*—Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be Just, and let me know my Doom : By Heaven this last will find a Welcome to me, for it will end the Torment of my Doubts and Fears of losing thee another Way, and I shall have the Joy to die with thee, die beloved, and die

Thy SYLVIA.

Having read over this Letter, she feared she had said too much of her Doubts, and Apprehensions of a Change in him; for now she flies to all the little Stratagems and Artifices of Lovers, she begins to consider the worst, and to make the best of that; but quite abandoned she could not believe herself, without flying into all the Rage that disappointed Woman could be possessed with. She calls *Brilliard*, shews him his Lord's Letters, and told him, (while he read) her Doubts and Fears; he being thus instructed by herself in the Way how to deceive her on, like Fortune-tellers, who gather People's Fortune from themselves, and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he saw indeed a Change! Glad to improve her Fear, and feigns a Sorrow almost equal to her's: *It is evident, says he, it is evident, that he is the most ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon, Madam.* (continued he, bowing) *if my Zeal for the most charming Creature on Earth, make me forget my Duty to the best of Masters and Friends.* *Ab, Brilliard*, cried she, with an Air of Languishment that more enflamed him, *have a care, lest that mistaken Zeal for me should make you prophane Virtue, which has not, but on this Occasion, shewed that it wanted Angels for its Guard.* *Oh, Brilliard, if he be false* ---- *if the dear Man be perjured, take, take, kind Heaven, the Life you have preserved but for a greater Proof of your Revenge*—and at that Word she sunk into his Arms, which he hastily extended

as she was falling, both to save her from Harm, and to give himself the Pleasure of grasping the loveliest Body in the World to his Bosom, on which her fair Face declined, cold, dead, and pale; but so transporting was the Pleasure of that dear Burthen, that he forgot to call for, or to use any Aid to bring her back to Life, but trembling with his Love and eager Passion, he took a thousand Joys, he kissed a thousand Times her lukewarm Lips, sucked her short Sighs, and ravished all the Sweets, her Bosom (which was but guarded with a loose Night-gown) yielded his impatient Touches. Oh Heaven, who can express the Pleasures he received, because no other Way he ever could arrive to so much Daring? It was all beyond his Hope; loose were her Robes, insensible the Maid, and Love had made him insolent, he roved, he kissed, he gazed, without Controul, forgetting all Respect of Persons, or of Place, and quite despairing by fair Means to win her, resolves to take this lucky Opportunity; the Door he knew was fast, for the Counsel she had to ask him admitted of no Lookers-on, so that at his Entrance she had secured that pass for him herself, and being near her Bed, when she fell into his Arms, at this last daring Thought he lifts her thither, and lays her gently down, and while he did so, in one Minute ran over all the killing Joys he had been Witness to, which she had given *Philander*; on which he never paus'd, but urged by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he resolves his cowardly Conquest, when some kinder God awakened *Sylvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber Door; who having been used to a Freedom, which was permitted to none but himself, with *Antonet* her Woman, waiting for Admittance, after having knocked twice softly, *Brilliard* heard it, and redoubled his Disorder, which from that of Love, grew to that
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of Surprize; he knew not what to do, whether to refuse answering, or to re-establish the reviving Sense of *Sylvia*; in this Moment of perplexing Thought he failed not however to set his Hair in order, and adjust him, though there were no need of it, and stepping to the Door (after having raised *Sylvia*, leaning her Head on her Hand on the Bed-side,) he gave Admittance to *Octavio*; but, oh Heaven, how was he surprized when he saw it was *Octavio*? His Heart with more Force than before redoubled its Beats, that one might easily perceive every Stroke by the Motion of his Cravat; he blushed, which, to a Complexion perfectly fair, as that of *Brilliard* (who wants no Beauty, either in Face or Person) was the more discoverable, add to this his Trembling, and you may easily imagine what a Figure he represented himself to *Octavio*; who almost as much surprized as himself, to find the Goddess of his Vows and Devotions with a young *Endymion* alone, a Door shut to, her Gown loose, which (from the late Fit she was in, and *Brilliard's* Rape upon her Bosom) was still open, and discovered a World of unguarded Beauty, which she knew not was in View, with some other Disorders of her Headcloaths, gave him in a Moment a thousand false Apprehensions: *Antonet* was no less surprized; so that all had their Part of Amazement but the Innocent *Sylvia*, whose Eyes were beautified with a melancholy Calm, which almost set the generous Lover at Ease, and took away his new Fears; however he could not chuse but ask *Brilliard* what the Matter was with him, he looked so out of Countenance, and trembled so? He told him how *Sylvia* had been, and what extream Frights she had possessed him with, and told him the Occasion, which the lovely *Sylvia* with her Eyes and Sighs assented to, and *Brilliard* departed; how well pleased you may imagine, or
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with what *Gusto* he left her to be with the lovely *Ostasio*, whom he perceived too well was a Lover in the Disguise of a Friend. But there are in Love those wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles with some other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilliard* was, he found *Antonet* an antidote that dispelled the grosser Part of it; for she was in Love with our amorous Friend, and courted him with that Passion those of that Country do almost all handsome Strangers; and one convenient Principle of the Religion of that Country is, to think it no Sin to be kind while they are single Women, tho' otherwise (when Wives) they are just enough, nor does a Woman that manages her Affairs thus discreetly meet with any Reproach; of this Humour was our *Antonet*, who pursued her Lover out, half jealous there might be some amorous Intrigue between her Lady and him, which she sought in vain by all the feeble Arts of her Country's Sex to get from him; while on the other Side, he believing she might be of use in the farther Discovery he desired to make between *Ostasio* and *Sylvia*, not only told her she herself was the Object of his Wishes, but gave her substantial Proofs on it, and told her his Design, after having her Honour for Security that she would be secret, the best Pledge a Man can take of a Woman: After she had promised to betray all Things to him, she departed to her Affairs, and he to giving his Lord an Account of *Sylvia*, as he desired, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Sylvia*; and which was thus:

PHILANDER to BRILLIARD.

I Doubt not but you will wonder that all this Time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can well excuse it, since I have been in a Place whence with Ease I could have sent every Post ; but a new Affair of Gallantry has engaged my thoughtful Hours, not that I find any Passion here that has abated one Sigh for *Sylvia* ; but a Man's Hours are very dull, when undiverted by an Intrigue of some Kind or other, especially to a Heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not, if possible, bend under the Fatigues of more serious Thought and Business ; I should not tell you this, but that I would have you feign all the dilatory Excuses that possibly you can to hinder *Sylvia's* coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I design to make my Abode but a short Time, and had not staid at all, but for this Stop to my Journey, and I scorn to be vanquished without taking my Revenge ; it is a Sally of Youth, no more—a Flash, that blazes for a while, and will go out without Enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this Knowledge to yourself, for I have had too good a Confirmation of your Faith and Friendship to doubt you now, and believe you have too much Respect for *Sylvia* to occasion her any Disquiet. I long to know how she takes my Absence, send me at large of all that passes, and give your Letters to *Octavio*, for none else shall know where I am, or how to send to me : Be careful of *Sylvia*, and observe her with Diligence, for possibly I should not be extravagantly afflicted to find she was inclined to love me less for her own Ease and mine, since Love is troublesome when the Height of it carries it to Jealousies, little

the Quarrels, and eternal Discontents; all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themselves on every Distrust of the fond Mistress, since it is not only a Demonstration of Love in them, but of Power and Charms in us that occasion it. But when we no longer find the Mistress so desirable, as our first Wishes form her, we value less their Opinion of our Persons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conquests; but you, *Brilliard*, have been a Lover, and understand already this Philosophy. I need say no more then to a Man who knows so well my Soul, but to tell him I am his constant Friend,

PHILANDER.

This came as *Brilliard's* Soul could wish, and had he sent him Word he had been chosen King of *Poland*, he could not have received the News with so great Joy, and so perfect a Welcome. How to manage this to his best Advantage was the Business he was next to consult, after returning an Answer; now he fancied himself sure of the lovely Prize, in Spite of all other Oppositions: *For (says he, in reasoning the Case) if she can by Degrees arrive to a Coldness to Philander, and consider him no longer as a Lover, she may perhaps consider me as a Husband; or should she receive Octavio's Addresses, when once I have found her feeble, I will make her pay me for keeping of every Secret.* So either Way he entertained a Hope, tho' never so distant from Reason and Probability; but all Things seem possible to longing Lovers, who can on the least Hope resolve to outwait even Eternity (if possible) in Expectation of a promised Blessing; and now with more than usual Care he resolved to dress, and set out all his Youth and Beauty to the best Advantage; and being a Gentleman

man well born, he wanted no Arts of Dressing, nor any Advantage of Shape or Mien, to make it appear well: Pleased with this Hope, his Art was now how to make his Advances without appearing to have designed doing so. And first to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his Business; for he considered rightly, if he should not represent *Sylvia's* Sorrows to the Life, and appear to make him sensible of them, he should not be after credited if he related any Thing to her Disadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy, you ought to seem to be the greatest Friend. This was the Policy of his Heart, who in all Things was inspired with phanatical Notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the Defeat he had in that of *Sylvia's*, he writ this Letter.

BRILLIARD to PHILANDER:

My Lord,

YOU have done me the Honour to make me your Confident in an Affair that does not a little surprize me; since I believed, after *Sylvia*, no mortal Beauty could have touched your Heart, and nothing but your own Excuses could have sufficed to have made it reasonable; and I only wish, that when the fatal News shall arrive to *Sylvia's* Ear (as for me it never shall) that she may think it as pardonable as I do; but I doubt it will add Abundance of Grief to what she is already possessed of, if but such a Fear should enter in her tender Thoughts. But since it is not my Business, my Lord, to advise or counsel, but to obey, I leave you to all the Success of happy Love, and will only give you an Account how Affairs stand here, since your Departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Sylvia* in Bed, I must disturb your more serene Thoughts
with

with telling you, that her first Surprize and Grieffs at the News of your Departure were most deplorable, where raging Madnefs and the softer Paffion of Love, Complaints of Grief, and Anger, Sighs, Tears and Cries were fo mixed together, and by Turns fo violently feized her, that all about her wept and pitied her: It was fad, it was wonderful fad, my Lord, to fee it: Nor could we hope her Life, or that fhe would preferve it if fhe could; for by many Ways fhe attempted to have releafed herfelf from Pain by a violent Death, and thofe that ftrve to preferve that, could not hope fhe would ever have returned to Sense again: Sometimes a wild extravagant Raving would require all our Aid, and then again fhe would talk and rail fo tenderly---and exprefs her Refentment in the kindeft, foftest Words that ever Madnefs uttered, and all of her *Philander*, till fhe has fet us all a weeping round her; fometimes fhe'd fit as calm and ftill as Death, and we have perceived fhe lived only by Sighs and filent Tears that fell into her Boſom; then on a fudden wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wondrous Charms, and frantickly ſurvey us all, then cry aloud, *Where is my Lord Philander?---Oh, bring me my Philander, Brilliard: Oh, Antonet, where have you hid the Treasure of my Soul?* Then, weeping Floods of Tears, would ſink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling Words and Sighs fhe'd cry---*But oh, my dear Philander is no more, you have ſurrendered him to France---Yes, yes, you have given him up, and he muſt die, publickly die, be led a ſad Victim through the joyful Croud---reproached; and fall ingloriouſly---*Then rave again, and tear her lovely Hair, and act ſuch Wildnefs,---fo moving and fo fad, as even infected the pitying Beholders; and all we could do, was gently to perſuade her Grief, and ſooth her raving Fits;

Fits; but so we swore, so heartily we vowed that you were safe, that with the Aid of *Octavio*, who came that Day to visit her, we made her capable of hearing a little Reason from us. *Octavio* kneeled, and begged she would but calmly hear him speak, he pawned his Soul, his Honour, and his Life, *Philander* was as safe from any Injury, either from *France*, or any other Enemy, as he, as she, or Heaven itself. In fine, my Lord, he vowed, he swore, and pleaded, till she with Patience heard him tell his Story, and the Necessity of your Absence; this brought her Temper back, and dried her Eyes, then sighing, answered him---*that if for your Safety you were fled, she would forgive your Cruelty and your Absence, and endeavour to be herself again:* But then she would a thousand Times conjure him not to deceive her Faith, by all the Friendship that he bore *Philander*, not to possess her with false Hopes; then would he swear anew; and as he swore, she would behold him with such charming Sadness in her Eyes that he almost forgot what he would say, to gaze upon her, and to pass his Pity. But, if with all his Power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her calm, he was no sooner gone, but she returned to all the Tempests of despairing Love, to all the Unbelief of faithless Passion, would neither sleep, nor eat, nor suffer Day to enter; but all was sad and gloomy as the Vault that held the *Ephesian* Matron, nor suffered she any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Octavio*, and he in the Midst of all was well received: Not that I think, my Lord, she feigned any Part of that close Retirement to entertain him with any Freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour; tho' I must own, my Lord, I believe it impossible for him to behold the lovely *Sylvia*, without having a Passion for her.

What Restraint his Friendship to you may put upon his Heart or Tongue I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, though without Success; what Effects that may have upon the Heart of *Sylvia*, only Time can render an Account of: And whose Conduct I shall the more particularly observe from a Curiosity natural to me, to see if it may be possible for *Sylvia* to love again, after the adorable *Philander*, which Levity in one so perfect would cure me of the Disease of Love, while I lived amongst the fickle Sex: But since no such Thought can yet get Possession of my Belief, I humbly beg your Lordship will entertain no Jealousy, that may be so fatal to your Repose, and to that of *Sylvia*; doubt not but my Fears proceed perfectly from the Zeal I have for your Lordship, for whose Honour and Tranquillity none shall venture so far as, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servant,

BRILLIARD.

P O S T S C R I P T,

My Lord, the Groom shall set forward with your Coach Horses to Morrow Morning, according to your Order.

Having writ this, he read it over; not to see whether it were witty or eloquent, or writ up to the Sense of so good a Judge as *Philander*, but to see whether he had cast it for his Purpose; for there his Master-Piece was to be shewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the Relation of *Sylvia's* Grievs were not too moving, and whether they might not serve to revive his fading Love, which were intended only as a Demonstration of his own Pity and Compassion, that from

from thence the deceived Lover might with the more Ease entertain a Belief in what he hinted of her Levity, when he was to make that out, as he now had but touched upon it, for he would not have it thought the Business of Malice to *Sylvia*, but Duty and Respect to *Philander*: That Thought reconciled him to the first Part without Alteration; and he fancied he had said enough in the latter, to give any Man of Love and Sense a Jealousy which might inspire a young Lover in Pursuit of a new Mistress, with a Revenge that might wholly turn to his Advantage; for now every Ray gave him Light enough to conduct him to Hope, and he believed nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his Invention could not conquer: He fancied himself a very *Machiavel* already, and almost promised himself the charming *Sylvia*. With these Thoughts he seals up his Letters, and hastes to *Sylvia's* Chamber for her farther Commands, having in his Politick Transports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no sooner had seen *Brilliard* quit the Chamber all trembling and disordered, after having given him Entrance, but the next Step was to the Feet of the new recovered languishing Beauty, who not knowing any Thing of the Freedom the daring Husband Lover had taken, was not at all surprized to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ah Madam, I no longer wonder you use Octavio with such Rigour*; then sighing declined his melancholy Eyes, where Love and Jealousy made themselves too apparent; while she believing he had only reproached her Want of Ceremony at his Entrance, checking herself, she started from the Bed, and taking him by the Hand to raise him, she cried, *Rise, my Lord, and pardon the Omission of that Respect which was not wanting but with even Life itself.* *Octavio* answered, *Yes, Madam, but you took care,*

not to make the World absolutely unhappy in your Eternal Loss, and therefore made Choice of such a Time to die in, when you were sure of a skilful Person at Hand to bring you back to Life----My Lord----said she (with an innocent Wonder in her Eyes, and an Ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean, Brilliard, said he, whom I found sufficiently disordered to make me believe he took no little Pains to restore you to the World again.* This he spoke with such an Air, as easily made her imagine he was a Lover to the Degree of Jealousy, and therefore (beholding him with a Look that told him her Disdain before she spoke) she replied hastily, *My Lord, if Brilliard have expressed, by any Disorder or Concern, his kind Sense of my Sufferings, I am more obliged to him for it, than I am to you for your Opinion of my Virtue; and I shall hereafter know how to set a Value both on the one and the other, since what he wants in Quality and Ability to serve me, he sufficiently makes good with his Respect and Duty.* At that she would have quitted him, but he (still kneeling) held her Train of her Gown, and besought her, with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That she would pardon the Effect of a Passion that could not run into less Extravagancy at a Sight so new and strange, as that she should in a Morning, with only her Night-Gown thrown loosely about her lovely Body, and which left a thousand Charms to View, alone receive a Man into her Chamber, and make fast the Door upon them, which when (from his Importunity) it was opened he found her all ruffled, and almost fainting on her Bed, and a young blushing Youth start from her Arms, with trembling Limbs, and a Heart that beat Time to the Tune of active Love, faultring in his Speech; as if scarce yet he had recruited the Sense he had so happily lost in the amorous Encounter: With that, surveying of herself,*

self, as she stood, in a great Glass, which she could not hinder herself from doing, she found indeed her Night-Linen, her Gown; and the Bosom of her Shift in such Disorder, as, if at least she had yet any Doubt remaining that *Brilliard* had not treated her well; she however found Cause enough to excuse *Octavio's* Opinion: Weighing all the Circumstances together, and adjusting her Linen and Gown with Blushes that almost appeared Criminal, she turned to *Octavio*, who still held her, and still begged her Pardon, assuring him, upon her Honour, her Love to *Philander*, and her Friendship for him, that she was perfectly innocent, and that *Brilliard*, though he should have Quality and all other Advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet there was in Nature something which compelled her to a Sort of Coldness and Disgust to his Person; for she had so much the more Abhorrence to him as he was a Husband, but that was a Secret to *Octavio*; but she continued speaking----and cried, *No, could I be brought to yield to any but Philander, I own I find Charms enough in Octavio to make a Conquest; but since the Possession of that dear Man is all I ask of Heaven, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear Love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any Satisfaction in my Conversation, never to speak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make Vows against seeing you: All the Freedoms of Friendship I will allow, give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any Way but that of Love; but that is a Reserve of my Soul which is only for Philander, and the only one that ever shall be kept from Octavio.* She ended speaking, and raised him with a Smile; and he with a Sigh told her, *she must command:* Then she fell to telling him how she had sent for *Brilliard*, and all the

Discourse that passed; with the Reason of her falling into a Swoon, in which she continued a Moment or two, and while she told it she blushed with a secret Fear, that in that Trance some Freedoms might be taken which she durst not confess: But while she spoke, our still more passionate Lover devoured her with his Eyes, fixed his very Soul upon her Charms of speaking and looking, and was a thousand Times (urged by transporting Passion) ready to break all her Dictates, and vow himself her eternal Slave; but he feared the Result, and therefore kept himself within the Bounds of seeming Friendship; so that after a thousand Things she said of *Philander*, he took his Leave to go to Dinner; but as he was going out he saw *Brilliard* enter, who, as I said, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her; but in a Moment recollecting himself, he blushed at the Apprehension, that they might make his Disorder the Subject of their Discourse; so what with that, and the Sight of the dear Object of his late disappointed Pleasures, he had much ado to assume an Assurance to approach; but *Octavio* passed out, and gave him a little Release. *Sylvia's* Confusion was almost equal to his, for she looked on him as a Ravisher; but how to find that Truth, which she was very curious to know, she called up all the Arts of Women to instruct her in; by Threats she knew it was in vain, therefore she assumed an Artifice, which indeed was almost a Stranger to her Heart, that of jilting him out of a Secret which she knew he wanted Generosity to give handsomely; and meeting him with a Smile, which she forced, she cried, *How now, Brilliard, are you so faint-hearted a Soldier, you cannot see a Lady die without being terrified? Rather, Madam,* (replied he blushing anew) *so soft-hearted, I cannot see the loveliest Person in the World faint-*
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ing in my Arms, without being disordered with Grief and Fear, beyond the Power of many Days to resettle again. At which she approached him, who stood near the Door, and shutting it, she took him by the Hand, and smiling, cried, *And had you no other Business for your Heart but Grief and Fear, when a fair Lady throws herself into your Arms? It ought to have had some kinder Effect on a Person of Brilliard's Youth and Complexion.* And while she spoke this she held him by the Wrist, and found on the sudden his Pulse to beat more high, and his Heart to heave his Bosom with Sighs, which now he no longer took care to hide, but with a transported Joy, he cried, *O Madam, do not urge me to a Confession that must undo me, without making it criminal by my Discovery of it; you know I am your Slave-----* when she with a pretty wondering Smile, cried----*What, a Lover too, and yet so dull! Oh charming Sylvia,* (says he, and falling on his Knees) *give my profound Respect a kinder Name:* To which she answered,----*You that know your Sentiments may best instruct me by what Name to call them, and you Brilliard may do it without Fear----* *You saw I did not struggle in your Arms, nor strove I to defend the Kisses which you gave---* *O Heavens,* cried he, transported with what she said, *is it possible that you could know of my Presumption, and favour it too? I will no longer then curse those unlucky Stars that sent Octavio just in the Blessed Minute to snatch me from my Heaven, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepared to offer; my Hands, my Eyes, my Lips were tired with Pleasure, but yet they were not satisfied; oh there was Joy beyond those Raptures, of which one kind Minute more had made me absolute Lord: Yes, and the next, said she, had sent this to your Heart-----*snatching a Penknife that lay on her Toylet, where she had

been writing, which she offered so near to his Bosom, that he believed himself already pierced, so sensibly killing her Words, her Motion, and her Look; he started from her, and she threw away the Knife, and walked a Turn or two about the Chamber, while he stood immoveable, with his Eyes fixed on the Earth, and his Thoughts on nothing but a wild Confusion, which he vowed afterwards he could give no Account of. But as she turned she beheld him with some Compassion, and remembring how he had it in his Power to expose her in a strange Country, and own her for a Wife, she believed it necessary to hide her Resentments; and cried, *Brilliard, for the Friendship your Lord has for you I forgive you; but have a Care you never raise your Thoughts to a Presumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below Philander's Love; go and repent your Crime----and expect all Things else from my Favour----*At this he left her with a Bow that had some Malice in it, and she returned into her Dressing-Room.---After Dinner *Octavio* writes her this Letter, which his Page brought.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

Madam,

TIS true, that in Obedience to your Commands, I begged your Pardon for the Confession I made you of my Passion: But since you could not but see the Contradiction of my Tongue in my Eyes, and hear it but too well confirmed by my Sighs, Why will you confine me to the Formalities of a silent Languishment, unless to encrease my Flame with my Pain?

You conjure me to see you often, and at the same Time forbid me speaking my Passion, and this

this bold Intruder comes to tell you now, it is impossible to obey the first, without disobliging the last; and since the Crime of adoring you exceeds my Disobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at least to pardon that Fault, which my profound Respect to the lovely *Sylvia* makes me commit; for it is impossible to see you, and not give you an Occasion of reproaching me: If I could make a Truce with my Eyes, and, like a mortified Capuchin, look always downwards, not daring to behold the glorious Temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thousand Ways besides; your Touches inflame me, and your Voice has Musick in it, that strikes upon my Soul with ravishing Tenderness; your Wit is unresistible and piercing; your very Sorrows and Complaints have Charms that make me soft without the Aid of Love: But Pity joined with Passion raises a Flame too mighty for my Conduct! And I in Transports every Way confess it: Yes, yes, upbraid me, call me Traitor and Ungrateful, tell me my Friendship is false; but, *Sylvia*, yet be just, and say my Love was true, say only he had seen the charming *Sylvia*; and who is he, that after that would not excuse the rest in one so absolutely born to be undone by Love, as is her destined Slave,

OCTAVIO.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Madam, among some Rarities I this Morning saw, I found these Trifles Florio brings you, which because uncommon I presume to send you.

Sylvia, notwithstanding the seeming Severity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be disobey'd; and Women never pardon any Fault

more willingly than one of this Nature, where the Crime gives so infallible a Demonstration of their Power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their Hearts for being thought desirable; and it was not with Pain that she saw him obstinate in his Passion, as you may believe by her answering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to despair when he receives Denial under his Mistress's own Hand, which she sent in this to *Octavio*.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

YOU but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you send me such a Present, and such a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other, as you designed: In Obedience to me you will no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the same Time you are breaking your Word from one End of the Paper to the other. Out of Respect to me you will see me no more, and yet are bribing me with Presents, believing you have found out the surest Way to a Woman's Heart. I must needs confess, *Octavio*, there is great Eloquence in a Pair of Bracelets of five thousand Crowns: It is an Argument to prove your Passion, that has more prevailing Reason in it, than either *Seneca* or *Tully* could have urged; nor can a Lover write, or speak in any Language so significant, and very well to be understood, as in that silent one of Presenting. The malicious World has a long Time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, insensible, and dull; when indeed it is those Men that are in Fault who want the right Way of addressing, the true and secret Arts of moving, that sovereign Remedy against Disdain. It is you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct, unpractised
Way

Way to that little and so much desired World, the Favour of the Fair; nor could Love himself have pointed his Arrows with any Thing more successful for his Conquest of Hearts: But mine, my Lord, like *Scæva's* Shield, is already so full of Arrows, shot from *Philander's* Eyes, it has no Room for any other Darts: Take back your Presents then, my Lord, and when you make them next be sure you first consider the Receiver: For know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality ought to find themselves secure from Addressees of this Nature, unless they first invite. You ought to have seen Advances in my Freedoms, Consenting in my Eyes, or (that usual Vanity of my Sex) a thousand little trifling Arts of Affectation to furnish out a Conquest, a forward Complaisance to every gaudy Coxcomb, to fill my Train with amorous cringing Captives, this might have justified your Pretensions; but on the contrary, my Eyes and Thoughts, which never strayed from the dear Man I love, were always bent to Earth when gazed upon by you; and when I did but fear you looked with Love, I entertained you with *Philander's* Praise, his wondrous Beauty, and his wondrous Love, and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impossible it was, I ever should love again, that I might leave you no Room for Hope; and since my Story has been so unfortunate to alarm the whole world with a Conduct so fatal, I made no Scruple of telling you with what Joy and Pride I was undone; if this encourage you, if *Octavio* have Sentiments so meanly poor of me, to think because I yielded to *Philander*, his Hopes should be advanced, I banish him for ever from my Sight, and after that disdain the little Service he can render the never to be altered

SYLVIA.

This Letter she sent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets, which were indeed very fine, and very considerable: At the same Time she threatened him with Banishment, she so absolutely expected to be disobeyed in all Things of that Kind, that she dressed herself that Day to Advantage, which since her Arrival she had never done in her own Habits: What with her Illness, and *Philander's* Absence, a careless Negligence had seized her, till rouzed and weakened to the Thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio's* Love, she began to try its Force, and that Day dressed. While she was so employed, the Page hastes with the Letter to his Lord, who changed Colour at the Sight of it ere he received it; not that he hoped it brought Love, it was enough she would but answer, though she railed: *Let her* (said he opening it) *vow she hates me: Let her call me Traytor, and Unjust, so she take the Pains to tell it this Way;* for he knew well those that argue will yield, and only she that sends him back his own Letters without reading them can give Despair. He read therefore without a Sigh, nor complained he on her Rigours; and because it was too early yet to make his Visit, to shew the Impatience of his Love, as much as the Reality and Resolution of it, he bid his Page wait, and sent her back this Answer.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

FAIR angry *Sylvia*, how has my Love offended? Has its Excess betrayed the least Part of that Respect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho' I am young as the gay ruddy Morning, and vigorous as the gilded Sun at Noon, and amorous as that God, when with such Haste he chased young *Daphne* over the flowery Plain, it never made
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me guilty of a Thought that *Sylvia* might not pity and allow. Nor came that trifling Present to plead for any Wish, or mend my Eloquence, which you with such Disdain upbraid me with; the Bracelets came not to be raffled for your Love, nor Pimp to my Desires; Youth scorns those common Aids; no, let dull Age pursue those Ways of Merchandise, who only buy up Hearts at that vain Price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchase. Youth has a better Way of Trading in Love's Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid so cheaply for it: I found the Toy was gay, the Work was neat, and Fancy new; and know not any Thing they would so well adorn as *Sylvia's* lovely Hands: I say, if after this I should have been the mercenary Fool to have dunned you for Return, you might have used me thus----Condemn me ere you find me sin in Thought! That Part of it was yet so far behind it was scarce arrived in Wish. You should have staid till it approached more near, before you damned it to eternal Silence. To love, to sigh, to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allowed it in Devotion; but you, nicer than Heaven itself, make that a Crime, which all the Powers divine have never decreed one. I will not plead, nor ask you Leave to love; Love is my Right, my Business, and my Province; the Empire of the Young; the Vigorous, and the Bold; and I will claim my Share; the Air, the Groves, the Shades are mine to sigh in, as well as your *Philander's*; the Echoes answer me as willingly, when I complain, or Name the cruel *Sylvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Spring's Reflexion agreeably flatters me to hope, and makes me vain enough to think it just and reasonable I should pursue the Dictates of my Soul----Love on in Spite of Opposition, because I will not lose

my Privileges; you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, because I can; but not to love! Not to adore the Fair! And not to languish for you, were as impossible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the most charming of your Sex. But I am so far from a pretending Fool, because you have been possessed, that often that Thought comes cross my Soul, and checks my advancing Love; and I would buy that Thought off with almost all my Share of future Blis! Were I a God, the first great Miracle should be to form you a Maid again: For oh, whatever Reasons flattering Love can bring to make it look like just, the World! The World, fair *Sylvia*, still will censure, and say---you were to blame; but it was that Fault alone that made you mortal, we else should have adored you as a Deity, and so have lost a generous Race of young succeeding Heroes that may be born of you! Yet had *Philander* loved but half so well as I, he would have kept your glorious Fame entire; but since alone for *Sylvia* I love *Sylvia*, let her be false to Honour, false to Love, wanton and proud, ill-natured, vain, fantastick, or what is worse---let her pursue her Love, be constant, and still doat upon *Philander*---Yet still she will be the *Sylvia* I adore, that *Sylvia* born eternally to inflave

OCTAVIO.

This he sent by *Florio* his Page, at the same Time that she expected the Visit of his Lord, and blushed with a little Anger and Concern at the Disappointment; however she hasted to read the Letter, and was pleased with the haughty Resolution he made in Spite of her, to love on as his Right by Birth; and she was glad to find from these positive Resolves that she might the more safely disdain, or at least assume a Tyranny which might render her

Virtue glorious, and yet at the same Time keep him her Slave on all Occasions when she might have need of his Service, which, in the Circumstances she was in, she did not know of what great Use it might be to her, she having no other Design on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an Ingredient so intermixed with the greatest Virtues of Womenkind; that those who endeavour to cure them of that Disease rob them of a very considerable Pleasure, and in most it is incurable: Give *Sylvia* then Leave to share it with her Sex, since she was so much the more excusable, by how much a greater Portion of Beauty she had than any other, and had Sense enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have still enough to set a Price on Beauty, though they do not always rate it; for had *Sylvia* done that, she had been the Happiest of her Sex: But as she was she waited the Coming of *Octavio*, but not so as to make her quit one sad Thought for *Philander's* Love and Vanity, though they both reigned in her Soul; yet the first surmounted the last, and she grew to impatient Ravings whenever she cast a Thought upon her Fear that *Philander* grew cold; and possibly Pride and Vanity had as great a Share in that Concern of her's as Love itself, for she would oft survey herself in her Glass, and cry, *Gods! Can this Beauty be despised? This Shape! This Face! This Youth! This Air! And what's more obliging yet, a Heart that adores the Fugitive, that languishes and Sighs after the dear Runaway. Is it possible he can find a Beauty, added she, of greater Perfection---But oh, it is Fancy sets the Rate on Beauty, and he may as well love a third Time as he has a second. For in Love, those that once break the Rules and Laws of that Deity, set no Bounds to their Treasons and Disobedience. Yes, yes-----would she cry, He that could leave Myr-*
tilla,

tylla, the fair, the young, the noble, chaste and fond Myrtilla, what after that may he not do to Sylvia, on whom he has less Ties, less Obligations? O wretched Maid---what has thy Fondness done, he is satiated now with thee, as before with Myrtilla, and carries all those dear, those charming Joys, to some new Beauty, whom his Looks have conquered, and whom his soft bewitching Vows will ruin. With that she raved and stamped, and cried aloud, Hell-----Fires-----Tortures-----Daggers-----Racks and Poison----come all to my Relief! Revenge me on the perjured lovely Devil----But I will be brave---- I will be brave and hate him----This she spoke in a Tone less fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paused and walked above a hasty Turn or two, but Octavio, as impatient as Love could make him, entered the Chamber, so dressed, so set out for Conquest, that I wonder at nothing more than that Sylvia did not find him altogether charming, and fit for her Revenge, who was formed by Nature for Love, and had all that could render him the Dotage of Women: But where a Heart is prepossessed, all that is beautiful in any other Man serves but as an ill Comparison to what it loves, and even Philander's Likeness, that was not indeed Philander, wanted the Secret to charm. At Octavio's Entrance she was so fixed on her Revenge of Love, that she did not see him, who presented himself as so proper an Instrument, till he first sighing spoke, *Ah, Sylvia, shall I never see that Beauty easy more? Shall I never see it reconciled to Content, and a soft Calmness fixed upon those Eyes, which were formed for Looks all tender and serene; or are they resolved* (continued he sighing) *never to appear but in Storms when I approach? Yes,* replied she, *when there is a Calm of Love in yours that raises it. Will you confine my Eyes,* said he, *that are by Nature soft? May not their*

their silent Language tell you my Heart's sad Story? But she replied with a Sigh, *It is not generously done, Octavio, thus to pursue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care, your Promises of Friendship. Ah, will you use Philander with such Treachery?* Sylvia, said he, *my Flame is so just and reasonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you; and after that dare love you on---And would you (said she) to satisfy a little short-lived Passion, forfeit those Vows you have made of Friendship to Philander? That Heart that loves you, Sylvia, (he replied) cannot be guilty of so base a Thought; Philander is my Friend, and as he is so, shall know the dearest Secrets of my Soul. I should believe myself indeed ungrateful (continued he) wherever I loved, should I not tell Philander; he told me frankly all his Soul, his Loves, his Grievs, his Treasons, and Escapes, and in Return I will pay him back with mine. And do you imagine (said she) that he would permit your Love? How should he hinder me? (replied he.) I do believe (said she) he'd forget all his Safety and his Friendship, and fight you: Then I'd defend myself, (said he) if he were so ungrateful.* While they thus argued, *Sylvia* had her Thoughts apart, on the little Stratagems that Women in Love sometimes make use of; and *Octavio* no sooner told her he would send *Philander* Word of his Love, but she imagined that such a Knowledge might retrieve the Heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the Wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as usually it does from such Occasions; and on the other Side she thought that she might more allowably receive *Octavio's* Addresses, when they were with the Permission of *Philander*, if he could love so well to permit it; and if he could not, she should have the Joy to undeceive her Fears of his Inconstancy, though she banished for ever the agreeable *Octavio*; so that

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on *Octavio's* farther urging the Necessity of his giving *Philander* that sure Mark of his Friendship she permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table, where there stood a little Silver Scrutore which contained all Things for his Purpose.

OCTAVIO to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

SINCE I have vowed you my eternal Friendship, and that I absolutely believe myself honoured with that of your's, I think myself obliged by those powerful Ties to let you know my Heart, not only now as that Friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing, but as a Rival too, whom in Honour I ought to treat as a generous one: Perhaps you will be so unkind as to say I cannot be a Friend and a Rival at the same Time, and that Almighty Love, that sets the World at odds, chases all Things from the Heart where that reigns, to establish itself the more absolutely there; but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that Goodnature, that can endure the equal Sway of Friendship, where like two perfect Friends they support each other's Empire there; nor can the Glory of one eclipse that of the other, but both, like the Notion we have of the Deity, though two distinct Passions, make but one in my Soul; and though Friendship first entered, 'twas in vain, I called it to my Aid, at the first soft Invasion of *Sylvia's* Power; and you, my charming Friend, are the most oblig'd to pity me, who already know so well the Force of her Beauty. I would fain have you think, I strove at first with all my Reason against the irresistible Lustre of her Eyes: And at the first Assaults of Love, I gave him not a Welcome to my Bosom,

son, but like Slaves unused to Fetters, I grew sullen with my Chains, and wore them for your Sake uneasily. I thought it base to look upon the Mistress of my Friend with wishing Eyes; but softer Love soon furnished me with Arguments to justify my Claim, since Love is not the Choice but the Fate of the Soul, who seldom regards the Object lov'd as it is, but as it wishes to have it be, and then kind Fancy makes it soon the same. Love, that almighty Creator of Something from Nothing, forms a Wit, a Heroe, or a Beauty, Virtue, good Humour, Honour, any Excellence, when oftentimes there is neither in the Object, but where the agreeing World has fixed all these; and since it is by all resolved, (whether they Love or not) that this is she, you ought no more, *Philander*, to upbraid my Flame, than to wonder at it: It is enough I tell you that it is *Sylvia* to justify my Passion; nor is it a Crime that I confess I love, since it can never rob *Philander* of the least Part of what I have vowed him: Or if his mere Honour will believe me guilty of a Fault, let this atone for all, that if I wrong my Friend in loving *Sylvia*, I right him in despairing; for oh, I am repulsed with all the Rigour of the Coy and Fair, with all the little Malice of the witty Sex, and all the Love of *Sylvia* to *Philander*----There, there is the Stop to all my Hopes and Happiness, and yet by Heaven I love thee, oh thou favoured Rival!

After this frank Confession, my *Philander*, I should be glad to hear your Sentiment, since yet, in Spite of Love, in Spite of Beauty, I am resolved to die *Philander's* constant Friend,

OCTAVIO.

After he had writ this, he gave it to *Sylvia*: See charming Creature (said he in delivering it) if after this you either doubt my Love, or what I dare for

for Sylvia. *I neither receive it (said she) as a Poof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe, by this frank Confession, to render it as a Piece of Gallantry and Diversion to Philander; for no Man of Sense will imagine that love true, or arrived to any Height, that makes a publick Confession of it to his Rival.* Ah, Sylvia, answered he, how malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed Mischief on me! Had I not writ, you would have said I durst not; and when I make a Declaration of it, you call it only a slight Piece of Gallantry: But, Sylvia, you have Wit enough to try it a thousand Ways, and Power enough to make me obey; use the Extremity of both, so you recompense me at last with a Confession that I was at least found worthy to be numbered in the Croud of your Adorers. Sylvia replied, He were a dull Lover indeed, that would need Instructions from the Wit of his Mistress to give her Proofs of his Passion; whatever Opinion you have of my Sense, I have too good a one of Octavio's to believe, that when he is a Lover he will want Aids to make it appear; till then we will let that Argument alone, and consider his Address to Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which she liked very well for her Purpose; for at this Time our young Dutch Heroe was made a Property of, in order to her Revenge on Philander: She told him, *He had said too much both for himself and her.* He told her, *He had declared nothing with his Pen, that he would not make good with his Sword.* Hold, Sir, said she, and do not imagine from the Freedom you have taken in owning your Passion to Philander, that I shall allow it here: *What you declare to the World is your own Crime; but when I hear it, it is no longer yours but mine; I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with so great a Sin against Philander, and I confess to you, I shall be infinitely*

finitely troubled to be obliged to banish you my Sight for ever. He heard her, and answered with a Sigh; for she went from him to the Table, and sealed her Letter, and gave it him to be inclosed to *Philander*, and left him to consider on her last Words, which he did not lay to Heart, because he fancied she spoke this as Women do that will be won with Industry: He, in standing up as she went from him, saw himself in the great Glass, and bid his Person answer his Heart, which from every View he took was reinforced with new Hope, for he was too good a Judge of Beauty not to find it in every Part of his own amiable Person, nor could he imagine from *Sylvia's* Eyes, which were naturally soft and languishing, (and now the more so from her Fears and Jealousies) that she meant from her Heart the Rigours she expressed: Much he allowed for his short Time of Courtship, much to her Sex's Modesty, much from her Quality, and very much from her Love, and imagined it must be only Time and Affiduity, Opportunity and obstinate Passion, that were capable of reducing her to break her Faith with *Philander*; he therefore endeavour'd by all the good Dressing, the Advantage of lavish Gaiety, to render his Person agreeable, and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his Conversation, and when he could handsomely bring in Love, he failed not to touch upon it as far as it would be permitted, and every Day had the Vanity to fancy he made some Advances; for indeed every Day more and more she found she might have use for so considerable a Person, so that one may very well say, never any passed their Time better than *Sylvia* and *Octavio*, though with different Ends. All he had now to fear was from the Answer *Philander's* Letter should bring, for whom he had, in Spite of Love, so intire a Friendship, that he even doubted whether

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(if *Philander* could urge Reasons potent enough) he should not chuse to die and quit *Sylvia*, rather than be false to Friendship; one Post past, and another, and so eight successive ones, before they received one Word of Answer to what they sent; so that *Sylvia*, who was the most impatient of her Sex, and the most in Love, was raving and acting all the Extravagance of Despair, and even *Octavio* now became less pleasing, yet he failed not to visit her every Day, to send her rich Presents, and to say all that a fond Lover, or a faithful Friend might urge for her Relief: At last *Octavio* received this following Letter.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

YOU have shewed, *Octavio*, a Freedom so generous, and so beyond the usual Measures of a Rival, that it were almost Injustice in me not to permit you to love on; if *Sylvia* can be false to me, and all her Vows, she is not worth preserving; if she prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*, then he has greater Merit, and deserves her best: But if on the contrary she be just, if she be true, and constant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, so either Way *Octavio* has my Leave to love the charming *Sylvia*; alas I know her Power, and do not wonder at thy Fate! For it is as natural for her to conquer, as 'tis for Youth to yield; oh, she has Fascination in her Eyes! A Spell upon her Tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her Air and Motion all Snares for heedless Hearts; her very Faults have Charms, her Pride, her Peevishness, and her Disdain, have unresisted Power. Alas, you find it every Day-----and every Night she sweeps the Tour along and shews the Beauty, she enslaves the Men, and rivals all the Women!

How

How oft with Pride and Anger I have seen it ; and was the inconsidering Coxcomb then to rave and rail at her, to curse her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charms, and bullied every Gazer : By Heaven I could not spare a Smile, a Look, and she has such a lavish Freedom in her Humour, that if you chance to love as I have done----it will surely make thee mad ; if she but talked aloud, or put her little Affectation on, to show the Force of Beauty, oh God ! How lost in Rage ! How mad with Jealousy, was my fond breaking Heart ! My Eyes grew fierce, and clamorous my Tongue ! And I have scarce contained myself from hurting what I so much adored ; but then the subtle Charmer had such Arts to flatter me to Peace again----to clasp her lovely Arms about my Neck----to sigh a thousand dear confirming Vows into my Bosom, and kisses, and smile, and swear---and take away my Rage,---and then---oh my *Octavio*, no human Fancy can present the Joy of the dear reconciling Moment, where little Quarrels raised the Rapture higher, and she was always new. These are the wondrous Pains, and wondrous Pleasures that Love by Turns inspires, till it grows wise by Time and Repetition, and then the God assumes a serious Gravity, Enjoyment takes off the uneasy Keeness of the Passion, the little jealous Quarrels rise no more ; Quarrels, the very Feathers of Love's Darts, that send them with more Swiftnes to the Heart ; and when they cease, your Transports lessen too, then we grow reasonable, and consider ; we love with Prudence then, as Fencers fight with Foils ; a fullen Brush perhaps sometimes or so ; but nothing that can touch the Heart, and when we are arrived to love at that dull, easy Rate, we never die of that Disease ; then we have Recourse to all the little Arts, the Aids of Flatterers, and dear Dissimulation,

tion (that Help-meet to the Luke-warm Lover) to keep up a good Character of Constancy, and a right Understanding.

Thus, *Octavio*, I have ran through both the Degrees of Love; which I have taken so often, that I am grown most learned and able in the Art; my easy Heart is of the Constitution of those, whom frequent Sickness renders apt to take Relapses from every little Cause, or Wind that blows too fiercely on them; it renders itself to the first Effects of new surprizing Beauty, and finds such Pleasure in beginning Passion, such dear Delight of fancying new Enjoyment, that all past Loves, past Vows and Obligations, have Power to bind no more; no Pity, no Remorse, no threatening Danger invades my amorous Course; I scour along the Flow'ry Plains of Love, view all the charming Prospect at a Distance, which represents itself all gay and glorious! And long to lay me down, to stretch and bask in those dear Joys that Fancy makes so ravishing: Nor am I one of those dull whining Slaves, whom Quality or my Respect can awe into a silent Cringer, and no more; no, Love, Youth, and oft Success has taught me Boldness and Art, Desire and Cunning to attack, to search the feeble Side of Female Weakness, and there to play Love's Engines; for Women will be won, they will, *Octavio*, if Love and Wit find any Opportunity.

Perhaps, my Friend, you are wondering now, what this Discourse, this odd Discovery of my own Inconstancy tends to? Then since I cannot better pay you back the Secret you had told me of your Love, than by another of my own; take this Confession from thy Friend---I love!---languish! And am dying,---for a new Beauty. To you, *Octavio*, you that have lived twenty dull tedious Years, and never understood the Mystery of

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Love,

Love, till *Sylvia* taught you to adore, this Change may seem a Wonder; you that have lasily run more than half your Youth's gay Course of Life away, without the Pleasure of one nobler Hour of mine; who, like a Miser, hoard your sacred Store, or scantily have dealt it but to one, think me a lavish Prodigal in Love, and gravely will reproach me with Inconstancy----but use me like a Friend, and hear my Story.

It happened in my last Day's Journey on the Road I overtook a Man of Quality, for so his Equipage confessed; we joined and fell into Discourse of many Things indifferent, till, from a Chain of one Thing to another, we chanced to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I soon found him a *Cesarian*; for he grew hot with his Concern for that Prince, and fiercely owned his Interest: This pleased me, and I grew familiar with him; and I pleased him so well in my Deyotion for *Cesar*, that being arrived at *Collen* he invites me Home to his Palace, which he begged I would make use of as my own during my Stay at *Collen*. Glad of the Opportunity I obeyed, and soon informed myself by a *Spanish* Page (that waited on him) to whom I was obliged; he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a *Spaniard* born, and of Quality, who for some Disgust at Court retired hither; that he was a Person of much Gravity, a great Politician, and very Rich; and tho' well in Years was lately married to a very beautiful young Lady, and that very much against her Consent; a Lady whom he had taken out of a Monastery, where she had been pensioned from a Child, and of whom he was so fond and jealous; he never would permit her to see or be seen by any Man: And if she took the Air in her Coach, or went to Church, he obliged her to wear a Veil. Having learned thus much of the Boy, I dismissed him

him with a Present; for he had already inspired me with Curiosity, that Prologue to Love, and I knew not of what Use he might be hereafter; a Curiosity that I was resolved to satisfy, though I broke all the Laws of Hospitality, and even that first Night I felt an Impatience that gave me some Wonder. In fine, three Days I languished out in a Disorder that was very nearly allied to that of Love. I found myself magnificently lodged; attended with a formal Ceremony; and indeed all Things were as well as I could imagine, bating a kind Opportunity to get a Sight of this young Beauty: Now half a Lover grown, I sighed and grew oppressed with Thought, and had Recourse to Groves, to shady Walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens afforded Variety, the most resembling Nature that ever Art produced, and of the most melancholy Recesses, fancying there, in some lucky Hour, I might encounter what I already so much adored in *Idæa*, which still I formed just as my Fancy wished; there, for the first two Days I walked and sighed, and told my new-born Passion to every gentle Wind that played among the Boughs; for yet no Lady bright appeared beneath them, no Visionary Nymph the Groves afforded; but on the third Day, all full of Love and Stratagem, in the Cool of the Evening, I passed into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purred and murmured through the Glade, and passed into the Meads; this pleased and fed my present amorous Humour, and down I laid myself on the shady Brink, and listened to its melancholy Glidings, when from behind me I heard a Sound more ravishing, a Voice that sung these Words:

*Alas, in vain, you Pow'rs above,
 You gave me Youth, you gave me Charms,
 And ev'ry tender Sense of Love;
 To destine me to old Phileno's Arms.
 Ah how can Youth's gay Spring allow
 The chilling Kisses of the Winter's Snow!*

*All Night I languish by his Side,
 And fancy Joys I never taste;
 As Men in Dreams a Feast provide,
 And waking find, with Grief, they fast.
 Either, ye Gods, my youthful Fires allay,
 Or make the old Phileno young and gay.*

*Like a fair Flower in Shades Obscurity,
 Tho' every Sweet adorns my Head,
 Ungather'd, unadmired I lie,
 And wither on my silent gloomy Bed,
 While no kind Aids to my Relief appear,
 And no kind Bosom makes me triumph there.*

By this you may easily guess, as I soon did, that the Song was sung by Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very Beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divined it so! I rose, and advanced by such slow Degrees, as neither alarmed the fair Singer, nor hindered me the Pleasure of hearing any Part of the Song, till I approached so near as (behind the Shelter of some *Jessamin* that divided us) I, unseen, compleated those Wounds at my Eyes, which I had received before at my Ears. Yes, *Ottavio*, I saw the lovely *Clarinau* leaning on a Pillow made of some of those *Jessamins* which favoured me, and served her for a Canopy. But, oh my Friend! How shall I present her to thee in that Angel Form she then appeared to me? All young! All ravishing as newborn Light to lost benighted Travellers; her

Face, the fairest in the World, was adorned with Curls of shining Jet, tied up---I know not how, all carelessly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with Pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, such as young Royal Brides put on when they undress for Joys; her Eyes were black, the softest Heaven ever made; her Mouth was sweet, and formed for all Delight; so red her Lips, so round, so graced with Dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm Desires about a frozen Heart; a sprightly Air of Wit compleated all, encreased my Flame, and made me mad with Love: Endless it were to tell thee all her Beauties: Nature all over was lavish and profuse; let it suffice, her Face, her Shape, her Mein, had more of Angel in them than Humanity! I saw her thus all charming! Thus she lay! A smiling Melancholy dressed her Eyes, which she had fixed upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying; just such I fancied famed *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* first beheld her; nor was that Royal Ravisher more inflamed than I, or readier for the Encounter. Alone she was, which heightened my Desires; Oh Gods! Alone lay the young lovely Charmer, with wishing Eyes, and all prepared for Love! The Shade was gloomy, and the tell-tale Leaves combined so close, they must have given us Warning if any had approached from either Side! All favoured my Design, and I advanced; but with such Caution as not to inspire her with a Fear, instead of that of Love! A slow, uneasy Pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes, and burning in my Heart---At my Approach she scarce contained her Cries, and rose surpris'd and blushing, discovering to me such a proportioned Height---so lovely and majestick---that I stood gazing on her, all lost in Wonder, and gave her Time to dart her Eyes at me, and every Look pierced deeper to my Soul, and I had no Sense but

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Love,

Love, silent admiring Love! Immoveable I stood, and had no other Motion but that of a Heart all panting, which lent a feeble Trembling to my Tongue, and even when I would have spoke to her, it sent a Sigh up to prevent my Boldness; and O, *Octavio*, though I have been bred in all the saucy Daring of a forward Lover, yet now I wanted a convenient Impudence; awed with a haughty Sweetness in her Look, like a Fauxbrave after a vigorous Onset, finding the Danger fly so thick around him, sheers off, and dares not face the pressing Foe, struck with too fierce a Lightning from her Eyes, whence the Gods sent a thousand winged Darts, I veiled my own, and durst not play with Fire: While thus she hotly did pursue her Conquest, and I stood fixed on the defensive Part, I heard a Rusling amongst the thick-grown Leaves, and through their mystick Windings soon perceived the good old Count of *Clarinau* approaching, muttering and mumbling to old *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treasure, and which she having left alone in the Thicket, and had retired but at an awful Distance, had most extremely disoblighed her Lord. I only had Time enough in this little Moment to look with Eyes that asked a thousand Pities, and told her in their silent Language how loth they were to leave the charming Object, and with a Sigh----I vanished from the wondring fair One, nimble as Lightning, silent as a Shade, to my first Post behind the Jessamins; that was the utmost that I could persuade my Heart to do. You may believe, my dear *Octavio*, I did not bless the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear Recess, nor him, nor my own Fate; and to compleate my Torment, I saw him (after having gravely reproached her for being alone without her Woman) yes, I saw him fall on her Neck, her lovely snowy

Neck, and loll and kifs, and hang his tawny withered Arms on her fair Shoulders, and prefs his nauseous Load upon *Calista's* Body, (for fo I heard him name her) while ſhe was gazing ſtill upon the empty Place, whence ſhe had ſeen me vaniſh; which he perceiving, cried-----*My little Fool, what is it thou gazeſt on, turn to thy nown old Man, and buſs him ſoundly*----When putting him by with a Diſdain, that half made Amends for the Injury he had done me by coming, *Ah, my Lord,* cried ſhe, *even now, juſt there I ſaw a lovely-Viſion, I never beheld ſo excellent a Thing: How,* cried he, *a Viſion, a Thing,---What Viſion? What Thing? Where? How? And when*----*Why there,* ſaid ſhe, *with my Eyes, and juſt now is vaniſhed behind yon Jeſſamins.* With that I drew my Sword ----for I deſpaired to get off unknown; and being well enough acquainted with the jealous Nature of the *Spaniards*, which is no more than ſee and ſtab, I prepared to ſtand on my Defence till I could reconcile him, if poſſible, to Reason; yet even in that Moment I was more afraid of the Injury he might do the innocent Fair One, than of what he could do to me: But he not ſo much as dreaming ſhe meant a Man by her lovely Viſion, fell a kiſſing her anew, and beckoning *Dormina* off to Pimp at Diſtance, told her, *The Grove was ſo ſweet, the River's Murmurs ſo delicate, and ſhe was ſo curiouſly dressed, that all together had inſpired him with a Love-Fit;* and then aſſaulting her anew with a Sneer, which you have ſeen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to aſt the little Tricks of Youth, that looked ſo goatish in him---inſtead of kindling it would have damped a Flame; which ſhe reſiſted with a Scorn ſo charming gave me new Hope and Fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, Diſdain, and Loathing in her Eyes, ſhe fled like *Daphne* from the Ravisher; he being
bent

bent on Love pursued her with a feeble Pace, like an old Wood-God chasing some coy Nymph, who winged with Fear out-strips the flying Wind, and though a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new Love, new Hope, new Jealousy, Impatience, Sighs and Wishes, in the abandoned Grove. Nor could I go without another View of that dear Place in which I saw her lie. I went---and laid me down just on the Print which her fair Body made, and pressed, and kissed it over a thousand Times with eager Transports, and even fancied fair *Calista* there; there 'twas I found the Paper with the Song which I have sent you; there I ran over a thousand Stratagems to gain another View; no little Statesman had more Plots and Arts than I to gain this Object I adored, the soft Idea of my burning Heart, now raging wild, abandoned all to Love and loose Desire; but hitherto my Industry is vain; each Day I haunt the thickest Groves and Springs, the flowry Walks, close Arbors; all the Day my busy Eyes and Heart are searching her, but no Intelligence they bring me in: In fine, *Octavio*, all that I can since learn is, that the bright *Calista* had seen a Vision in the Garden, and ever since was so possessed with Melancholy, that she had not since quitted her Chamber; she is daily pressing the Count to permit her to go into the Garden, to see if she can again encounter the lovely *Phantom*, but whether, from any Description she hath made of it, (or from any other Cause) he imagines how it was, I know not; but he endeavours all he can to hinder her, and tells her it is not lawful to tempt Heaven by invoking an Apparition; so that till a second View eases the Torments of my Mind, there is nothing in Nature to be conceived so raving mad as I; as if my Despair of finding her again increased my impatient Flame, instead of lessening it.

After this Declaration, judge, *Octavio*, who has given the greatest Proofs of his Friendship, you or I; you being my Rival, trust me with the Secret of loving my Mistress, which can no Way redound to your Disadvantage; but I, by telling you the Secrets of my Soul, put it into your Power to ruin me with *Sylvia*, and to establish yourself in her Heart; a Thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an Ambition in my Love, that would not, while I am toiling for Empire here, lose my Dominion in another Place: But since I can no more rule a Woman's Heart, than a Lover's Fate, both you and *Sylvia* may deceive my Opinion in that, but shall never have Power to make me believe you less my Friend, than I am your

PHILANDER.

P O S T S C R I P T.

The Inclosed I need not oblige you to deliver; you see I give you Opportunity.

Octavio no sooner arrived to that Part of the Letter which named the Count of *Clarinau*, but he stopped, and was scarce able to proceed, for the charming *Calista* was his Sister, the only one he had, who having been bred in a Nunnery, was taken then to be married to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divined this was the new Amour that had engaged the Heart of his Friend; he was afraid to be farther convinced, and yet a Curiosity to know how far he had proceeded, made him read it out with all the Disorder of a Man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he considered her young, about eighteen, married to an old, ill-favoured, jealous Husband, no Parents
but

but himself to right her Wrongs, or revenge her Levity; he knew, tho' she wanted no Wit, she did Art, for being bred without the Conversation of Men, she had not learnt the little Cunning of her Sex; he guessed by his own Soul that her's was soft and apt for Impression; he judged from her Confession to her Husband of the Vision, that she had a simple Innocence, that might betray a young Beauty under such Circumstances; to all this he considered the Charms of *Philander* irresistible, his unwearied Industry in Love, and concludes his Sister lost. At first he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but soon thought it unreasonable to accuse himself of an Injustice, and excused the Frailty of *Philander*, since he knew not that she whom he adored was Sister to his Friend; however, it failed not to possess him with Inquietude that exercised all his Wit, to consider how he might prevent an irreparable Injury to his Honour, and an Intrigue that possibly might cost his Sister her Life, as well as Fame. In the Midst of all these Torments he forgot not the more important Business of his Love: For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fixed on the fair Object of its Adoration, whatever other Thoughts fatigue and cloud his Mind, that, like a soft Gleam of new sprung Light, darts in and spreads a Glory all around, and like the God of Day, cheers every drooping Vital; yet even these dearer Thoughts wanted not their Torments. At first he strove to atone for the Fears of *Calista*, with those of imagining *Philander* false to *Sylvia*: *Well*, cried he---
If thou be'st lost, Calista, at least thy Ruin has laid a Foundation for my Happiness, and every Triumph Philander makes of thy Virtue, it the more secures my Empire over Sylvia; and since the Brother cannot be happy, but by the Sister's being undone, yield thou, O faithless fair one, yield to Philander, and

make me blest in Sylvia! And thou (continued he) *oh perjured Lover and inconstant Friend, glut thy insatiate Flame-----rifle Calista of every Virtue Heaven and Nature gave her, so I may but revenge it on thy Sylvia!* Pleased with this joyful Hope he traverses his Chamber; glowing and blushing with new kindling Fire, his Heart that was all gay, diffused a Gladness, that expressed itself in every Feature of his lovely Face; his Eyes, that were by Nature languishing, shone now with an unusual Air of Briskness, Smiles graced his Mouth, and Dimples dressed his Face, insensibly his busy Fingers trick and dress, and set his Hair, and without designing it, his Feet are bearing him to *Sylvia*, till he stopt short and wondered whither he was going, for yet it was not Time to make his Visit---*Whither, fond Heart,* (said he) *O whither wouldst thou hurry this Slave to thy soft Fires!* And now returning back he paused and fell to Thought---He remembered how impatiently *Sylvia* waited the Return of the Answer he writ to him, wherein he owned his Passion for that Beauty. He knew she permitted him to write it, more to raise the little brisk Fires of Jealousy in *Philander*, and to set an Edge on his blunted Love, than from any Favours she designed *Octavio*: And that on this Answer depended all her Happiness, or the Confirmation of her Doubts, and that she would measure *Philander's* Love by the Effects she found there of it: So that never Lover had so hard a Game to play, as our new one. He knew he had it now in his Power to ruin his Rival, and to make almost his own Terms with his fair Conqueress, but he considered the Secret was not rendered him for so base an End, nor could his Love advance itself by Ways so false, dull and criminal---Between each Thought he paused, and now resolves she must know he sent an Answer to

to his Letter; for should she know he had, and that he should refuse her the Sight of it, he believed with Reason she ought to banish him for ever her Presence, as the most disobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pauses on---but no kind Thought presents itself to save him; either Way he finds himself undone, and from the most gay, and most triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one desirous Thought of right Reasoning, finds he is the most miserable of all the Creation! He reads the Supercription of that *Philander* writ to *Sylvia*, which was inclosed in his, and finds it was directed only---For *Sylvia*, which would plainly demonstrate it came not so into *Holland*, but that some other Cover secured it; so that never any but *Octavio*, the most nice in Honour, had ever so great a Contest with Love and Friendship: For his noble Temper was not one of those that could sacrifice his Friend to his little Lusts, or his more solid Passion, but truly brave, resolves now rather to die than to confess *Philander's* Secret; to evade which he sent her Letter by his Page, with one from himself; and commanded him to tell her, that he was going to receive some Commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he would wait on her himself in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* sent him with a Sigh, and Eyes that languishingly told him he did it with Regret.

The Page hastening to *Sylvia*, finds her in all the Disquiet of an expecting Lover; and snatching the Papers from his Hand, the first she saw was that from *Philander*, at which she trembled with Fear and Joy, for Hope, Love and Despair, at once seized her, and hardly able to make a Sign with her Hand, for the Boy to withdraw, she sunk down into her Chair, all pale, and almost fainting; but re-assuming her Courage, she opened it, and read this.

PHILANDER to SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*! Why all these Doubts and Fears? Why at this Distance do you accuse your Lover, when he is incapable to fall before you, and undeceive your little Jealousies. Oh, *Sylvia*, I fear this first Reproaching me, is rather the Effects of your own Guilt, than any that Love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Sylvia*, it is the Waves that roll and glide away, and not the steady Shore. 'Tis you begin to unfasten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. It is you, whose Pride and Beauty scorning to be confined, give Way to the admiring Croud, that sigh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the rest of your fair glorious Sex, love the Admirer though you hate the Coxcomb. It is vain! it is great! And shews your Beauty's Power---Is it possible, that for the Safety of my Life I cannot retire, but you must think I am fled from Love and *Sylvia*? Or is it possible that pitying Tenderness that made me incapable of taking Leave of her should be interpreted as false---and base---and that an Absence of thirty Days, so forc'd, and so compelled, must render me inconstant---lost---ungrateful---as if that after *Sylvia* Heaven ever made a Beauty that could charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thousand Faults, it is short, it is cold, and wants those usual Softnesses that gave them all their Welcome, and their Graces. I fear my *Sylvia* loves the Flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*: And she considers him not for himself, but the gay, glorious Thing he makes of her! Ah! too Self-interested! Is that your Justice? You never allow for my unhappy Circumstances; you never

never think how Care oppresses me, nor what my Love contributes to that Care. How Business, Danger, and a thousand Ills, take up my harrassed Mind: By every Power! I love thee still, my *Sylvia*, but Time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave off Ceremony, and come to closer Joys to join our Interests now, as People fixed, resolved to live and die together; to weave our Thoughts, and be united stronger. At first we shew the gayest Side of Love, dress and be nice in every Word and Look, set out for Conquest all; spread every Art, use every Stratagem ---But when the Toil is past, and the dear Victory gained, we then propose a little idle Rest, a little easy Slumber: We then embrace, lay by the gaudy Shew, the Plumes and gilded Equipage of Love, the Trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lover to your Arms; we shew him then uncased with all his little Disadvantages; perhaps the flowing Hair, (those Ebony Curls you have so often combed and dressed, and kissed) are then put up, and shew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique *Roman* than *Philander*: And shall I then, because I want a Grace, be thought to love you less? Because the embroidered Coat, the Point and Garniture's laid by, must I put off my Passion with my Dress? No, *Sylvia*, Love allows a thousand little Freedoms, allows me to unbosom all my Secrets; tell thee my Wants, my Fears, Complaints and Dangers, and think it great Relief if thou but sigh and pity me: And oft thy charming Wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my Pain. O where shall I unload my Weight of Cares, when *Sylvia*, who was wont to sigh and weep, and suffer me to ease the heavy Burden, now grows displeas'd and peevish with my Moans, and calls them the Effects of dying Love! Instead of those dear Smiles, that fond

bewitching Prattle, that used to calm my roughest Storm of Grief, she now reproaches me with Coldness, Want of Concern, and Lover's Rhetorick: And when I seem to beg Relief, and shew my Soul's Repentment, it is then I'm false; it is my Aversion, or the Effects of some new kindling Flame: Is this fair Dealing, *Sylvia*? Can I not spare a little Sigh from Love, but you must think I rob you of your Due? If I omit a tender Name, by which I used to call you, must I be thought to lose that Passion that taught me such Endearments? And must I never reflect upon the Ruin both of my Fame and Fortune, but I must run the Risk of losing *Sylvia* too! Oh Cruelty of Love! Oh too, too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent Passion can create, when it extends beyond the Bounds of Reason! Ah too, too nicely tender *Sylvia*, that will not give me Leave to cast a Thought back on my former Glory; yet even that Loss I could support with Tameness and Content, if I believed my Suffering reached only to my Heart; but *Sylvia*, if she love, must feel my Torments too, must share my Loss, and want a thousand Ornaments, my sinking Fortune cannot purchase her: Believe me, charming Creature, if I should love you less, I have a Sense so just of what you have suffered for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Gally-Slave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their Due; but as I am thy faithful Lover still, depend upon that Fortune Heaven has left me; which if thou canst (as thou has often sworn) then thou would'st submit to be chearful still, be gay and confident, and do not judge my Heart by little Words; my Heart---too great and fond for such poor Demonstrations.

You ask me, *Sylvia*, where I am, and what I do; and all I can say is, that at present I am safe from any Fears of being delivered up to *France*,
and

and what I do is sighing, dying, grieving; I want my *Sylvia*; but my Circumstances yet have nothing to encourage that Hope; when I resolve where to settle, you shall see what haste I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear Pledge of our soft Hours advances. I mean, what I believe I left thee possessed of, a young *Philander*: Cherish it, *Sylvia*, for that is a certain Obligation to keep a dying Fire alive; be sure you do it no Hurt by your unnecessary Grief, though there needs no other Tie but that of Love to make me more entirely

Your PHILANDER.

If *Sylvia's* Fears were great before she opened the Letter, what were her Pains when all those Fears were confirmed from that never-failing Mark of a declining Love, the Coldness and Alteration of the Style of Letters, that first Symptom of a dying Flame! *Oh where, said she, where, oh perjured Charmer, is all that Ardency that used to warm the Reader? Where is all that natural Innocence of Love that could not, even to discover and express a Grace in Eloquence, force one soft Word, or one Passion? Oh, continued she, he is lost and gone from Sylvia and his Vows; some other has him all, clasps that dear Body, hangs upon that Face, gazes upon his Eyes, and listens to his Voice, when he is looking, sighing, swearing, dying, lying and damning of himself for some new Beauty----He is, I will not endure it; aid me, Antonet! O where is the perjured Traitor! Antonet,* who was waiting on her, seeing her rise on the sudden in so great a Fury, would have staid her hasty Turns and Ravings, beseeching her to tell her what was the Occasion, and by a Discovery to ease her Heart; but she with all the Fury imaginable

ginable flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and snatching up a Penknife, had certainly sent it to her Heart, had not *Antonet* stepped to her and caught her Hand, which she resisted not, and blushing resigned, with telling her, she was ashamed of her own Cowardice; *For*, said she, *if it had designed to have been Brave, I had sent you off, and by a noble Resolution have freed this Slave within* (striking her Breast) *from a Tyranny which it should disdain to suffer under*: With that she raged about the Chamber with broken Words and imperfect Threatenings, unconsidered Imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths; at which *Antonet* redoubled her Petition to know the Cause; and she replied---Philander! *The dear, the soft, the fond and charming Philander is now no more the same. O, Antonet, said she, didst thou but see this Letter compared to those of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new Desire dressed his soft Eyes in Tears, and taught his Tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender Word had more of Passion, than Volumes of this forced, this trifling Business; O thou wouldst say I were the wretchedest Thing that ever Nature made-----Oh, thou wouldst curse as I do----not the dear Murderer, but thy frantick Self, thy mad, deceived, believing, easy Self; if thou wert so undone----*Then while she wept she gave *Antonet* Liberty to speak, which was to persuade her, her Fears were vain; she urged every Argument of Love she had been Witness to, and could not think it possible he could be false. To all which the still weeping *Sylvia* lent a willing Ear; for Lovers are much inclined to believe every Thing they wish. *Antonet*, having a little calmed her, continued telling her, that to be better convinced of his Love, or his Perfidy, she ought to have Patience till *Octavio* should come to visit her; *For you have forgotten, Madam,* said

faid ſhe, *that the generous Rival has ſent him Word he is your Lover*: For *Antonet* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any Thing the open-hearted *Sylvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women who have made a Breach in their Honour, are ſeldom ſo careful of their Reſt of Fame, as thoſe who have a Stock entire; and *Sylvia* believ'd after ſhe had entrusted the Secret of one Amour to her Diſcretion, ſhe might conceal none. See, *Madam*, ſays *Antonet*, *here is a Letter yet unread*: *Sylvia*, who had been a great while impatient for the Return of *Octavio's* Anſwer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the Confirmation of all her Doubts, haſtily ſnatched the Letter out of *Antonet's* Hand, and read it, hoping to have found ſomething there to have eaſed her Soul one Way or other; a Soul the moſt raging and haughty by Nature that ever poſſeſſed a Body: The Words were theſe.

. OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

AT leaſt you will pity me, oh charming *Sylvia*, when you ſhall call to Mind the cruel Services I am oblig'd to render you, to be the Meſſenger of Love from him, whom Beauty and that God plead ſo ſtrongly for already in your Heart.

If, after this, you can propoſe a Torture that yet may ſpeak my Paſſion and Obedienc in any higher Meaſure, command and try my Fortitude; for I too well divine, O rigorous Beauty; the Buſineſs of your Love-ſick Slave will be only to give you Proofs how much he does adore you, and never to taſte a Joy, even in a diſtant Hope; like Lamps in Urns my laſting Fire muſt burn, without one kind Material to ſupply it. Ah *Sylvia*, if ever it be thy wretched Fate to ſee the Lord of
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all your Vows given to another's Arms----when you shall see in those soft Eyes that you adore, a Languishment and Joy if you but name another Beauty to him;----when you behold his Blushes fade and rise at the Approaches of another Mistress, ----hear broken Sighs and unassured Replies, whenever he answers some new Conqueress; Tremblings, and Pantings seizing every Part at the warm Touch as of a second Charmer: Ah, *Sylvia*, do but do me Justice then, and sighing say ---I pity poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the blest *Philander*, which I had brought myself, but cannot bear the Torment of that Joy that I shall see advancing in your Eyes when you shall read it over---no---it is too much that I imagine all! Yet bless that patient Fondness of my Passion that makes me still your Slave, and your Adorer,

OCTAVIO.

At finishing this, the jealous Fair One redoubled her Tears with such Violence, that it was in vain her Woman strove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reasonable Arguments she could bring to her Aid; and *Sylvia*, to encrease it, read again the latter Part of the ominous Letter; which she wet with the Tears that streamed from her bright Eyes. *Yes, yes,* (cried she, laying the Letter down) *I know, Octavio, this is no Prophecy of yours, but a known Truth: Alas, you know too well the fatal Time is already come, when I shall find these Changes in Philander! Ah Madam,* replied *Antonet,* *how curious are you to search out Torments for your own Heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you understand the Arts and Politicks of Love! Alas, Madam,* continued she, *you yourself have armed my Lord Octavio with these Weapons that wound you: The last Time he writ to my Lord Phi-*

Philander, he found you possessed with a thousand Fears and Jealousies; of these he took Advantage to attack his Rival: For what Man is there so dull, that would not assault his Enemy in that Part where the most considerable Mischief may be done him? It is now Octavio's Interest, and his Business, to render Philander false, to give you all the Umbrage that is possible of so powerful a Rival, and to say any Thing that may render him hateful to you, or at least to make him love you less. Away, (replied Sylvia with an uneasy Smile) how foolish are thy Reasonings; for were it possible I could love Philander less, is it to be imagined that should make Way for Octavio in my Heart, or any, after that dear Deceiver? No doubt of it, replied Antonet, but that very Effect it would have on your Heart; for Love in the Soul of a witty Person is like a Skain of Silk; to unwind it from the Bottom, you must wind it on another, or it runs into Confusion, and becomes of no Use, and then of Course, as one lessens the other encreases, and what Philander loses in Love, Octavio, or some one industrious Lover, will most certainly gain. Oh, replied Sylvia, you are a great Philosopher in Love. I should, Madam, cried Antonet, had I but had a good Memory, for I had a young Churchman once in Love with me, who has read many a Philosophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the rest, he used to say the Soul was all composed of Love. I used to ask him then, If it were formed of so soft Materials, how it came to pass that we were no oftner in Love, or why so many were so long before they loved, and others who never loved at all? No question but he answered you wisely, said Sylvia carelessly and sighing, with her Thoughts but half attentive. Marry, and so he did, cried Antonet; at least I thought so then, because I loved a little. He said, Love of itself was unactive, but it was informed by Object; and then too
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that Object must depend on Fancy; (for Souls, though all Love, are not to love all.) Now Fancy, he said, was sometimes nice, humorous, and fantastick, which is the Reason we so often love those of no Merit, and despise those that are most excellent; and sometimes Fancy guides us to like neither; he used to say, Women were like Misers, though they had always Love in Store, they seldom cared to part with it, but on very good Interest and Security, Cent. per Cent. most commonly, Heart for Heart at least; and for Security, he said, we were most Times too unconscionable, we asked Vows at least, at worst Matrimony-----Half angry, Sylvia cried-----And what is all this to my loving again? Oh Madam, replied Antonet, He said a Woman was like a Gamester, if on the winning Hand, Hope, Interest, and Vanity made him play on, besides the Pleasure of the Play itself; if on the losing, then he continued throwing at all to save a Stake at last, if not to recover all; so either Way they find Occasion to continue the Game. But oh, said Sylvia sighing, what shall that Gamester set, who has already played for all he had, and lost it at a Cast? Oh, Madam, replied Antonet, the Young and Fair find Credit every where, there is still a Prospect of a Return, and that Gamester that plays thus upon the Tick is sure to lose but little; and if they win it is all clear Gains. I find, said Sylvia, you are a good Manager in Love; you are for the frugal Part of it. Faith, Madam, said Antonet, I am indeed of that Opinion, that Love and Interest always do best together, as two most excellent Ingredients in that rare Art of preserving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and Interest gives us all the Advantage of Dress, without which Beauty is lost, and of little Use. Love would have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and Money alone can render us so; and we find no Women want Lo-

vers so much as those who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the necessary Trifles of Gallantry. Of this last Opinion I find you yourself to be; for even when Octavio comes, on whose Heart you have no Design, I see you dress to the best Advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this, but that even unknown to yourself, you have a secret Joy and Pleasure in gaining Conquests, and of being adored, and thought the most charming of your Sex? That is not from the Inconstancy of my Heart, cried Sylvia, but from the little Vanity of our Natures. Oh, Madam, replied Antonet, there is no Friend to Love like Vanity; it is the falsest Betrayer of a Woman's Heart of any Passion, not Love itself betrays her sooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and Madam, I would I might have the Pleasure of my next Wish, when I find you not only listening to the Love of Octavio, but even approving it too. Away, replied Sylvia, in frowning, your Mirth grows rude and troublesome----Go bid the Page wait while I return an Answer to what his Lord has sent me. So sitting at the Table she dismissed Antonet, and writ this following Letter.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

I Find, Octavio, this little Gallantry of yours, of shewing me the Lover, stands you in very great Stead, and serves you upon all Occasions for Abundance of Uses; amongst the rest, it is no small Obligation you have to it, for furnishing you with handsome Pretences to keep from those who importune you, and from giving them that Satisfaction by your Counsel and Conversation, which possibly the Unfortunate may have Need of sometimes; and when you are pressed and obliged to render me the Friendship of your Visits, this necessary
ready

ready Love of yours is the only Evasion you have for the answering a thousand little Questions I ask you of *Philander*; whose Heart I am afraid you know much better than *Sylvia* does. I could almost wish, *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your Passion were true, that my Commands might be of Force sufficient to compel you to resolve my Heart in some Doubts that oppress it. And indeed if you would have me believe the one, you must obey me in the other; to which End I conjure you to hasten to me, for something of an unusual Coldness in *Philander's* Letter, and some ominous Divinations in yours, have put me on a Rack of Thought; from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me; this you dare not deny, if you value the Repose of

S Y L V I A.

She read it over; and was often about to tear it, fancying it was too kind: But when she considered it was from no other Inclination of her Heart than that of getting the Secrets out of his, she pardoned herself the little Levity she found it guilty of; all which, considering as the Effects of the violent Passion she had for *Philander*, she found it easy to do; and sealing it she gave it to *Antonet* to deliver to the Page, and set herself down to ease her Soul of its heavy Weight of Grief by her Complaints to the dear Author of her Pain; for when a Lover is insupportably afflicted, there is no Ease like that of writing to the Person loved; and that, all that comes uppermost in the Soul: For true Love is all unthinking artless Speaking, incorrect Disorder, and without Method, as 'tis without Bounds or Rules; such were *Sylvia's* unstudied Thoughts, and such her following Letter.

SYLVIA to PHILANDER.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I consider all thy past tender Vows, when I reflect how thou hast loved and sworn. Methinks I hear the Musick of thy Voice still whispering in my Bosom; methinks the charming Softness of thy Words remains like lessening Echo's of my Soul, whose distant Voices by Degrees decay, till they be heard no more! Alas, I've read thy Letter over and over, and turned the Sense a thousand several Ways, and all to make it speak and look like Love----O I have flattered it with all my Heart. Sometimes I fancied my ill Reading spoiled it, and then I tuned my Voice to softer Notes, and read it over again; but still the Words appeared too rough and harsh for any moving Air; which Way soever I changed, which Way soever I questioned it of Love, it answered in such Language---as others would perhaps interpret Love, or something like it; but I, who've heard the very God himself speak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen, when all the Eloquence of moving Angels flowed from thy charming Tongue! When I have seen thee fainting at my Feet, (whilst all Heaven opened in thy glorious Face) and now and then sigh out a trembling Word, in which there was contained more Love, more Soul, than all the Arts of Speaking ever found; what Sense? Oh what Reflections must I make on this Decay, this strange----this sudden Alteration in thee? But that the Cause is fled, and the Effect is ceased, the God retired, and all the Oracles silenced! Confess-----oh thou Eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every Hour, and every tender Joy, renders more dear and lovely--- Tell me why (if thou still lovest me, and lovest

as well) does Love not dictate to thee as before? Dost thou want Words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old ones over ten thousand Times; such Repetitions are Love's Rhetorick! How often have I asked thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms clasping thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kisses on thy Cheeks, and taking in the Breath that sighed from thine? How often have I asked this little but important Question of thee? *Does my Philander love me?* Then kiss thee for thy *Yes* and Sighs, and ask again; and still my Soul was ravished with new Joy, when thou wouldst answer, *Yes, I love thee dearly!* And if I thought you spoke it with a Tone that seemed less soft and fervent than I wished, I asked so often, till I made thee answer in such a Voice as I would wish to hear it; all this had been impertinent and foolish in any Thing but Love, to any but a Lover: But oh---give me the Impertinence of Love! Talk little Nonsense to me all the Day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will please and charm my Love-sick Heart better than all fine Sense and Reasoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new Accident, what powerful Misfortune has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienced yet, to drive the little God out of thy Heart, and make thee so unlike my soft *Philander*? What Place contains thee, or what Pleasures ease thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious Day without thy *Sylvia*? How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou livest, art patient, tame and well; thou talkest not now of Ravings, or of Dying, but look'st about thee like a well pleased Conqueror after the Toils of Battle---Oh, I have known a Time---but let me never think upon it more! It cannot be remembered without Madness!

What,

What, think thee fallen from Love! To think, that I must never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in soft Sighs of Love? A thousand dear Expressions by which I knew the Story of thy Heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting--- Never to see thy Eyes fixed on my Face---till the soft Showers of Joy would gently fall and hang their shining Dew upon thy Looks, then in a Transport snatch me to thy Bosom, and sigh a thousand Times ere thou couldst utter---*Oh Sylvia, how I love thee*---Oh the dear Eloquence those few short Words contain, when they are sent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all languishing! But now--- alas, thy Love is more familiar grown---oh take the other Part of the Proverb too, and say it has bred Contempt, for nothing less than that your Letter shews, but more it does, and that is Indifference, less to be borne than Hate, or any Thing---

At least be just, and let me know my Doom: Do not deceive the Heart that trusted all thy Vows, if thou be'st generous---if thou lettest me know---thy Date of Love---is out (for Love perhaps as Life has Dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canst stay the one than the other; yet if thou art so kind for all my Honour lost, my Youth undone, my Beauty tarnished, and my lasting Vows, to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthless Life will be the only Loss: But if thou still continuest to impose upon my easy Faith, and I should any other Way learn my approaching Fate---look to it *Philander*,---She that had the Courage to abandon all for Love and faithless thee, can, when she finds herself betrayed and lost, nobly revenge the Ruin of her Fame, and send thee to the other World with

SYLVIA.

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She having writ this, read it over, and fancied she had not spoke half the Sense of her Soul----fancied if she were again to begin, she could express herself much more to the Purpose she designed, than she had done. She began again, and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough; the first she feared would shew a Weakness of Spirit, since he had given her Occasion of Jealousy; the last she feared would disoblige if all those Jealousies were false; she therefore tore those last she had writ, and before she sealed up the first she read *Philander's* Letter again, but still ended it with Fears that did not lessen those she had first conceived; still she thought she had more to say, as Lovers do, who are never weary of Speaking or Writing to the dear Object of their Vows; and having already forgotten what she had just said before---and her Heart being by this Time as full as ere she began, she took up her complaining Pen, and made it say this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander!* Oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I would repent me of the cruel Thoughts I have of thee! When I had finished this Inclosed I read again thy chilling Letter, and strove, with all the Force of Love and soft Imagination, to find a dear Occasion of asking Pardon for those Fears which press my breaking Heart: But oh, the more I read, the more they strike upon my tenderest Part,---something so very cold, so careless and indifferet you end your Letter with-----I will not think of it---by Heaven it makes me rave---and hate my little Power, that could no longer keep thee soft and kind. Oh if those killing Fears (bred by Excess of Love) are vainly taken up, in Pity, my Adorable---in Pity to my tortured Soul convince them, redress the Torment of my jealous Doubts, and
 I either

either Way confirm me; be kind to her that dies and languishes for thee, return me all the Softness that first charmed me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous or be kind to the unfortunate and undone

SYLVIA.

She thought she had ended here, but here again she read *Philander's* Letter, as if on Purpose to find new Torments out for a Heart too much pressed already; a Sour that is always mixt with the Sweets of Love, a Pain that ever accompanies the Pleasure. Love else were not to be numbered among the Passions of Men, and was at first ordained in Heaven for some divine Motion of the Soul, till *Adam*, with his Loss of *Paradise*, debauched it with Jealousies, Fears and Curiosities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'll say he had Reason to be jealous, whose Woman, for Want of other Seducers, listened to the Serpent, and for the Love of Change, would give Way even to a Devil; this little Love of Novelty and Knowledge has been entailed upon her Daughters ever since, and I have known more Women rendered unhappy and miserable from this Torment of Curiosity, which they bring upon themselves, than have ever been undone by less villainous Men. One of this Humour was our haughty and charming *Sylvia*, whose Pride and Beauty possessing her with a Belief that all Men were born to die her Slaves, made her uneasy at every Action of the Lover (whether beloved or not) that did but seem to slight her Empire: But where indeed she loved and doted, as now in *Philander*, this Humour put her on the Rack at every Thought or Fancy that he might break his Chains, and having laid the last Obligation upon him, she expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the

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haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all those Moments when Softness was not predominant in her Soul. She was chagrin at every Thing, if but displeas'd with one Thing; and while she gave Torments to others, she fail'd not to feel them the most sensibly herself; so that still searching for new Occasion of Quarrel with *Philander*, she drew on herself most intolerable Pains, such as doubting Lovers feel after long Hopes and confirm'd Joy; she reads and weeps, and when she came to that Part of it that inquired of the Health and Being of the Pledge of Love---she grew so tender that she was almost fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the soft Reflection, and finding she had said nothing of it already, she took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, oh charming *Philander*, how the Pledge of our soft Hours thrives: Alas, as if it meant to brave the worst of Fate! It does advance my Sorrows, and all your Cruelties have not destroyed that: But I still bear about me the Destiny of many a sighing Maid, that this (who will, I am sure, be like *Philander*) will ruin with his Looks.

Thou sacred Treasure of my Soul, forgive me, if I have wrong'd thy Love, *Adieu*.

—She made an End of writing this, just when *Antoniet* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to visit her, which gave her Occasion to say this of him to *Philander*.

I think I had not ended here, but that *Octavio*, the bravest and the best of Friends, is come to visit me. The only Satisfaction I have to support my Life in *Philander's* Absence. Pay him those Thanks that are due to him from me; pay him for all the generous Cares he has taken of me: beyond a Friend! Almost *Philander* in his blooming Passion, when it was all new and young, and full of Duty, could not have rendered me his Ser-

vice with a more awful Industry: Sure he was made for Love and glorious Friendship. Cherish him then, preserve him next your Soul, for he is a Jewel fit for such a Cabinet: His Form, his Parts, and every noble Action, shews us the Royal Race from whence he sprung, and the victorious *Orange* confesses him his own in every Virtue, and in every Grace; nor can the Illegitimacy eclipse him: Sure he was got in the first Heat of Love, which formed him so a *Heroe*----But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

SYLVIA.

She had no sooner finished this and sealed it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with such an Air, with such a Grace and Mien he approached her---with all the Languishment of soft trembling Love in his Face, which with the Addition of the Dress he was that Day in, (which was extremely rich and advantageous, and altogether such as pleases the Vanity of Women,) I have since heard the charming *Sylvia* say, in Spite of her Tenderness for *Philander*, she found a soft Emotion in her Soul, a kind of Pleasure at his Approach, which made her blush with some kind of Anger at her own Easiness. Nor could she have blushed in a more happy Season; for *Octavio* saw it, and it served at once to add a Lustre to her paler Beauty, and to betray some little kind Sentiment, which possessed him with a Joy that had the same Effects on him: *Sylvia* saw it; and the Care she took to hide her own, served but to increase her Blushes, which put her into a Confusion she had much ado to reclaim: She cast her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on her Hand, she continued on her Seat without paying him that usual Ceremony she was wont to do; while he stood Speechless for a Moment, gazing

on her with infinite Satisfaction: When she, to assume a Formality as well as she could, rose up and cried, (fearing he had seen too much) Octavio, *I have been considering after what Manner I ought to receive you? And while I was so, I left those Civilities unpaid, which your Quality and my good Manners ought to have rendered you. Ah, Madam,* replied he sighing, *if you would receive me as I merited, and you ought, at least you would receive me as the most passionate Lover that ever adored you. I was rather believing, said Sylvia, that I ought to have received you as my Foe; since you conceal from me so long what you cannot but believe I am extremely impatient of hearing, and what so nearly concerns my Repose.* At this, he only answering with a Sigh, she pursued, *Sure, Octavio, you understand me: Philander's Answer to the Letter of your confessing Passion, has not so long been the Subject of our Discourse and Expectation, but you guess at what I mean?* Octavio, who on all Occasions wanted not wit, or Reply, was here at a Loss what to answer; notwithstanding he had considered before what he would say: But let those in Love fancy, and make what fine Speeches they please, and believe themselves furnished with Abundance of eloquent Harangues, at the Sight of the dear Object they lose them all, and Love teaches them a Dialect much more prevailing, without the Expence of duller Thought: And they leave unpaid all they had so floridly formed before, a sigh a thousand Things with more Success: Love, like Poetry, cannot be taught, but uninstructed flows without painful Study, if it be true; it is born in the Soul, a noble Inspiration, not a Science! Such was Octavio's, he thought it dishonourable to be guilty of the Meanness of a Lye; and say he had no Answer: He thought it rude to say he had one and would not shew it
Sylvia;

Sylav; and he believed it the Height of ungenerous Baseness to shew it. While he remained this Moment silent, *Sylvia*, whose Love, Jealousy, and Impatience endured no Delay, with a malicious half Smile, and a Tone all angry, Scorn in her Eyes, and Passion on her Tongue, she cried-----
It is well, Octavio, that you so early let me know, you can be false, unjust, and faithless; you knew your Power, and in Pity to that Youth and easiness you found in me, have given a civil Warning to my Heart. In this I must confess, continued she, *you have given a much greater Testimony of your Friendship for Philander, than your Passion for Sylvia, and I suppose you came not here to resolve yourself which you should prefer; that was decided ere you arrived, and this Visit I imagine was only to put me out of Doubt: A Piece of Charity you might have spared.* She ended this with a Scorn, that had a thousand Charms, because it gave him a little Hope; and he answered with a Sigh, *Ab, Madam, how very easy you find it to entertain Thoughts disadvantageous of me: And how small a Fault your Wit and Cruelty can improve to a Crime! You are not offended at my Friendship for Philander. I know you do not value my Life, and my Repose so much, as to be concerned who, or what shares this Heart that adores you! No, it has not merited that Glory; nor dare I presume to hope, you should so much as wish my Passion for Sylvia, should surmount my Friendship to Philander. If I did,* replied she with a Scorn, *I perceive I might wish in vain. Madam,* answered he, *I have too Divine an Opinion of the Justice of the charming Sylvia to believe I ought, or could make my Approaches to her Heart, by Ways so base and ungenerous, the Result of even tolerated Treason is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice,* Octavio, replied *Sylvia,* *in your Punctilio to Philander; but I perceive you are not*

so tender in those you ought to have for Sylvia: I find Honour in you Men, is only what you please to make it, for at the same Time you think it ungenerous to betray Philander, you believe it no Breach of Honour to betray the eternal Repose of Sylvia. You have promised Philander your Friendship; you have avowed yourself my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every Thing; and yet not one of these has any Tye to oblige you to my Interest: Pray tell me, continued she, when you last writ to him; was it not in order to receive an Answer from him? And was not I to see that Answer? And here you think it no Dishonour to break your Word or Promise; by which I find your false Notions of Virtue and Honour, with which you serve yourselves, when Interest, Design, or Self-Love makes you think it necessary. Madam, replied Octavio, you are pleased to pursue your Anger, as if indeed I had disobeyed your Command, or refused to shew you what you imagine I have from Philander: Yes, I do, replied she hastily; and wonder why you should have a greater Friendship for Philander, than for Sylvia; especially if it be true that you say, you have joined Love to Friendship: Or are you of the Opinion of those, that cry, they cannot be a Lover and a Friend of the same Object. Ah, Madam, cried our perplexed Lover, I beg you to believe, I think it so much more my Duty and Inclination to serve and obey Sylvia, than I do Philander, that I swear to you, oh charming Conqueress of my Soul, if Philander have betrayed Sylvia, he has at the same Time betrayed Octavio, and that I would revenge it with the Loss of my Life: In injuring the adorable Sylvia, believe me, lovely Maid, he injures so much more than a Friend, as Honour is above the Inclinations; if he wrong you, by Heaven he cancels all! He wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Mistress, and my Sister: Fearing he had said too much, he

stopped

stopped and sighed at the Word Sister, and casting down his Eyes, blushing with Shame and Anger, he continued. *Oh give me leave to say a Sister, Madam, lest Mistress had been too daring and presumptuous, and a Title that would not justify my Quarrel half so well, since it would take the Honour from my just Resentment, and blast it with the Scandal of Self-Interest or jealous Revenge. What you say,* replied she, *deserves Abundance of Acknowledgment; but if you would have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me; and he, methinks, that was so daring to confess his Passion to Philander, may after that, venture on any Discovery: In short, Octavio, I demand to see the Return you have from Philander, for possibly---*said she, *sweetening her charming Face into a Smile designed, I should not be displeas'd to find I might with more Freedom receive your Address's, and on the Coldness of Philander's Reasoning may depend a great Part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your Credentials, they may recommend your Heart more effectually than all the fine Things you can say; you know how the least Appearance of a Slight from a Lover may advance the Pride of a Mistress; and Pride in this Affair will be your best Advocate.* Thus she insinuated with all her Female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and Smiles, sweetened her Mouth, softened her Voice and Eyes, assuming all the Tenderness and little Affectations her subtle Sex was capable of, while he lay all ravished and almost expiring at her Feet; sometimes transported with imagined Joys in the Possession of the dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of *Philander's* Letter; but Honour yet was even above his Passion, and made him blush at his first hasty Thought; and now he strove to put her off with all the Art he could,

who had so very little in his Nature, and whose real Love and perfect Honour had set him above the little Evasions of Truth, who scorned in all other Cases the Baseness and Cowardice of a Lie; and so unsuccessful now was the little honest Cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that it was soon discovered to the witty, jealous, and angry *Sylvia*: So that after all the Rage a passionate Woman could express, who believed herself injured by the only two Persons in the World from whom she expected most Adoration; she had recourse to that natural and softening Aid of her Sex, her Tears; and having already reproached *Octavio* with all the Malice of a defeated Woman, she now continued it in so moving a Manner, that our *Heroe* could no longer remain unconquered by that powerful Way of Charming, but unfixed to all he had resolved, gave up, at least, a Part of the Secret, and owned he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this Confession knowing very well he could not keep her from the Sight of it; no, tho' an Empire were rendered her to buy it off; his Wit was next employed how he should defend the Sense of it, that she might not think *Philander* false. In order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the most malicious of his Sex, and had contrived the best Stratagem in the World to find whether *Sylvia* still loved, or *Octavio* retained his Friendship for him: *And but that,* continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be such, that if I should persuade you not to see it, it would but the more inflame your Desire of seeing it; I would ask no more of the charming Sylvia, than that she would not oblige me to shew what would turn so greatly to my own Advantage: If I were not too sensible, it is but to entrap me, that Philander has taken this Method in his Answer. Believe me, adorable Sylvia, I plead against my own*

Life,

Life, while I beg you not to put my Honour to the Test, by commanding me to shew this Letter, and that I join against the Interest of my own Eternal Repose while I plead thus. She hears him with a hundred Changes of Countenance. Love, Rage, and Jealousy swell in her fierce Eyes, her Breath beats short, and she was ready to burst into Speaking before he had finished what he had to say; she called up all the little Discretion and Reason Love had left her to manage herself as she ought in this great Occasion; she bit her Lips, and swallowed her rising Sighs; but he soon saw the Storm he had raised, and knew not how to stand the Shock of its Fury; he sighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he endeavours to excuse the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her Heart, and sets her on the Rack; and concluding him false, she could no longer contain her Rage, but broke out into all the Fury that Madness can inspire, and from one Degree to another wrought her Passion to the Height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair, and bit his Hands that endeavoured to restrain her's from Violence, she rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and discovered a thousand Charms and Beauties; and finding now that both his Strength and Reason were too weak to prevent the Mischiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for Help: When *Brilliard* was but too ready at Hand, with *Antonet*, and some others, who came to his Assistance. *Brilliard*, who knew nothing of the Occasion of all this, believed it the second Part of his own late Adventure, and fancied that *Ostavio* had used some Violence to her; upon this he assumes the Authority of his Lord, and secretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Ostavio* with his Brutality, they fell to such Words as ended in a Challenge the next Morning, for *Brilliard* appeared a Gentleman, Companion to

his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* could not well refuse: This was not carried so silently but *Antonet*, busy as she was about her raving Lady, heard the Appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almost as much disturbed as *Sylvia*, whom, with much ado, they persuaded him to leave; but before he did so, he on his Knees offered her the Letter, and implored her to receive it; so absolutely his Love had vanquished his nobler Part, that of Honour. But she attending no Motions but those of her own Rage, had no Regard either to *Octavio*'s Proffer, or his Arguments of Excuse; so that he went away with the Letter in all the Extremity of Disorder. This last Part of his Submission was not seen by *Brilliard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio*'s Answer to his Challenge; so that *Sylvia* was now left with her Woman only; who by Degrees brought her to more Calmness; and *Brilliard*, impatient to hear the Reproaches he hoped she would give *Octavio* when she was returned to Reason, being curious of any Thing that might redound to his Disadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, returned again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wished, *Sylvia* being recovered from her Passion of Madness, and her Soul in a State of thinking a little with Reason, she misses *Octavio* in the Croud, and with a Voice her Rage had infeebled to a Languishment, she cried----surveying carefully those about her, *Oh where is Octavio? Where is that Angel Man? He who of all his Kind can give me Comfort? Madam*, replied *Antonet*, he is gone; while he was here, he kneeled and prayed in vain, but for a Word, or Look; his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one sensible Reply, but Rage had deafened you; what has he done to merit this? *Oh Antonet*, cried *Sylvia*----It was what he would
not

not do, that makes me rave; run, haste and fetch him back-----But let him leave his Honour all behind: Tell him he has too much Consideration for Philander, and none for my Repose. Oh, Brilliard,----Have I no Friend in view dares carry a Message from me to Octavio? Bid him return, ob instantly return-----I die, I languish for a Sight of him-----Descending Angels would not be so welcome-----Why stand ye still-----have I no Power with you-----Will none obey-----Then running hastily to the Chamber Door, she called her Page, to whom she cried-----Haste, haste, dear Youth, and find Octavio out, and bring him to me instantly: Tell him I die to see him. The Boy, glad of so kind a Message to so liberal a Lover, runs on his Errand, while she returns to her Chamber, and endeavours to recollect her Senses against Octavio's coming as much as possibly she could: She dismisses her Attendant with different Apprehensions; sometimes Brilliard believed this was the second Part of her first Raving, and having never seen her thus, but for Philander, concludes it the Height of Tendernefs and Passion for Octavio; but because she made so publick a Declaration of it, he believed he had given her a Philter, which had raised her Flame so much above the Bounds of Modesty and Discretion; concluding it so, he knew the usual Effects of Things of that Nature, and that nothing could allay the Heat of such a Love but Possession; and easily deluded with every Fancy that flattered his Love, mad, stark-mad, by any Way to obtain the last Blessing with Sylvia, he consults with Antonet how to get one of Octavio's Letters out of her Lady's Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous Reasons, which deluded the amorous Maid, he persuaded her to get him one, which she did in half an Hour after; for by this Time Sylvia being in as much Tranquillity as it was possible a Lover

could be in, who had the Hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the false Betrayer, she had called *Antònet* to dress her; which she resolved should be in all the careless Magnificence that Art or Nature could put on; to charm *Octavio* wholly to Obedience, whom she had sent for, and whom she expected! But she was no sooner set to her Toilet, but *Octavio's* Page arrived with a Letter from his Master, which she greedily snatched, and read this:

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

BY this Time, oh charming *Sylvia*, give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your Reason returned, and that you will hear a little from the most unfortunate of Men, whom you have reduced to this miserable Extremity of losing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can prefer a little Curiosity that will serve but to afflict you, before either that or my Repose, what Esteem ought I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*: And if you hate me, as it is evident, if you compell me to the Extremity of losing my Repose or Honour, what Reason or Argument have I to prefer so careless a Fair One above the last? It is certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that Hope shall the exposed and abandoned *Octavio* be, when he shall pretend to that Glory without his Honour? Believe me, charming Maid, I would sacrifice my Life, and my entire Fortune at your least Command to serve you; but to render you a Devoir that must point me out the basest of my Sex, is what my Temper must resist in Spite of all the Violence of my Love; and I thank my happier Stars, that they have given me Resolution enough
rather

rather to fall a Sacrifice to the last, than be guilty of the Breach of the first: This is the last and present Thought and Pleasure of my Soul; and lest it should, by the Force of those Divine Ideas which eternally surround it, be soothed and flattered from its noble Principles, I will to Morrow put myself out of the Hazard of Temptation, and divert if possible, by Absence, to the Campagne, those soft importunate Betrayers of my Liberty, that perpetually solicit in Favour of you: I dare not so much as bid you Adieu, one Sight of that bright Angel's Face would undo me, unfix my nobler Resolution, and leave me a despicable Slave, signing my unrewarded Treason at your insensible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be disposed by you; but the more useless Necessary I will for ever take from those lovely Eyes, who can look on nothing with Joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have denied you one Satisfaction, at least I have given you this other of securing you eternally from the Trouble and Importunity of, Madam, your faithful

OCTAVIO.

This Letter to any other less secure of her Power than was our fair Subject, would have made them impatient, and angry; but she found that there was something yet in her Power, the Dispensation of which could soon recal him from any Resolution he was able to make of absenting himself. Her Glass stood before her, and every Glance that Way was an Assurance and Security to her Heart; she could not see that Beauty, and doubt its Power of Persuasion. She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this Answer, being in a Moment furnished with all the Art and Subtily that was necessary on this Occasion.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

THOUGH I have not Beauty enough to command your Heart; at least allow me Sense enough to oblige your Belief, that I fancy and resent all that the Letter contains which you have denied me, and that I am not of that Sort of Women, whose Want of Youth or Beauty renders so constant to pursue the Ghost of a departed Love: It is enough to justify my Honour, that I was not the first Aggressor. I find myself pursued by too many Charms of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury myself beneath the Willows, or to whine away my Youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the last Refuse of a declining Beauty, a Monastery: No, my Lord, when I have revenged and recompensed myself for the Injuries of one Inconstant, with the Joys a thousand imploring Lovers offer, it will be Time to be weary of a World, which yet every Day presents me new Joys; and I swear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompense what I owed your Passion, that I desired a convincing Proof of *Philander's* Falseness, than for any other Reason, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other Use could I make of the Secret? If he be false he is gone, unworthy of me, and impossible to be retrieved; and I would as soon dye my sullied Garments, and wear them over again, as take to my Embraces a reformed Lover, the Native first Lustre of whose Passion is quite extinct, and is no more the same; no, my Lord, she must be poor in Beauty, that has Recourse to Shifts so mean; if I would know the Secret, by all that is good it were to hate him heartily, and to dispose
of

of my Person to the best Advantage; which in Honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinced of the Falseness of him with whom I exchanged a thousand Vows of Fidelity; but if he unlink the Chain, I am at perfect Liberty; and why by this Delay you should make me lose my Time, I am not able to conceive, unless you fear I should then take you at your Word, and expect the Performance of all the Vows of Love you have made me----If that be it---my Pride shall be your Security, or if other Recompence you expect, set the Price upon your Secret, and see at what Rate I shall purchase the Liberty it will procure me; possibly it may be such as may at once infranchise me, and revenge me on the perjured Ingrate, than which nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

SYLVIA.

She seals this Letter with a Wafer, and giving it to *Antonet* to give the Page, believing she had writ what would not be in vain to the quick-sighted *Ostasio*; *Antonet* takes both that and the other which *Ostasio* had sent, and left her Lady busy in dressing her Head, and went to *Brilliard's* Chamber, who thought every Moment an Age till she came, so vigorous he was on his new Design. That which was sent to *Ostasio*, being sealed with a wet Wafer, he neatly opens, as it was easy to do, and read, and sealed again, and *Antonet* delivered it to the Page. After receiving what Pay *Brilliard* could force himself to bestow upon her, some Flatteries of dissembled Love, and some cold Kisses, which even Imagination could not render better, she returned to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Ostasio*; she having in her's given him a Hint; by bidding him set a Price upon the Secret, which

which he had heard was that of a Letter from *Phlander*, with all the Circumstances of it, from the faithless *Antonet*, whom Love had betrayed; and after blotting much Paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like those of *Octavio*, which was not hard for a Lover of Ingenuity, he fell to the Business of what he would write; and having finished it to his Liking, his next Trouble was how to convey it to her; for *Octavio* always sent his by his Page, whom he could trust. He now was certain of Love between them; for though he often had persuaded *Antonet* to bring him Letters, yet she could not be wrought on till now to betray her Trust; and what he long apprehended, he found too true on both Sides, and now he waited but for an Opportunity to send it seasonably, and in a lucky Minute. In the mean Time *Sylvia* adorns herself for an absolute Conquest, and disposing herself in the most charming, careless, and tempting Manner she could devise, she lay, expecting her coming Lover, on a Repose of rich Embroidery of Gold on blue Satin, hung within-side with little amorous Pictures of *Venus* descending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, she embracing, while the Youth, more eager of his rural Sports, turns half from her in a Posture of pursuing his Dogs, who are on their Chace: Another of *Armida*, who is dressing the sleeping Warrior up in Wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his gilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little Head that hides his whole Face; another makes a Hobby-Horse of his Sword and Lance; another sits on his Breast-piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are seeming to heave and help him to hold it an End, and all turned the Emblems of the Heroe into Ridicule. These, and some other of the like Nature, adorned the Pavilion of
the

the languishing fair One, who lay carelessly on her Side, her Arm leaning on little Pillows of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amours in her other Hand. Every Noise alarmed her with trembling Hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard she said, she verily believed, that acting and feigning the Lover possessed her with a Tenderness against her Knowledge and Will; and she found something more in her Soul than a bare Curiosity of seeing *Octavio* for the Letter's Sake: But in lieu of her Lover, she found herself once more approached with a Billet from him, which brought this.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*, he must be more than human that can withstand your Charms; I confess my Frailty, and fall before you the weakest of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have Vanity enough to wrest every hopeful Word to my own Interest, and in Favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my easy Faith should only flatter me, and I with Shame should find it was not meant to me, or if it were, it was only to draw me from a Virue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my Youth, the Glory of my Name, my Comfort and Refuge in all Extremes of Fortune; the eternal Companion, Guide and Counsellor of all my Actions: Yet this Good you only have Power to rob me of, and leave me exposed to the Scorn of all the laughing World; yet give me Love! Give me but Hope in lieu of it, and I am content to divest myself of all besides.

Perhaps you will say I ask too mighty a Rate for so poor a Secret. But even in that there lies one

one of my own, that will more expose the Feebleness of my Blood and Name, than the Discovery will me in particular, so that I know not what I do, when I give you up the Knowledge you desire. Still you will say all this is to enhance its Value, and raise the Price: And oh, I fear you have taught my Soul every Quality it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt it to chaffer for every Thought, if I could fix upon the Rate to sell it at: And I with Shame confess I would be mercenary, could we but agree upon the Price; but my Respect forbids me all Things but silent Hope, and that, in Spite of me and all my Reason, will predominate; for the rest I will wholly resign myself, and all the Faculties of my Soul, to the charming Arbitrator of my Peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Sylvia*; and at her Feet render all the demands; yes, she shall find me there to justify all the Weakness this proclaims; for I confess, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have absolutely subdued

Your OBTAKIO.

She had no sooner read this Letter, but *Antonet*, instead of laying it by, carried it to *Brilliard*, and departed the Chamber to make Way for *Octavia*, who she imagined was coming to make his Visit, and left *Sylvia* considering how she should manage him to the best Advantage, and with most Honour acquit herself of what she had made him hope; but instead of his coming to wait on her, an unexpected Accident arrived to prevent him; for a Messenger from the Prince came with Commands that he should forthwith come to his Highness, the Messenger having command to bring him along with him: So that not able to disobey, he only begged Time to write a Note of Business, which was a Billet to *Sylvia* to excuse himself till.

till the next Day; for it being five Leagues to the Village where the Prince waited his coming, he could not return that Night; which was the Business of the Note, with which his Page hasted to *Sylvia*. *Brilliard*, who was now a vigilant Lover, and waiting for every Opportunity that might favour his Design, saw the Page arrive with the Note; and, as it was usual, he took it to carry to his Conqueress; but meeting *Antonet* on the Stairs, he gave her what he had before counterfeited with such Art, after he had opened what *Octavio* had sent, and found Fortune was wholly on his Side, he having learned from the Page besides, that his Lord had taken Coach with Monsieur---to go to his Highness, and would not return that Night: *Antonet*, not knowing the Deceit, carried her Lady the forged Letter, who opened it with eager haste, and read this.

To the charming SYLVIA.

Madam,

SINCE I have a Secret, which none but I can unfold, and that you have offered at any Rate to buy it of me, give me leave to say, that you, fair Creature, have another Secret, a Joy to dispense, which none but you can give the languishing *Octavia*: If you dare purchase this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours, I will be as secret as Death, and think myself happier than a fancied God!. Take what Methods you please for the Payment, and what Time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all Hours, to snatch the most convenient one to reap so ravishing a Blessing. I know you will accuse me with all the Confidence and Rudeness in the World:

World: But oh! Consider, lovely *Sylvia*, that that Passion which could change my Soul from all the Course of Honour, has Power to make me forget that nice Respect your Beauty awes me with, and my Passion is now arrived at such a Height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obstinately bent on the Pursuit of that vast Pleasure I fancy to find in the dear, the ravishing Arms of the adorable *Sylvia*: Impatient of your Answer, I am, as Love compels me, Madam, your Slave,

OCTAVIO.

The Page, who waited no Answer, was departed; but *Sylvia*, who believed he attended, was in a thousand Minds what to say or do: She blushed, as she read, and then looked pale with Anger and Disdain, and, but that she had already given her Honour up, it would have been something more surprizing: But she was used to Questions of that Nature, and therefore received this with so much the less Concern; nevertheless, it was sufficient to fill her Soul with a thousand Agitations; but when she would be angry, the Consideration of what she had writ to him, to encourage him to this Boldness, stopped her Rage: When she would take it ill, she considered his Knowledge of her lost Fame, and that took off a great Part of her Resentment on that Side; and in Midst of all she was raving for the Knowledge of *Philander's* Secret. She rose from the Bed, and walked about the Room in much Disorder, full of Thought and no Conclusion; she is ashamed to consult of this Affair with *Antonet*, and knows not what to fix on: The only Thing she was certain of, and which was fully and undisputably resolved in her Soul, was never to consent to so false an Action, never to buy the Secret at so dear a Rate;

a Rate; she abhors *Ottavio*, whom she regards no more as that fine Thing which before she thought him; and a thousand Times she was about to write her Despise and Contempt, but still the dear Secret staid her Hand, and she was fond of the Totment: At last *Antonet*, who was afflicted to know the Cause of this Disorder, asked her Lady if *Ottavio* would not come; *No*, replied *Sylvia*, blushing at the Name, *nor never shall the ungrateful Man dare to behold my Face any more.* *Jesu*, replied *Antonet*, *what has he done, Madam, to deserve this Severity?* For he was a great Benefactor to *Antonet*, and had already by his Gifts and Presents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaster. *He has*, said *Sylvia*, *committed such an Impudence as deserves Death from my Hand:* This she spoke in Rage, and walked away cross the Chamber. *Why, Madam*, cried *Antonet*, *does he deny to give you the Letter?* *No*, replied *Sylvia*, *but asks me such a Price for it, as makes me hate myself, that am reduced by my ill Conduct to Addressee of that Nature: Heavens, Madam, what can he ask you to afflict you so!* *The presumptuous Man*, said she (in Rage) *has the Impudence to ask what never Man, but Philander, was ever possessed of----*At this, *Antonet* laughed----*Good Lord, Madam*, said she, *and are you angry at such Desires in Men towards you? I believe you are the first Lady in the World that was ever offended for being desirable: Can any Thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your Youth, or Wit? Marry, Madam, I wish I were worthy to be asked the Question by all the fine, Dancing, Dressing, Song-making Fops in Town.* And you would yield, replied *Sylvia*: *Not so neither*, replied *Antonet*, *but I would spark myself, and value myself the more upon it.* *Oh*, said *Sylvia*, *she that is so fond of bearing of Love, no doubt but will find some one to practise it with.* That is as I should
find

find myself inclined, replied *Antonet*. *Sylvia* was not so intent on *Antonet's* Raillery, but she employed all her Thought the while on what she had to do: And those last Words of *Antonet's* jogged a Thought that ran on to one very advantagious, at least her present and first Apprehension of it was such: And she turned to *Antonet*, with a Face more gay than it was the last Minute, and cried, *Prithee, good Wench, tell me what Sort of Man would soonest incline you to a Yielding: If you command me, Madam, to be free wish your Ladyship,* replied *Antonet*, *I must confess there are two Sorts of Men that would most villainously incline me: The first is he that would make my Fortune best; the next, he that would make my Pleasure; the young, the handsom, or rather the well-bred and good-humoured; but above all, the Man of Wit. But what would you say,* *Antonet*, replied *Sylvia*, *if all these made up in one Man should make his Addresses to you? Why then most certainly,* *Madam,* replied *Antonet*, *I should yield him my Honour, after a reasonable Siege.* This though the wanton young Maid spoke possibly at first more to put her Lady in good Humour, than from any Inclination she had to what she said; yet after many Arguments upon that Subject, *Sylvia*, cunning enough to pursue her Design, brought the Business more Home, and told her in plain Terms, that *Ostasio* was the Man who had been so presumptuous as to ask so great a Reward as the Possession of herself for the Secret she desired; and, after a thousand little Subleties, having made the forward Girl confess with Blushes she was not a Maid, she insinuated into her an Opinion, that what she had done already (without any other Motive than that of Love, as she confessed, in which Interest had no Part) would make the Trick the easier to do again, especially if she brought to her Arms a
 Person

Person of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the charming Qualities that adorn a Man, and that besides she should find it turn to good Account; and for her Secrefy she might depend upon it, since the Person, to whose Embraces she should submit herself, should not know but that she herself was the Woman: So that, says *Sylvia*, *I will have all the Infamy, and you the Reward every Way with unblemished Honour.* While she spoke, the willing Maid gave an inward pleasing Attention, though at first she made a few faint modest Scruples: Nor was she less joyed to hear it should be *Octavio*, whom she knew to be rich, and very handsome; and she immediately found the Humour of Inconstancy seize her; and *Brilliard* appeared a very Husband Lover in Comparison of this new brisker Man of Quality; so that after some Pro's and Con's the whole Matter was thus concluded on between these two young Persons, who neither wanted Wit nor Beauty; and both crowed over the Contrivance, as a most diverting Piece of little Malice, that should serve their present Turn, and make them Sport for the future. The next Thing that was considered was a Letter which was to be sent in Answer, and that *Sylvia* being to write with her own Hand begot a new Doubt, insomuch as the whole Business was at a Stand: For when it came to that Point that she herself was to consent, she found the Project look with a Face so foul, that she a hundred Times resolved and unresolved. But *Philander* filled her Soul, Revenge was in her View, and that one Thought put her on new Resolves to pursue the Design, let it be never so base and dishonourable: *Kes*, cried she at last, *I can commit no Action that is not more just, excusable and honourable, than that which Octavio has done to me, who uses me like a common Mistress of the Town,*
and

and dares ask me that which he knows he durst not do, if he had not mean and abject Thoughts of me; his Baseness deserves Death at my Hand, if I had Courage to give it him, and the least I can do is to deceive the Deceiver. Well then, give me my Scrutore, says she; so, sitting down, she writ this, not without Abundance of Guilt and Confusion; for yet a certain Honour, which she had by Birth, checked the Cheat of her Pen.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

THE Price, *Octavio*, which you have set upon your Secret, I (more generous than you) will give your Merit, to which alone it is due: If I should pay so high a Price for the first, you would believe I had the less Esteem for the last, and I would not have you think me so poor in Spirit to yield on any other Terms. If I valued *Philander* yet---after his confirmed Inconstancy, I would have you think I scorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be persuaded there are any such Brutes amongst my Sex; but as I never had a Wish but where I loved, so I never extended one till now to any but *Philander*; yet so much my Sense of Shame is above my growing Tenderness, that I could wish you would be so generous to think no more of what you seem to pursue with such Earnestness and Haste. But lest I should retain any Sort of former Love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to raise wholly from my Soul, I grant you all you ask, provided you will be discreet in the Management: *Antonet* therefore shall only be trusted with the Secret; the outward Gate you shall find at twelve only shut to, and *Antonet* wait you at the Stairs-foot to conduct you to me; come

come alone. I blush and gild the Paper with their Reflections, at the Thought of an Encounter like this, before I am half enough secured of your Heart. And that you may be made more absolutely the Master of mine, send me immediately *Philander's* Letter inclosed, that if any Remains of Chagrin possess me, they may be totally vanquished by twelve o'Clock.

SYLVIA.

She having, with much Difficulty, writ this, read it to her trusty Confident; for this was the only Secret of her Lady's she was resolved never to discover to *Brilliard*, and to the End he might know nothing of it she sealed the Letter with Wax: But before she sealed it, she told her Lady, she thought she might have spared Abundance of her Blushes, and have writ a less kind Letter; for a Word of Invitation or Consent would have served as well. To which *Sylvia* replied, her Anger against him was too high not to give him all the Defeat imaginable, and the greater the Love appeared, the greater would be the Revenge when he should come to know (as in Time he should) how like a false Friend she had treated him. This Reason, or any at that Time would have served *Antonet*, whose Heart was set upon a new Adventure, and in such Haste she was (the Night coming on a-pace) to know how she should dress, and what more was to be done, that she only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Brilliard* (who watched every Bodies Motion) on the Stair-Case, he asked her what that was; and she said, to send by *Octavio's* Page: *You need not look in it*, said she (when he snatched it hastily out of her Hand:) *For I can tell you the Contents, and it is seal'd so, it must be known if you unrip it: Well, well*, said he, *if you tell it me, it will satisfy my Curiosity as well; therefore*

I'll give it the Page. She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what Answer the dear Object of his Desire had sent to his forged one: So opening it, he found it such as his Soul wished, and was all Joy and Ecstasy; he views himself a hundred Times in the Glafs, and set himself in Order with all the Opinion and Pride, as if his own good Parts had gained him the Blessing; he enlarged himself as he walked, and knew not what to do, so extreemly was he ravished with his coming Joy; he blessed himself, his Wit, his Stars, his Fortune; then read the dear obliging Letter, and kissed it all over, as if it had been meant to him; and after he had forced himself to a little more serious Consideration, he bethought himself of what he had to do in order to this dear Appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the first Place he was to send her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before he took *Octavio's* Letter from the Page, when he understood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the Prince. *Octavio* could not avoid his going, and wrote to *Sylvia*; in which he sent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the first Part of the Confession of his Love to Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*: Generously *Octavio* sent it without Terms; but *Brilliard* slid his own forged one into *Antonet's* Hand in lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wondered at his Lord's Inconstancy; yet glad of the Opportunity to take *Sylvia's* Heart a little more off from him, he soon resolved she should have the Letter; but being wholly mercenary, and fearing that either when once she had it, it might make her go back from her promised Assignation, or at least put her out of Humour, so as to spoil a great Part of the Entertainment he designed: He took the Pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this.

To SYLVIA.

Madam,

SINCE we have began to chaffer, you must give me Leave to make the best of the Advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the Breach of it in some Degree on other Occasions; not but I have all the Obedience and Adoration for you that ever possessed the Soul of a most passionate and languishing Lover: But, fair *Sylvia*, I know not whether, when you have seen the Secret of the false *Philander*, you may not think it less valuable than you before did, and so defraud me of my Due. Give me Leave, oh wondrous Creature! To suspect even the most perfect of your Sex; and to tell, you that I will no sooner approach your Presence, but I will resign the Paper you so much wish. If you send me no Answer, I will come according to your Directions: If you do, I must obey and wait, though with that Impatience that never attended a suffering Lover, or any but, Divine Creature, your

OCTAVIO.

This he sealed, and after a convenient Distance of Time carried as from the Page to *Antonet*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom she gives it, who read it with Abundance of Impatience, being extremely angry at the Rudeness of the Style, which she fancied much altered from what it was; and had not her Rage blinded her, she might easily have perceived the Difference too of the Character, though it came as near to the like as possible so short a Practice could produce;

She took it with the other, and tore it in Pieces with Rage, and swore she would be revenged; but, after calmer Thoughts, she took up the Pieces to keep to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping for Anger, Defeat and Shame; but the *April Shower* being past, she returned to her former Resentment, and had some Pleasure amidst all her Torment of Fears, Jealousies, and Sense of *Octavio's* Disrespect in the Thoughts of Revenge; in order to which she contrives how *Antonet* shall manage herself, and commanding her to bring out some fine Point Linen, she dressed up *Antonet's* Head with them, and put her on a Shift, laced with the same; for though she intended no Light should be in the Chamber when *Octavio* should enter, she knew he understood by his Touch the Difference of fine Things from other. In fine, having dressed her exactly as she herself used to be when she received *Octavio's* Visits in Bed, she embraced her, and fancied she was much of her own Shape and Bigness, and that it was impossible to find the Deceit: And now she made *Antonet* dress her up in her Cloths, and mobbing her *Sarsenet Hood* about her Head, she appeared so like *Antonet* (all but the Face) that it was not easy to distinguish them: And Night coming on they both long for the Hour of Twelve, though with different Designs; and having before given Notice that *Sylvia* was gone to Bed, and would receive no Visit that Night, they were alone to finish all their Business: This while *Brilliard* was not idle, but having a fine Bath made, he washed and perfumed his Body, and after dressed himself in the finest Linen perfumed that he had, and made himself as fit as possible for his Design; nor was his Shape, which was very good, or his Stature, unlike to that of *Octavio*: And ready for the Approach, he conveys him-

himself out of the House, telling his Footman he would put himself to Bed after his Bathing, and, locking his Chamber Door, stole out; and it being dark, many a longing Turn he walked, impatient till all the Candles were out in every Room of the House: In the mean Time, he employed his Thoughts on a thousand Things, but all relating to *Sylvia*; sometimes the Treachery he shewed in this Action to his Lord, caused short-lived Blushes in his Face, which vanished as soon, when he considered his Lord false to the most beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accused and cursed the Levity of *Sylvia* that could yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if she had indeed been to have received that charming Lover; but when his Thought directed him to his own Happiness, his Pulse beat high, his Blood flushed apace in his Cheeks, his Eyes languished with Love, and his Body with a feverish Fit! In these Extreams, by Turns, he passed at least three tedious Hours, with a striking Watch in his Hand; and when it told it was twelve, he advanced near the Door, but finding it shut walked yet with greater Impatience, every half Minute going to the Door; at last he found it yield to his Hand that pushed it: But oh, what Mortal can express his Joy! His Heart beats double, his Knees tremble, and a Feebleness seizes every Limb; he breathes nothing but short Sighs, and is ready in the dark Hall to fall on the Floor, and was forced to lean on the Rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: While he was there recruiting himself, intent on nothing but his vast Joy; *Octavio*, who going to meet the Prince, being met half Way by that young *Heroe*, was dispatched back again without advancing to the End of his five Leagues, and impatient to see *Sylvia*, after *Philander's* Letter that he had sent her, or at least impatient to

hear how she took it, and in what Condition she was, he, as soon as he alighted, went towards her House in order to have met *Antonet*, or her Page, or some that could inform him of her Welfare; tho' it was usual for *Sylvia* to sit up very late, and he had often made her Visits at that Hour: And *Brilliard*, wholly intent on his Adventure, had left the Door open; so that *Octavio* perceiving it, believed they were all up in the back Rooms where *Sylvia's* Apartment was towards a Garden, for he saw no Light forward. But he was no sooner entered (which he did without Noise) but he heard a soft Breathing, which made him make a Stand in the Hall: And by and by he heard the soft Tread of some Body descending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble Floor, his Tread was not heard; when he heard one cry with a Sigh-----*Who is there?* And another replied, *It is I? Who are you?* The first replied, *A faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your Hand* then replied the Female Voice, *I will conduct you to your Happiness.* You may imagine in what Surprize *Octavio* was at so unexpected an Adventure, and, like a jealous Lover, did not at all doubt but the Happiness expected was *Sylvia*, and the impatient Lover some one, whom he could not imagine, but raved within to know, and in a Moment ran over in his Thoughts all the Men of Quality, or celebrated Beauty, or Fortune in the Town, but was at as great a Loss as at first Thinking: *But be thou who thou wilt,* cried he to himself; *Traiter as thou art I will by thy Death revenge myself on the faithless Fair One:* And taking out his Sword, he had advanced towards the Stairs-foot, when he heard them both softly ascend; but being a Man of perfect good Nature, as all the Brave and Witty are, he reflected

reflected on the severe Usage he had from *Sylvia*, notwithstanding all his Industry, his vast Expence, and all the Advantages of Nature. This Thought made him, in the Midst of all his Jealousy and Haste, pause a little Moment; and fain he would have persuaded himself, that what he heard was the Errors of his Sense; or that he dreamed, or that it was at least not to *Sylvia*, to whom this ascending Lover was advancing: But to undeceive him of that favourable Imagination, they were no sooner on the Top of the Stairs, but he not being many Steps behind could both hear and see, by the ill Light of a great Sash-Window on the Stair-Case, the happy Lover enter the Chamber-Door of *Sylvia*, which he knew too well to be mistaken, not that he could perceive who, or what they were, but two Persons not to be distinguished. Oh what human Fancy, (but that of a Lover to that Degree that was our young Heroe,) can imagine the Amazement and Torture of his Soul, wherein a thousand other Passions reigned at once, and, maugre all his Courage and Resolution, forced him to sink beneath their Weight? He stood holding himself up by the Rails of the Stair-Case, without having the Power to ascend farther, or to shew any other Signs of Life, but that of Sighing; had he been a favoured Lover, had he been a known declared Lover to all the World, had he but hoped he had had so much Interest with the false Beauty, as but to have been designed upon for a future Love or Use, he would have rushed in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an Awe upon his Soul for the perjured Fair One, though at the same Time he resolved she should be the Object of his Hate; for the Nature of his Honest Soul abhorred an Action so treacherous and base: He

begins in a Moment from all his good Thoughts of her, to think her the most jilting of her Sex; he knew, if Interest could oblige her, no Man in *Holland* had a better Pretence to her than himself; who had already, without any Return, even so much as Hope, presented her the Value of eight or ten thousand Pounds in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looser Desire, he fancied himself to have appeared as capable to have served her as any Man; but oh! He considers there is a Fate in Things, a Destiny in Love that elevates and advances the most mean, deformed or abject, and debases and contemns the most worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent Art of dissembling for *Philander*; he runs in a Minute over all her Passions of Rage, Jealousy, Tears and Softness; and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks them all like *Sylvia*, than whom nothing could appear more despicable to his present Thought, and with a Smile, while yet his Heart was insensibly breaking, he fancies himself a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an imposed on Fool, and a conceited Fop; values *Sylvia* as a common fair Jilt, whose whole Design was to deceive the World, and make herself a Fortune at the Price of her Honour; one that receives all kind Bidders, and that he being too lavish, and too modest, was reserved the Cully on Purpose to be undone and jilted out of all his Fortune! This Thought was so perfectly fixed in him, that he recovered out of his Excess of Pain, and fancied himself perfectly cured of his blind Passion, resolves to leave her to her beastly Entertainment, and to depart; but before he did so, *Sylvia*, (who had conducted the amorous Spark to the Bed, where the expecting Lady lay dressed rich and sweet to receive him) returned out of the Chamber, and the Light being a little more favourable

ble to his Eyes, by his being so long in the Dark, he perceived it *Antonet*, at least such a Sort of Figure as he fancied her, and to confirm him saw her go into that Chamber where he knew she lay; he saw her perfect Dress, and all confirmed him; this brought him back almost to his former Confusion; but yet he commands his Passion, and descended the Stairs, and got himself out of the Hall into the Street; and *Sylvia*, remembering the Street-Door was open, went and shut it, and returned to *Antonet's* Chamber with the Letter which *Brilliard* had given to *Antonet*, as she lay in the Bed, believing it *Sylvia*: For that trembling Lover was no sooner entered the Chamber, and approached the Bed-side, but he kneeled before it, and offered the Price of his Happiness, this Letter, which she immediately gave to *Sylvia*, unperceived, who quitted the Room: And now with all the eager Haste of impatient Love she strikes a Light, and falls to reading the sad Contents; but as she read, she many Times fainted over the Paper, and as she has since said, it was a Wonder she ever recovered, having no Body with her. By that Time she had finished it, she was so ill she was not able to get herself into Bed, but threw herself down on the Place where she sate, which was the Side of it, in such Agony of Grief and Despair, as never any Soul was possessed of, but *Sylvia's*, wholly abandoned to the Violence of Love and Despair: It is impossible to paint a Torment to express her's by; and though she had vowed to *Antonet* it should not at all affect her, being so prepossessed before; yet when she had the Confirmation of her Fears, and heard his own dear soft Words addressed to another Object, saw his Transports, his Impatience, his languishing Industry and Endeavour to obtain the new Desire of his Soul, she found her Re-

sentment above Rage, and given over to a more silent and less supportable Torment, brought her self into a high Fever, where she lay without so much as calling for Aid in her Extremity; not that she was afraid the Cheat she had put on *Octavio* would be discovered; for she had lost the Remembrance that any such Prank was played; and in this Multitude of Thoughts of more Concern, had forgot all the rest of that Night's Action.

Octavio this while was traversing the Street, wrapped in his Cloak, just as if he had come from Horse; for he was no sooner gone from the Door, but his resenting Passion returned, and he resolved to go up again, and disturb the Lovers, tho' it cost him his Life and Fame: But returning hastily to the Door, he found it shut; at which being enraged, he was often about to break it open, but still some unperceivable Respect for *Sylvia* prevented him; but he resolved not to stir from the Door, till he saw the fortunate Rogue come out, who had given him all this Torment. At first he cursed himself for being so much concerned for *Sylvia* or her Actions to waste a Minute, but flattering himself that it was not Love to her, but pure Curiosity to know the Man who was made the next Fool to himself, tho' the more happy one, he waited all Night; and when he began to see the Day break, which he thought a thousand Years; his Eye was never off from the Door, and wondered at their Confidence, who would let the Day break upon them; but the close-drawn Curtains there, cried he, favour the happy Villainy: Still he walked on, and still he might for any Rival that was to appear, for a most unlucky Accident prevented *Brilliard's* coming out, as he doubly intended to do; first, for the better carrying on of his Cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challenged *Octavio* to fight; and

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when he knew his Error, designed to have gone this Morning, and asked him Pardon, if he had been returned; but the amorous Lover over Night, ordering himself for the Encounter to the best Advantage, had sent a Note to a Doctor, for something that would encourage his Spirits; the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine, he told him that a Dose of those little Flies would make him come off with wondrous Honour in the Battle of Love; and the Doctor being gone to call for a Glass of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requisite on a Piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open, our Spark thought if such a Dose would encourage him so, a greater would yet make him do greater Wonders; and taking twice the Quantity out of the Box, puts them into his Pocket, and having drank the first with full Directions, the Doctor leaves him; who was no sooner gone, but he takes those out of his Pocket, and in a Glass of Sack drinks them down; after this he bathes and dresses, and believes himself a very *Hercules*, that could have got at least twelve Sons that happy Night; but he was no sooner laid in Bed with the charming *Sylvia*, as he thought, but he was taken with intolerable Gripes and Pains, such as he had never felt before, insomuch that he was not able to lie in the Bed: This enrages him; he grows mad and ashamed; sometimes he had little Intermissions for a Moment of Ease, and then he would plead softly by her Bed-side, and ask ten thousand Pardons; which being easily granted he would go into Bed again, but then the Pain would seize him anew, so that after two or three Hours of Distraction he was forced to dress and retire: But, instead of going down he went softly up to his own Chamber, where he sate him down, and

curfed the World, himfelf and his hard Fate; and in this Extremity of Pain, Shame and Grief, he remained till break of Day: By which Time *Antonet*, who was almoft as violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where ſhe found her Lady more dead than alive. She immediately ſhifted her Bed-Linen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it, without endeavouring to divert her with the Hiſtory of her own Miſfortune; and only aſked her many Queſtions concerning her being thus ill: To which the wretched *Sylvia* only answered with Sighs; ſo that *Antonet* perceived it was the Letter that had diſordered her, and begged ſhe might be admitted to ſee it; ſhe gave her Leave, and *Antonet* read it; but no ſooner was ſhe come to that Part of it, which named the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, but ſhe aſked her Lady if ſhe underſtood who that Perſon was, with great Amazement: At this *Sylvia* was content to ſpeak, pleaſed a little that ſhe ſhould have an Account of her Rival, *No*, ſaid ſhe, *Doſt thou know her?* *Yes, Madam*, replied *Antonet*, particularly well; for I have ſerved her ever ſince I was a Girl of five Years old, ſhe being of the ſame Age with me, and ſent at ſix Years old both to a Monastery; for ſhe being fond of my Play her Father ſent me at that Age with her, both to ſerve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles; there, we lived ſeven Years together, when an old rich Spaniard, the Count of *Clarinau*, fell in Love with my Lady, and married her from the Monastery, before ſhe had ſeen any Part of the World beyond thoſe ſanctified Walls. She cried bitterly to have had me to Collen with her, but he ſaid I was too young now for her Service, and ſo ſent me away back to my own Town, which is this; and here my Lady was born too, and is Siſter to ----- Here ſhe ſtopped, fearing to tell; which *Sylvia* perceiving,

ceiving, with a Briskness (which her Indisposition one would have thought could not have allowed) fate up in her Bed, and cried, *Ha! Sister to whom? Oh, how thou wouldst please me to say; to Octavio. Why, Madam, would it please you?* said the blushing Maid. *Because,* said Sylvia, *it would in Part revenge me on his bold Addressee to me, and he would also be obliged, in Honour to his Family, to revenge himself on Philander. Ah, Madam,* said she, *as to his Presumption towards you, Fortune has sufficiently revenged it;* at this she hung down her Head, and looked very foolishly. *How,* said Sylvia, smiling and rearing herself yet more in her Bed, *Is any Misfortune arrived to Octavio? Oh, how I will triumph and upbraid the daring Man!---tell me quickly what it is; for nothing would rejoice me more than to hear he were punished a little:* Upon this Antonet told her what an unlucky Night she had, how Octavio was seized, and how he departed; by which Sylvia believed he had made some Discovery of the Cheat that was put upon him; and that he only feigned Illness to get himself loose from her Embraces; and now she falls to considering how she shall be revenged on both her Lovers: And the best she can pitch upon is that of setting them both at Odds, and making them fight and revenge themselves on one another; but she, like a right Woman, could not dissemble her Resentment of Jealousy, whatever Art she had to do so in any other Point; but mad to ease her Soul that was full, and to upbraid Philander, she writes him a Letter; but not till she had once more, to make her stark-mad, read his over again, which he sent Octavio.

SYLVIA to PHILANDER.

YES, perjured Villain, at last all thy Perfidy is arrived to my Knowledge; and thou hadst better have been damned, or have fallen, like an ungrateful Traitor, as thou art, under the publick Shame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fallen under the Grasp of my Revenge; insatiate as thy Lust, false as thy Treasons to thy Prince, fatal as thy Destiny, loud as thy Infamy, and bloody as thy Party. Villain, Villain, where got you the Courage to use me thus, knowing my Injuries and my Spirit? Thou seeest, base Traitor, I do not fall on thee with Treachery, as thou hast with thy King and Mistress; to which thou hast broken thy holy Vows of Allegiance and eternal Love! But thou that hast broken the Laws of God and Nature! What could I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, common Justice nor Law could bind thee to Humanity? Thou that betrayest thy Prince, abandonest thy Wife, renouncest thy Child, killest thy Mother, ravishest thy Sister, and art in open Rebellion against thy native Country, and very Kindred and Brothers. Oh after this, what must the Wretch expect who has believed thee, and followed thy abject Fortunes, the miserable out-cast Slave, and Contempt of the World? What could she expect but that the Villain is still potent in the unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains, and all the Virtue vanished! Oh, what could I expect from such a Devil, so lost in Sin and Wickedness, that even those for whom he ventured all his Fame, and lost his Fortune, lent like a State-Cully upon the publick Faith, on the Security of Rogues, Knaves and Traitors; even, those, I say, turned him out of their Councils

cils for a Reprobate too leud for the villainous Society? Oh cursed that I was, by Heaven and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy Infamy, and suffer thy adorable bewitching Face and Tongue to charm me to Madriess and Undoing, when that was all thou hadst left thee, thy false Person, to cheat the silly, easy, fond, believing World into any Sort of Opinion of thee; for not one good Principle was left, not one poor Virtue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadst but one Friend left thee, one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched *Sylvia*; she, when all abandoned thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, suffered with thee, starved with thee, lost her Fame and Honour with thee, lost her Friends, her Parents, and all her Beauty's Hopes for thee; and, in lieu of all, found only the Accusation of all the Good, the Hate of all the Virtuuous, the Reproaches of her Kindred, the Scorn of all chaste Maids, and Curses of all honest Wives; and in Requital had only thy false Vows, thy empty Love, thy faithless Embraces, and cold dissembling Kisses. My only Comfort was, (ah miserable Comfort,) to fancy they were true; now that it is departed too, and I have nothing but a brave Revenge left in the Room of all! In which I will be as merciless and irreligious as even thou hast been in all thy Actions; and there remains about me only this Sense of Honour yet, that I dare tell thee of my bold Design, a Bravery thou hast never shewed to me, who takest me Unawares, stabb'st me without a Warning of the Blow; so would'st thou serve thy King hadst thou but Power; and so thou servest thy Mistress. When I look back even to thy Infancy, thy Life has been but one continued Race of Treachery, and I, (destined thy evil Genius) was born for thy Tormentor;

for

for thou hast made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all Rage, all Torment, Fire, Distraction, Madness; I rave, I burn, I tear myself and faint, am still a dying, but can never fall till I have grasped thee with me: Oh, I should laugh in Flames to see thee howling by: I scorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have loved thee; and hate myself so much for ever loving thee, (to be revenged upon the filthy Criminal) I will expose myself to all the World, cheat, jilt and flatter all as thou hast done, and having not one Sense or Grain of Honour left, will yield the abandoned Body thou hast rifled to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchase this shall buy it at the Price of being my *Bravo's*. And all shall aid in my Revenge on thee; all merciless and as resolved as I; as I! The injured

SYLVIA.

Having shot this Flash of the Lightning of her Soul, and finished her Rant, she found herself much easier in the Resolves on Revenge she had fixed there: She scorned by any vain Endeavour to recal him from his Passion; she had Wit enough to have made those eternal Observations, that Love once gone is never to be retrieved, and that it was impossible to cease loving, and then again to love the same Person; one may believe for some Time one's Love is abated, but when it comes to a Trial, it shews itself as vigorous as in its first Shine, and finds its own Error; but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than Pity, Compassion, or Civility for the first: This is a most certain Truth which all Lovers will find, as most Wives may experience, and which our *Sylvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all

all but her Revenge. Though Fits of Softness, Weeping, Raving, and Tearing, would by Turns seize the distracted abandoned Beauty, in which Extremities she has Recourse to Scorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The first Thing she resolved on, by the Advice of her reasonable Counsellor, was to hear Love at both Ears, no Matter whether she regard it or not, but to hear all, as a Remedy against loving one in particular; for it is most certain, that the Use of hearing Love, or of making Love (though at first without Design) either in Women or Men, shall at last unfix the most confirmed and constant Resolution. *And since you are assured,* continued *Antonet,* *that Sighs nor Tears bring back the wandering Lover, and that dying for him will be no Revenge on him, but rather a kind Assurance that you will no more trouble the Man who his already weary of you, you ought, with all your Power, Industry and Reason. rather to seek the Preservation of that Beauty, of that fine Humour, to serve you on all Occasions, either of Revenge or Love, than by a foolish and insignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce yourself to the Condition of being scorned by all, or at best but pitied: How, Pitied!* Cried the haughty *Sylvia:* *Is there any Thing so insupportable to our Sex as Pity!* *No surely,* replied the Servant, *when tis accompanied by Love: Oh what blessed Comfort tis to hear People cry----She was once charming, once a Beauty: Is any Thing more grating, Madam? At this Rate she ran on, and left nothing unsaid that might animate the angry Sylvia to love anew, or at least to receive and admit of Love; for in that Climate the Air naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines them to the Love of Money, which they will gain at any Price or Hazard; and all this Discourse to Sylvia, was but to incline the revengeful listening Beauty to admit of the*
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Addressee of *Octavio*, because she knew he would make her Fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid left by her own unfortunate Conduct, encompassed in on every Side with Distraction; and she was pointed out by Fate to be made the most wretched of all her Sex; nor had she left one faithful Friend to advise or stay her Youth in its hasty Advance to Ruin; she hears the persuading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing so prevalent on her Soul as Revenge, and nothing soothes it more; and among all her Lovers, or those at least that she knew adored her, none was found so proper an Instrument as the noble *Octavio*, his Youth, his Wit, his Gallantry, but above all his Fortune pleads most powerfully with her; so that she resolves upon the Revenge, and fixes him the Man; whom she now knew by so many Obligations was obliged to serve her Turn on *Philander*: Thus *Sylvia* found a little Tranquillity, such as it was, in Hope of Revenge, while the passionate *Octavio* was wrecked with a thousand Pains and Torments, such as none but jilted Lovers can imagine; and having a thousand Times resolved to hate her, and as often to love on, in Spite of all---after a thousand Arguments against her; and as many in Favour of her, he arrived only to this Knowledge, that his Love was extreme, and that he had no Power over his Heart; that Honour, Fame, Interest, and whatever else might oppose his violent Flame, were all too weak to extinguish the least Spark of it, and all the Conquest he could get of himself was, that he suffered all his Torment, all the Hell of raging Jealousy grown to Confirmation, and all the Pangs of Absence for that whole Day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without easing one Moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet, which in such Cases discharges the Burden and Pressures of the
Love-

Love-sick Heart; and *Sylvia*, who dress'd, and suffer'd herself wholly to be carried away by her Vengeance, expected him with as much Impatience as ever she did the Coming of the once adorable *Philander*, though with a different Passion; but all the live-long Day past in Expectation of him, and no Lover appeared; no not so much as a Billet, nor Page at her Up-rising to ask her Health; so that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonet* told her of his being so all Night, and fearing now that it was no Discovery of the Cheat put upon him by the Exchange of the Maid for the Mistress, but real Sicknes, she resolv'd to send to him, and the rather because *Antonet* assur'd her he was really sick, and in a cold damp Sweat all over his Face and Hands which she touch'd, and that from his infinite Concern at the Defeat, the extreme Respect he shew'd her in midst of all the Rage at his own Disappointment, and every Circumstance, she knew it was no feign'd Thing for any Discovery he had made: On this Confirmation; from a Maid, cunning enough to distinguish Truth from Flattery, she writ *Octavia* this Letter at Night.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

AFTER such a Parting from a Maid so entirely kind to you, she might at least have hop'd the Favour of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your Health; unless you think that after we have surrendered all, we are of the Humour of most of your Sex, who despise the Obliger; but I believ'd you a Man above the little Crimes and Levities of your Race; and I am yet so hard to be drawn from that Opinion, I am willing to flatter myself, that tis yet some other Reason that

that has hindred you from visiting me since, or sending me an Account of your Recovery, which I am too sensible of to believe was feigned, and which indeed has made me so tender, that I easily forgive all the Disappointment I received from it, and beg you will not afflict yourself at any Loss you sustained by it, since I am still so much the same I was, to be as sensible as before of all the Obligations I have to you; send me Word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great Part of the Happiness of

SYLVIA.

You may easily see by this Letter she was not in a Humour of either writing Love or much Flattery; for yet she knew not how she ought to resent this Absence in all Kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what Force she could put upon a Soul, too wholly taken up with the Thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, she only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it she might learn Part of his Sentiment of her last Action, and sent her Page with it to him; who, as was usual, was carried directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery, walking in a most dejected Posture, without a Band, unbraced, his Arms a-cross his open Breast, and his Eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any Notice when the Pages entered, his own was forced to pull him by the Sleeve before he would look up, and starting from a thousand Thoughts that oppressed him almost to Death, he gazed wildly about him, and asked their Business: When the Page delivered him the Letter, he took it, but with such Confusion as he had much ado to support himself; but resolving not to shew his Feebleness to her Page, he made a Shift to get to a Wax-light that was on the Table, and read it; and was not much
amazed

amazed at the Contents, believing she was pursuing the Business of her Sex and Life, and jilting him on; (for such was his Opinion of all Women now); he forced a Smile of Scorn, though his Soul were bursting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal Reward, as was his daily Use when he came, and mustered up so much Courage as to force himself to say----*Child, tell your Lady it requires no Answer; you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*-----He was oppressed to speak more, but Sighs stopped him, and his former Resolution, wholly to abandon all Correspondence with her, checked his forward Tongue, and he walked away to prevent himself from saying more: While the Page, who wondered at this Turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed; and when *Octavio* had ended his Walk, and turned, and saw him gone, his Heart felt a thousand Pangs not to be borne or supported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the Boy did not urge him for an Answer. He read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her last Night's Action, though all was Riddle to him: He found it was writ to some happier Man than himself, however he chanced to have it by Mistake; and turning to the Out-side, viewed the Supercription, where there happened to be none at all, for *Sylvia* writ in haste, and when she did it, it was the least of her Thoughts: And now he believed he had found out the real Mystery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he sent immediately after that of *Sylvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a Moment) he brought him to his distracted Lord; who nevertheless assumed a Mildness to the innocent Boy, and cried, *My Child, thou hast mistaken the Person to whom thou shouldst have carried the Letter, and I am sorry I opened it; pray return it*

to the happy Man it was meant to, giving him the Letter. My Lord, replied the Boy, I do not use to carry Letters to any but your Lordship: It is the Footmens Business to do that to other Persons. It is a Mistake, where-ever it lies, cried Octavio, sighing, whether in Thee, or thy Lady---So turning from the wondring Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the Relation of what she heard from the Page, and notwithstanding the Torment she had upon her Soul, occasioned by *Philander*, she now found she had more to endure, and that in Spite of all her Love-Vows and Resentments, she had something for *Octavio* to which she could not give a Name; she fancies it all Pride, and Concern for the Indignity put on her Beauty: But whatever it was, this Slight of his so wholly took up her Soul, that she had for some Time quite forgot *Philander*, or when she did think on him it was with less Resentment than of this Affront; she considers *Philander* with some Excuse now; as having long been possessed of a Happiness he might grow weary of; but a new Lover, who had for six Months incessantly lain at her Feet, Imploring, Dying, Vowing, Weeping, Sighing, Giving and Acting all Things the most passionate of Men was capable of, or that Love could inspire, for him to be at last admitted to the Possession of the ravishing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed, nay in her very Arms (as she imagined he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roses he came to pluck, before he had begun to compose or finished his Nofegay, to depart the happy Paradise with a Disgust, and such a Disgust, as first to oblige him to dissemble Sickness, and next fall even from all his Civilities, was a Contempt she was not able to bear; especially from him, of whom all Men living, she designed to make the greatest Property
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of, as most fit for her Revenge of all Degrees and Sorts: But when she reflected with Reason, (which she seldom did, for either Love or Rage blinded that) she could not conceive it possible that *Octavio* could be fallen so suddenly from all his Vows and Professions, but on some very great Provocation: Sometimes she thinks he tempted her to try her Virtue to *Philander*, and being a perfect honourable Friend, hates her for her Levity; but she considers his Presents, and his unwearied Industry, and believes he would not at that Expence have bought a Knowledge which could profit neither himself or *Philander*; then she believes some disgusted Scent, or something about *Antoniet*, might disoblige him; but having called the Maid, conjuring her to tell her whether any Thing passed between her and *Octavio*; she again told her Lady the whole Truth, in which there could be no Discovery of Infirmity there; she embraced her, she kissed her Bosom, and found her Touches soft, her Breath and Bosom sweet as any Thing in Nature could be; and now lost almost in a Confusion of Thought, she could not tell what to imagine; at last she being wholly possessed that all the Fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) she concludes that *Antoniet* has told him all the Cheat she put upon him: This last Thought pleased her, because it seemed the most probable, and was the most favourable to herself; and a Thought that, if true, could not do her any Injury with him. This set her Heart a little to Rights, and she grew calm with a Belief, that if so it was, as now she doubted not, a Sight of her, or a future Hope from her, would calm all his Discontent, and beget a right Understanding; she therefore resolves to write to him, and own her little Fallacy: But before she did so, *Octavio*, whose Passion was violent

as ever in his Soul, tho' it was oppress'd with a thousand Torments, and languish'd under as many feeble Resolutions, burst at last into all its former Softness, and he resolves to write to the false Fair One, and upbraid her with her last Night's Infidelity; nor could he sleep till he had that Way charmed his Senses, and eas'd his sick afflicted Soul. It being now ten at Night, and he retired to his Chamber, he set himself down and writ this.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

Madam,

YOU have at last taught me a perfect Knowledge of myself; and in one unhappy Night made me see all the Follies and Vanities of my Soul, which Self-love and fond Imagination had too long rendred that Way guilty; long, long! I have played the Fop as Others do, and shewed the gaudy Monsieur, and set a Value on my worthless Person for being well dressed, as I believed, and furnished out for Conquest, by being the gayest Coxcomb in the Town, where, even as I p ft, perhaps, I fancied I made Advances on some wishing Hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I still fooled on-----and was at last undone; for I saw *Sylvia*, the Charming Faithless *Sylvia*, a Beauty that one would have thought had had the Power to have cured the fond Disease of Self-conceit and Foppery, since Love, they say, is a Remedy against those Faults of Youth; but still my Vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too I thought it not impossible to vanquish, and still dressed on, and took a mighty Care to shew myself-----a Block-head, Curse upon me, while you were laughing at my Industry, and turned the fancying Fool to Ridicule, Oh, he deserved it well, most wondrous well,

well, for but believing any Thing about him could merit but a serious Thought from *Sylvia*. *Sylvia!* Whose Business is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my Sin and Punishment, reigns still as absolutely in my Soul, as when I wished and hoped and longed for mighty Blessings you could give; yes, I still love! Only this Wretchedness is fixed to it, to see those Errors which I cannot shun; my Love is as high, but all my Wishes gone; my Passion still remains entire and raving, but no Desire; I burn, I die, but do not wish to hope; I would be all Despair, and, like a Martyr, am vain and proud even in suffering. Yes, *Sylvia*---- when you made me wise, you made me wretched too: Before, like a false Worshipper, I only saw the gay, the gilded Side of the deceiving Idol; but now it is fallen----discovers all the Cheat, and shews a God no more; and it is in Love as in Religion too, there is nothing makes their Votaries truly happy but being well deceived: For even in Love itself, harmless and innocent, as it is by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily Discontents and Torments, that Fears, Distrusts and Jealousies create; a little soft Diffimulation is needful; for where the Lover is easy, he is most constant. But oh, when Love itself is defective too, and managed by Design and little Interest, what Cunning, oh what Cautions ought the fair Designer then to call to her Defence; yet I confess your Plot---still charming *Sylvia*, was subtilly enough contrived, discreetly carried on---- The Shades of Night, the happy Lover's Refuge, favoured you too; it was only Fate was cruel, Fate that conducted me in an unlucky Hour; dark as it was, and silent too the Night, I saw---- Yes, faithless Fair, I saw I was betrayed; by too much Faith, by too much Love undone, I saw

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my fatal Ruin and your Perfidy ; and, like a tame ignoble Sufferer, left you without Revenge !

I must confess, oh thou deceiving fair One, I never could pretend to what I wished, and yet methinks, because I know my Heart, and the entire Devotion, that is paid you, I merited at least not to have been imposed upon ; but after so dishonourable an Action, as the betraying the Secret of my Friend, it was but just that I should be betrayed, and you have paid me well, deservedly well, and that shall make me silent, and whatsoever I suffer, however I die, however I languish out my wretched Life, I'll bear my Sighs where you shall never hear them, nor the Reproaches my Complaints express : Live thou a Punishment to vain, fantastical, hoping Youth, live, and advance in Cunning and Deceit, to make the fond believing Men more wise, and teach the Women new Arts of Falshood, till they deceive so long, that Man may hate, and set as vast a Distance between Sex and Sex, as I have resolved (oh *Sylvia*) thou shalt be for ever from

OCTAVIO.

This Letter came just as *Sylvia* was going to write to him, of which she was extremely glad ; for all along there was nothing expressed that could make her think he meant any other than the Cheat she put upon him in *Antonet* instead of herself : And it was some Ease to her Mind to be assured of the Cause of his Anger and Absence, and to find her own Thought confirmed, that he had indeed discovered the Truth of the Matter : She knew, since that was all, she could easily reconcile him by a plain Confession, and giving him new Hopes ; she therefore writes this Answer to him, which she sent by his Page, who waited for it.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

I Own, too angry, and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a Person of your Gallantry, Wit and Gaiety, would have passed over so little a Fault, with only reproaching me pleasantly; I did not expect so grave a Reproof, or rather so serious an Accusation. Youth has a thousand Follies to answer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one Sally of it in *Sylvia*? I rather expected to have seen you early here this Morning, pleasantly rallying my little Perfidy, than to find you railing at a Distance at it; calling it by a thousand Names that does not merit half this Malice: And sure you do not think me so poor in good Nature, but I could, some other coming Hour, have made you Amends for those you lost last Night, possibly I could have wished myself with you at the same Time; and had I, perhaps, followed my Inclination, I had made you happy as you wished; but there were powerful Reasons that prevented me. I conjure you to let me see you, where I will make a Confession of my last Night's Sin, and give such Arguments to convince you of the Necessity of it, as shall absolutely reconcile you to Love, Hope, and-----

SYLVIA.

It being late, she only sent this short Billet: And not hoping that Night to see him, she went to Bed, after having enquired the Health of *Brilliard*, who she heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover, finding it impossible to meet *Octavio* as he had promised, not to fight him, but to ask his Pardon for his Mistake, made a shift, with much ado, to write him a Note, which was this:

My Lord,

I Confess my Yesterday's Rudeness, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World;

for I was last Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordship, to beg what this most earnestly does for your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

BRILLIARD.

This Billet, tho' it signified nothing to *Octavio*, it served *Sylvia* afterwards to very good Use and Purpose, as a little Time shall make appear. And *Octavio* received these two Notes from *Brilliard* and *Sylvia* at the same Time; the one he flung by regardless, the other he read with infinite Pain, Scorn, Hate, Indignation, all at once stormed in his Heart, he felt every Passion there but that of Love, which caused them all; if he thought her false and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fallen to the lowest Degree of Lewdness, to own her Crime with such Impudence; he fancies now he is cured of Love, and hates her absolutely, thinks her below even his Scorn, and puts himself to Bed, believing he shall sleep as well as before he saw the light, the foolish *Sylvia*: But oh he boasts in vain, the light, the foolish *Sylvia* was charming still; still all the Beauty appeared; even in his Slumbers the Angel dawned about him, and all the Fiend was laid: He sees her lovely Face, but the false Heart is hid; he hears her charming Wit, but all the Cunning is hushed: He views the Motions of her delicate Body, without regard to those of her Mind; he thinks of all the tender Words she has given him, in which the jilting Part is lost, and all forgotten; or, if by Chance it crossed his happier Thought, he rolls and tumbles in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name, till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the Pains he can to deceive his own Heart: Oh it is a tender Part, and can endure no Hurt; he sooths it therefore, and at the worst resolves, since the vast Blessing may be purchased, to revel in Delight, and cure himself
that

that Way: These flattering Thoughts kept him all Night waking, and in the Morning he resolves his Visit; but taking up her Letter, which lay on the Table, he read it over again, and, by Degrees wrought himself up to Madness at the Thought that *Sylvia* was possessed: *Philander* he could bear with little Patience, but that, because before he loved or knew her, he could allow; but this---- this wrecks his very Soul; and in his Height of Fury, he writes this Letter without Consideration.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

SINCE you profess yourself a common Mistress, and set up for the glorious Trade of Sin, send me your Price, and I perhaps may purchase Damnation at your Rate. May be you have a Method in your Dealing, and I have mistook you all this while, and dealt not your Way; instruct my Youth, great Mistress of the Art, and I shall be obedient; tell me which Way I may be happy too, and put in for an Adventurer; I have a Stock of ready Youth and Money; pray, name your Time and Sum for Hours, or Nights, or Months; I will be in at all, or any, as you shall find Leisure to receive the impatient *Octavio*.

This in a mad Moment he writ, and sent it ere he had considered farther; and *Sylvia*, who expected not so coarse and rough a Return, grew as mad as he in reading it; and she had much ado to hold her Hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it: To whom she turned with Fire in her Eyes, Flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cried, *Go tell your Master that he is a Villain; and if you dare approach me any more from him, I'll have my Footmen whip you; and with a Scorn, that discovered all the Indignation in the World, she turned from him,*

and, tearing his Note, threw it from her, and walked her Way: And the Page, thunder-struck, returned to his Lord; who by this Time was repenting he had managed his Passion no better, and at what the Boy told him was wholly convinced of his Error; he now considered her Character and Quality, and accused himself of great Indiscretion; and as he was sitting the most dejected melancholy Man on Earth, reflecting on his Misfortune, the Post arrived with Letters from *Philander*, which he opened, and laying by that which was inclosed for *Sylvia*, he read that from *Philander* to himself.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

THERE is no Pain, my dear *Octavio*, either in Love or Friendship, like that of Doubt; and I confess myself guilty of giving it you, in a great Measure, by my Silence the last Post; but having Business of so much greater Concern to my Heart than even writing to *Octavio*, I found myself unable to pursue any other; and I believe you could too with the less Impatience bear with my Neglect, having Affairs of the same Nature there; our Circumstances and the Business of our Hearts then being so resembling, methinks I have as great an Impatience to be recounting to you the Story of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours, and to know what Advances you have made in the Heart of the still charming *Sylvia*! Tho' there will be this Difference in the Relations; mine, whenever I recount it, will give you a double Satisfaction; first from the Share your Friendship makes you have in all the Pleasures of *Philander*; and next that it excuses *Sylvia*, if she can be false to me for *Octavio*; and still advances his Design on her Heart: But yours, whenever I receive it, will give me a thousand Pains,
which

which it is however but just I should feel, since I was the first Breaker of the solemn League and Covenant made between us ; which yet I do, by all that is sacred, with a Regret that makes me reflect with some Repentance in all those Moments wherein I do not wholly give my Soul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Calista* ; yes more, because new.

In my last, my dear *Octavio*, you left me pursuing, like a Knight-Errant, a Beauty enchanted within some invisible Tree, or Castle, or Lake, or any Thing inaccessible, or rather wandering in a Dream after some glorious disappearing Fantom : And for some Time indeed I knew not whether I slept or waked. I saw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*, of whom I durst not so much as ask a civil Question towards the Satisfaction of my Soul ; the Page was sent into *Holland* (with some Express to a Brother-in-Law of the Count's) of whom before I had the Intelligence of a fair young Wife to the old Lord his Master ; and for the rest of the Servants they spoke all *Spanish*, and the Devil a Word we understood each other ; so that it was impossible to learn any Thing farther from them ; and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own Industry, but how to set it a-working I could not devise ; at last it happened, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three Sides, and a fine large Apartment on the other, I concluded that it was in that Part of the House my fair new Conqueress resided, but how to be resolv'd I could not tell, nor which Way the Windows looked that were to give the Light, towards that Part of the Garden there was none ; at last I saw the good old Gentleman come trudging through the Garden, fumbling out of his Pocket a Key ; I stepped into an Arbour to observe him, and saw him open a little Door, that led him into another Garden,

and locking the Door after him vanished; and observing how that Side of the Apartment lay, I went into the Street, and after a large Compass found that which faced that Garden, which made the Fore-part of the Apartment. I made a Story of some Occasion I had for some upper Rooms, and went into many Houses to find which fronted best the Apartment, and still disliked something, till I met with one so directly to it, that I could, when I got a Story higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this By-street; there it was I fixed, and learned from a young *Dutch* Woman that spoke good *French*, that this was the very Place I looked for; the Apartment of Madam, the Countess of *Clarinau*: She told me too, that every Day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and sometimes a-Nights; and bewailed the young Beauty, who had no better Entertainment than what an old withered *Spaniard* of threescore and ten could give her. I found this young Woman apt for my Purpose, and having very well pleased her with my Conversation, and some little Presents I made her, I left her in good Humour, and resolved to serve me on any Design; and returning to my Lodging, I found old *Clarinau* returned, as brisk and gay, as if he had been caressed by so fair and young a Lady; which very Thought made me rave, and I had Abundance of Pain to withhold my Rage from breaking out upon him, so jealous and envious was I of what now I loved and desired a thousand Times more than ever; since the Relation my new, young, female Friend had given me, who had Wit and Beauty sufficient to make her Judgment impartial: However, I contained my Jealousy with the Hopes of a sudden Revenge; for I fancied the Business half accom-
plished

plished in my Knowledge of her Residence. I feigned some Business to the old Gentleman, that would call me out of Town for a Week to consult with some of our Party; and taking my Leave of him, he offered me the Compliment of Money, or what else I should need in my Affair, which at that Time was not unwelcome to me; and being well furnished for my Enterprize, I took Horse without a Page or Footman to attend me; because I pretended my Business was a Secret, and taking a Turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my Horse without the Gates, and went to my secret new Quarters, where my young Friend received me with the Joy of a Mistress, and with whom indeed I could not forbear entertaining myself very well, which engaged her more to my Service, with the Aid of my Liberality; but all this did not allay one Spark of the Fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Calista*; and I was impatient for Night, against which Time I was preparing an Engine to mount the Battlement, for so it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All Things fitted to my Purpose, I fixed myself at the Window that looked directly towards her Sashes, and had the Satisfaction to see her leaning there, and looking on a Fountain, that stood in the Midst of the Garden, and cast a thousand little Streams into the Air, that made a melancholy Noise in falling into a large Alabaster Cistern beneath: Oh how my Heart danced at the dear Sight to all the Tunes of Love! I had not Power to stir or speak, or to remove my Eyes, but languished on the Window where I leant half dead with Joy and Transport; for she appeared more charming to my View; undressed and fit for Love; Oh, my *Octavio*, such are the Pangs which I believe thou feelst at the Approach of

Sylvia, so beats thy Heart, so rise thy Sighs and Wishes, so trembling and so pale at every View, as I was in this lucky amorous Moment! And thus I fed my Soul till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object but my Heart-----a thousand dear Ideas. And now I sallied out, and with good Success; for with a long Engine which reached the Top of the Wall, I fixed the End of my Ladder there, and mounted it, and sitting on the Top brought my Ladder easily up to me, and turned over to the other Side, and with Abundance of Ease descended into the Garden, which was the finest I had ever seen; for now, as good Luck would have it, who was designed to favour me, the Moon began to shine so bright, as even to make me distinguish the Colours of the Flowers that dressed all the Banks in ravishing Order; but these were not the Beauty I came to possess, and my new Thoughts of disposing myself, and managing my Matters, now took off all that Admiration that was justly due to so delightful a Place, which Art and Nature had agreed to render charming to every Sense; thus much I considered it, that there was nothing that did not invite to Love; a thousand pretty Recesses of Arbours, Grotts and little artificial Groves; Fountains, invironed with Beds of Flowers, and little Rivulets, to whose dear fragrant Banks a wishing amorous God would make his soft Retreat. After having ranged about, rather to seek a Covert on Occasion, and to know the Passes of the Garden, which might serve me in any Extremity of Surprize that might happen, I returned to the Fountain that faced *Calista's* Window, and leaning upon its Brink, viewed the whole Apartment, which appeared very magnificent: Just against me I perceived a Door that went into it, which while I was considering how

to get open I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Basin of the Fountain (yet so as to mark who came out) I saw to my unspeakable Transport, the fair, the charming *Calista*, dressed just as she was at the Window, a loose Gown of silver Stuff lapped about her delicate Body, her Head in fine Night-cloaths, and all careless as my Soul could wish; she came, and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her say in coming out ----- *This is too fine a Night to sleep in: Pr'ythee, Dormina, do not grudge me the Pleasure of it; since there are so very few that entertain Calista.* This last she spoke with a Sigh, and a Languishment in her Voice, that shot new Flames of Love into my panting Heart, and trilled through all my Veins, while she pursued her Walk with the old Gentlewoman; and still I kept myself at such a Distance to have them in my Sight, but slid along the shady Side of the Walk, where I could not be easily seen, while they kept still on the shiny Part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the Way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholy Object of my raving Desire; her Shape, her Gate, her Motion, every Step, and every Movement of her Hand and Head, had a peculiar Grace; a thousand Times I was tempted to approach her, and discover myself, but I dreaded the fatal Consequence, the old Woman being by; nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore waited with Impatience when she would speak, that by that I might make some Discovery of my Destiny that Night; and after having tired herself a little with walking, she sat down on a fine Seat of white Marble, that was placed at the End of a grassy Walk, and only shadowed with some tall Trees that ranked themselves behind it, against

one of which I leaned : There, for a quarter of an Hour, they sat as silent as the Night, where only soft-breathed Winds were heard amongst the Boughs, and softer Sighs from fair *Calista* ; at last the old Thing broke Silence, who was almost asleep while she spoke. *Madam, if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not sit gazing here at the Moon : To Bed,* replied *Calista, What should I do there ? Marry, sleep,* quoth the old Gentlewoman ; *What should you do ? Ah, Dormina,* (sighed *Calista,*) *would Age would seize me too ; for then perhaps I should find at least the Pleasure of the Old ; be dull and lazy, love to eat and sleep, not have my Slumbers disturbed with Dreams more insupportable than my waking Wishes ; for Reason then suppresses rising Thoughts, and the Impossibility of obtaining keeps the fond Soul in Order ; but Sleep ----- gives an unguarded Loose to soft Desire, it brings the lovely Phantom to my View, and tempts me with a thousand Charms to Love ; I see a Face, a Mein, a Shape, a Look ! Such as Heaven never made, or any Thing but fond Imagination ! Oh, it was a wondrous Vision ! For my Part,* replied the old One, *I am such a Heathen Christian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any such Things as Visions, or Ghosts, or Phantoms : but your Head runs of a young Man, because you are married to an old one ; such an Idea as you framed in your Wishes possessed your Fancy, which was so strong (as indeed Fancy will be sometimes) that it persuaded you it was a very Phantom or Vision. Let it be Fancy or Vision, or whatever else you can give a Name to,* replied *Calista,* *still it is that that never ceased since to torture me with a thousand Pains ; and pr'ythee why, Dormina, is not Fancy since as powerful in me as it was before ? Fancy has not been since so kind ; yet I have given it Room for Thought, which before I*
never

never did; I set whole Hours and Days, and fixed my Soul upon the lovely Figure; I know its Stature to an Inch, tall and divinely made; I saw his Hair, long, black, and curling to his Waist, all loose and flowing; I saw his Eyes, where all the Cupids played, black, large, and sparkling, piercing, loving, languishing; I saw his Lips sweet, dimpled, red, and soft; a Youth compleat in all, like early May, that looks, and smells, and cheers above the Rest: In fine, I saw him such as nothing but the nicest Fancy can imagine, and nothing can describe; I saw him such as robs me of my Rest, as gives me all the raging Pains of Love (Love I believe it is) without the Joy of any single Hope: Oh, Madam, said Dormina, that Love will quickly die, which is not nursed with Hope, why that is its only Food. Pray Heaven I find it so, replied Calista. At that she sighed as if her Heart had broken, and leaned her Arm upon a Rail of the End of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her Hand, and so continued without speaking; while I, who was not a little transported with what I heard, with infinite Pain withheld myself from kneeling at her Feet, and prostrating before her that happy Phantom of which she had spoke so favourably; but still I feared my Fate, and to give any Offence. While I was amidst a thousand Thoughts considering which to pursue, I could hear Dormina snoring as fast as could be, leaning at her Ease on the other End of the Seat, supported by a wide Marble Rail; which Calista hearing also, turned and looked on her, then softly rose and walked away to see how long she would sleep there, if not waked. Judge now, my dear Octavio, whether Love and Fortune were not absolutely subdued to my Interest, and if all Things did not favour my Design: The very Thought of being
alone.

alone with *Calista*, of making myself known to her, of the Opportunity she gave me by going from *Dormina* into a By-walk, the very Joy of ten thousand Hopes, that filled my Soul in that happy Moment, which I fancied the most blessed of my Life, made me tremble all over; and with unassured Steps I softly pursued the Object of my new Desire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cause her to make some Noise that might alarm the sleeping *Dormina*, I slackened my Pace, till in a Walk, at the End of which she was obliged to turn back, I remained, and suffered her to go on; it was a Walk of Grass, broad, and at the End of it a little Arbour of Greens, into which she went and sat down, looking towards me, and methought she looked full at me; so that finding she made no Noise, I softly approached the Door of the Arbour at a convenient Distance; she then stood up in great Amaze, as she after said; and I kneeling down in an humble Posture, cryed—Wonder not, oh sacred Charmer of my Soul, to see me at your Feet at this late Hour, and in a Place so inaccessible; for what Attempt is there so hazardous despairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what Impossibility almost can they not overcome? Remove your Fears, oh Conqueress of my Soul; for I am an humble Mortal that adores you; I have a thousand Wounds, a thousand Pains that prove me Flesh and Blood, if you would hear my Story: Oh give me Leave to approach you with that Awe you do the sacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your charming Lips ascends the Heavens——With such Cant and Stuff as this, which Lovers serve themselves with on Occasion, I lessened the Terrors of the frightened Beauty, and she soon saw, with Joy in her Eyes, that I both was a Mortal, and
the

the same she had before seen in the outward Garden: I rose from my Knees then, and with a Joy that wandered all over my Body, trembling and panting I approached her, and took her Hand and kissed it with a Transport that was almost ready to lay me fainting at her Feet, nor did she answer any Thing to what I had said, but with Sighs suffered her Hand to remain in mine; her Eyes she cast to Earth, her Breast heaved with nimble Motions, and we both, unable to support ourselves, fate down together on a green Bank in the Arbour, where by the Light we had, we gazed at each other, unable to utter a Syllable on either Side. I confess, my dear *Ostasio*, I have felt Love before, but do not know that ever I was possessed with such pleasing Pain, such agreeable Languishment in all my Life, as in those happy Moments with the fair *Calista*: And on the other, I dare answer for the soft fair One; she felt a Passion as tender as mine; which, when she could recover her first Transport, she expressed in such a Manner as has wholly charmed me: For with all the Eloquence of young Angels, and all their Innocence too, she said, she whispered, she sighed the softest Things that ever Lover heard. I told you before she had from her Infancy been bred in a Monastery, kept from the Sight of Men, and knew no one Art or Subtily of her Sex; but in the very Purity of her Innocence she appeared like the first-born Maid in Paradise, generously giving her Soul away to the great Lord of all, the new-formed Man, and nothing of her Heart's dear Thoughts she did reserve, (but such as modest Nature should conceal;) yet, if I touched but on that tender Part where Honour dwelt, she had a Sense too nice, as it was a Wonder to find so vast a Store of that mixt with so soft a Passion. Oh what an excellent Thing a perfect

perfect Woman is, ere Man has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himself inconstant ! All I could ask of Love she freely gave, and told me every Sentiment of her Heart, but it was in such a Way, so innocently she confessed her Passion, that every Word added new Flames to mine, and made me raging mad : At last, she suffered me to kiss with Caution ; but one begat another, — that a Number—and every one was an Advance to Happiness ; and I, who knew my Advantage, lost no Time, but put each Minute to the properest Use ; now I embrace, clasp her fair lovely Body close to mine, which nothing parted but her Shift and Gown ; my busy Hands find Passage to her Breasts, and give and take a thousand nameless Joys ; all but the last I reaped ; that Heaven was still denied ; though she were fainting in my trembling Arms, still she had watching Sense to guard that Treasure : Yet, in spite of all, a thousand Times I brought her to the very Point of yielding ; but oh she begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of Love ! tells me, that what she had to give me she gave, but would not violate her Marriage-vow ; no, not to save that Life she found in Danger with too much Love, and too extreme Desire : She told me, that I had undone her quite ; she sighed, and wished that she had seen me sooner, ere Fate had rendered her a Sacrifice to the Embraces of old *Clarinau* ; she wept with Love, and answered with a Sob to every Vow I made : Thus by Degrees she wrought me to Undoing, and made me mad in Love. It was thus we passed the Night ; we told the hasty Hours, and cursed their coming : We told from ten to three, and all that Time seemed but a little Minute : Nor would I let her go, who was as loth to part, till she had given me Leave to see her often there ; I told her all my Story of her

her

her Conquest, and how I came into the Garden : She asked me pleasantly, if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau* ; I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her, which Thought I could not bear : She assured me I had so little Reason to envy him, that he rather deserved my Compassion ; for that, her Aversion was so extreme to him ; his Person, Years, his Temper, and his Diseases were so disagreeable to her, that she could not dissemble her Disgust, but gave him most evident Proofs of it too frequently, ever since she had the Misfortune of being his Wife ; but that since she had seen the charming *Philander*, (for so we must let her call him too) his Company and Conversation was wholly insupportable to her ; and but that he had ever used to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never disturbed her Repose, she should have been dead with his nasty Entertainment : She vowed she never knew a soft Desire but for *Philander*, she never had the least Concern for any of his Sex besides, and till she felt his Touches——took in his Kisses, and suffered his dear Embraces, she never knew that Women was ordained for any Joy with Man, but fancied it designed in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppressed at Pleasure by the Husband, dully to yield Obedience and no more : But I had taught her now, she said, to her eternal Ruin, that there was no more in Nature than she knew, or ever should, had she not seen *Philander* ; she knew not what dear Name to call it by, but something in her Blood, something that panted in her Heart, glowed in her Cheeks, and languished in her Looks, told her she was not born for *Clarinau*, or Love would do her Wrong : I soothed the Thought, and urged the Laws of Nature, the Power of Love, Necessity of Youth-----and the Wonder that was yet behind, that ravishing
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something, which not Love or Kisses could make her guess at ; so beyond all soft Imagination, that nothing but a Trial could convince her ; but she resisted still, and still I pleaded with all the subtlest Arguments of Love, Words mixed with Kisses, Sighing mixed with Vows, but all in vain ; Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms : Thus did we pass the Night, till the young Morn advancing in the East forced us to bid Adieu : Which oft we did, and oft we sigh'd and kiss'd, oft parted and returned, and sigh'd again, and as she went away, she weeping, cry'd,-----wringing my Hand in hers, *Pray Heaven, Philander, this dear Interview do not prove fatal to me ; for oh, I find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear Minute more would forfeit all my Honour.* At this she started from my trembling Hand, and swept the Walk like Wind so swift and sudden, and left me panting, sighing, wishing, dying, with mighty Love and Hope : and after a little Time I scaled my Wall, and returned unseen to my new Lodging. It was four Days after before I could get any other Happiness, but that of seeing her at her Window, which was just against mine, from which I never stirr'd, hardly to eat or sleep, and that she saw with Joy ; for every Morning I had a Billet from her, which we contriv'd that happy Night should be convey'd me thus-----It was a By-street where I lodg'd, and the other Side was only the dead Wall of her Garden, where early in the Morning she us'd to walk ; and having the Billet ready, she put it with a Stone into a little Leathern-purse, and toss'd it over the Wall, where either myself from the Window, or my young Friend below wait'd for it, and that Way every Morning and every Evening she received one from me ; but 'tis impossible to tell you the innocent Passion she expressed

expressed in them, innocent in that there was no Art, no feigned nice Folly to express a Virtue that was not in the Soul; but all she spoke confessed her Heart's soft Wishes. At last, (for I am tedious in a Relation of what gave me so much Pleasure in the Entertainment) at last, I say, I received the happy Invitation to come into the Garden as before; and Night advancing for my Purpose, I need not say that I delivered myself upon the Place appointed, which was by the Fountain-side beneath her Chamber-window; towards which I cast, you may believe, many a longing Look: The Clock struck Ten, Eleven, and then Twelve, but no dear Star appeared to conduct me to my Happiness; at last I heard the little Garden-door (against the Fountain) open, and saw *Calista* there wrapped in her Night-gown only: I ran like Lightning to her Arms, with all the Transports of an eager Lover, and almost smothered myself in her warm rising Breast; for she taking me in her Arms let go her Gown, which falling open, left nothing but her Shift between me and all her charming Body. But she bid me hear what she had to say before I proceeded farther; she told me she was forced to wait till *Dormina* was asleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then stealing the Key, she came softly down to let me in. *But, said she, since I am all undressed, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promise me, on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber? for Dormina's Sleep is like Death itself; however, lest she chance to awake, and should take an Occasion to speak to me, it were absolutely necessary that I were there; for since I served her such a Trick the other Night, and let her sleep so long, she will not let me walk late.* A very little Argument persuaded me to yield to any Thing to be with *Calista* any where; so that
both

both returning softly to her Chamber, she put herself into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet : But it was not long that I remained so ; from the dear Touches of her Hands and Breast we came to Kisses, and so equally to a Forgetfulness of all we had promised and agreed on before, and broke all Rules and Articles that were not in the Favour of Love ; so that stripping myself by Degrees, while she with an unwilling Force made some feeble Resistance, I got into the Arms of the most charming Woman that ever Nature made ; she was all over Perfection ; I dare not tell you more ; let it suffice she was all that luxurious Man could wish, and all that renders Woman fine and ravishing. About two Hours thus was my Soul in Rapture, while sometimes she reproached me, but so gently, that it was to bid me still be false and perjured, if these were the Effects of it ; *If Disobedience have such wondrous Charms, may I, said she, be still commanding thee, and thou still disobeying.* While thus we lay with equal Ravishment, we heard a murmuring Noise at a Distance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew still louder and louder, but still at a Distance too ; this first alarmed us, and I was no sooner persuaded to rise, but I heard a Door unlock at the Side of the Bed, which was not that by which I entered ; for that was at the other End of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heavens, said the fair frightened Trembler, here is the Count of Clarinau :* For he always came up that Way, and those Stairs by which I ascended were the Back-stairs ; so that I had just Time to grope my Way towards the Door, without so much as taking my Clothes with me ; never was any amorous Adventurer in so lamentable a Condition, I would fain have turned upon him, and at once have hindered him from entering with my Sword in my Hand, and secured him

him

him from ever disturbing my Pleasure any more ; but she implored I would not, and in this Minute's Dispute he came so near me, that he touched me as I glided from him ; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never seen my Way, I lighted in my Passage on *Dormina's* Pallat-bed, and threw myself quite over her to the Chamber-door, which made a damnable Clattering, and awaking *Dormina* with my Catastrophe, she set up such a Bawl, as frightened and alarmed the old Count, who was just taking in a Candle from his Footman, who had lighted it at his Flamboy : So that hearing the Noise, and knowing it must be some Body in the Chamber, he let fall his Candle in the Fright, and called his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Toledo, which he had in his Hand, and wrapped in his Night-gown, with three or four woollen Caps one upon the Top of another, tied under his tawny, leathern Chops, he made a very pleasant Figure, and such a one as had like to have betrayed me by laughing at it ; he closely pursued me, though not so close as to see me before him ; yet so as not to give me Time to ascend the Wall, or to make my Escape up or down any Walk, which were strait and long, and not able to conceal any Body from Pursuers, approached so near as the Count was to me : What should I do ? I was naked, unarmed, and no Defence against his jealous Rage ; and now in Danger of my Life, I knew not what to resolve on ; yet I swear to you, *Octavio*, even in that Minute (which I thought my last) I had no Repentance of the dear Sin, or any other Fear, but that which possessed me for the fair *Calista* ; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my Safety (for I had scarce a Thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea-born Queen lent me immediate Aid, and ere I was aware of it, I touched the Fountain, and in the same Minute

threw myself into the Water, which a mighty large Bason or Cistern of White-marble contained, of a Compass that forty Men might have hid themselves in it; they had pursued me so hard, they fancied they heard me press the Gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they searched round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the Bottom of it, while I sometimes dived, and sometimes peeped up to take a View of my busy Coxcomb, who had like to have made me burst into Laughter many Times to see his Figure; the dashing of the Stream, which continually fell from the little Pipes above in the Bason, hindered him from hearing the Noise I might possibly have made by my swimming in it: After he had surveyed it round without-side, he took the Torch in his own Hand, and surveyed the Water itself, while I dived, and so long forced to remain so, that I believed I had escaped his Sword to die that foolisher Way; but just as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was sure some Body did go out before him; and now he searched every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fish I lay basking in Element still, not daring to adventure out, lest his hasty Return should find me on the Wall, or in my Passage over: I thanked my Stars he had not found the Ladder, so that at last returning to *Calista's* Chamber, after finding no Body, he desired (as I heard the next Morning) to know what the Matter was in her Chamber: But *Calista*, who till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in Order, and taken up my Cloaths, and put them between her Bed and Quilt; not forgetting any one Thing that belonged to me, she was laid as fast asleep as Innocence itself; so that *Clarinau* awaking her, she seemed as surprized and ignorant of all, as if she had in deed been innocent; so that *Dormina* now remained the only suspected Person;

Person ; who being asked what she could say concerning that Uproar she made, she only said, as she thought, that she dreamed his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and awaking in a Fright she found it was but a Dream, and so she fell asleep again till he awaked her, whom she wondered to see there at that Hour ; he told them that while they were securely sleeping he was like to have been burned in his Bed, a Piece of his Apartment being burned down, which caused him to come thither ; but he made them both swear that there was no Body in the Chamber of *Calista*, before he would be undeceived ; for he vowed he saw something in the Garden, which, to his Thinking, was all white, and it vanished on the sudden behind the Fountain, and we could see no more of it. *Calista* dissembled Abundance of Fear, and said she would never walk after Candle-light for fear of that Ghost ; and so they past the Rest of the Night, while I, all wet and cold, got me to my Lodging unperceived, for my young Friend had left the Door open for me.

Thus, dear *Octavio*, I have sent you a Novel, instead of a Letter, of my first most happy Adventure, of which I must repeat thus much again, that of all the Enjoyments I ever had, I was never so perfectly well entertained for two Hours, and I am waiting with infinite Patience for a second Encounter. I shall be extremely glad to hear what Progress you have made in you Amour ; for I have lost all for *Sylvia*, but the Affection of a Brother, with that natural Pity we have for those we have undone ; for my Heart, my Soul and Body are all *Calista's*, the bright, the young, the witty, the gay, the fondly-loving *Calista* : Only some Reserve I have in all for *Octavio*. Pardon this long History, for it is a Sort of acting all ones Joys again, to be telling them to a Friend so dear, as is the gallant *Octavio* to

PHILANDER.

P O S T-

P O S T S C R I P T.

I should, for some Reasons that concern my Safety, have quitted this Town before, but I am chained to it, and no Sense of Danger while Calista compels my Stay.

If *Octavio's* Trouble was great before, from but his Fear of *Calista's* yielding, what must it be now, when he found all his Fears confirmed? The Pressures of his Soul were too extreme before, and the Concern he had for *Sylvia* had brought it to the highest Tide of Grief; so that this Addition overwhelmed it quite, and left him no Room for Rage; no, it could not discharge itself so happily, but bowed and yielded to all the Extremes of Love, Grief, and Sense of Honour; he threw himself upon his Bed, and lay without Sense or Motion for a whole Hour, confused with Thought, and divided in his Concern, half for a Mistress false, and half for a Sister loose and undone; by Turns the Sister and the Mistress torture; by Turns they break his Heart: He had this Comfort left before, that if *Calista* were undone, her Ruin made Way for his Love and Happiness with *Sylvia*, but now-----he had no Prospect left that could afford any Ease; he changes from one sad Object to another, from *Sylvia* to *Calista*, then back to *Sylvia*; but like to feverish Men that toss about here and there, remove for some Relief, he shifts but to new Pain, wherever he turns he finds the Mad-man still: In this Distraction of Thought he remained till a Page from *Sylvia* brought him this Letter, which in midst of all, he started from his Bed with Excess of Joy, and read.

SYL-

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

AFTER your last Affront by your Page, I believe it will surprize you to receive any Thing from *Sylvia* but Scorn and Disdain: But, my Lord, the Interest you have by a thousand Ways been so long making in my Heart, cannot so soon be cancelled by a Minute's Offence, and every Action of your Life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have received, at least you are not well in your Senses: I have committed a Fault against your Love, I must confess, and am not ashamed of the little Cheat I put upon you in bringing you to Bed to *Antonet* instead of *Sylvia*: I was ashamed to be so easily won, and took it ill your Passion was so mercenary to ask so coarsely for the Possession of me; too great a Pay I thought for so poor Service, as rendering up a Letter which in Honour you ought before to have shewed me: I own I gave you Hope, in that too I was criminal; but these are Faults that sure deserved a kinder Punishment than what I last received --- A Whore ---, A common Mistress! Death, you are a Coward --- and even to a Woman dare not say it, when she confronts the Scandaler, --- Yet pardon me, I mean not to revile, but gently to reproach; it was unkind --- at least allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio*.

I think I had not troubled you, my Lord, with the least Confession of my Resentment, but I could not leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Conversation and Friendship alone I have remained so long, without acquitting myself of those Obligations I had to you; I send you therefore the Key of my Closet and Cabinet,

O

where

where you shall find not only your Letters, but all those Presents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your Friendship, I render you the less valuable Trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio*, than the dear Memory of that Part of his Life that was so agreeable to the unfortunate

SYLVIA.

He reading this Letter, finish'd with Tears of tender Love; but considering it all over, he fancied she had put great Constraint upon her natural high Spirit to write in this calm Manner to him, and through all he found dissembled Rage, which yet was visible in that one breaking out in the Middle of the Letter: He found she was not able to contain at the Word, common Mistress. In fine, however calm it was, and however designed, he found, and at least he thought he found the charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the Hint she gave him of the Change of *Antonet* for herself in Bed, that it was some new Cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring herself off with Credit: Yet, in spite of all this appearing Reason, he wishes, and has a secret Hope, that either she is not in fault, or that she will so cozen him into a Belief she is not, that it may serve as well to sooth his willing Heart; and now all he fears is, that she will not put so neat a Cheat upon him, but that he shall be able to see through it, and still be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But Love, returned, she had rous'd the Flame a-new, and softned all his rougher Thoughts with this dear Letter; and now in haste he calls for his Cloaths, and suffering himself to be dress'd with all the Advantage of his Sex, he throws himself into his Coach, and goes to *Sylvia*, whom he finds just dress'd *en Chevalier*, (and setting her Head and Feather

ther in good Order before the Glafs) with a Design to depart the Town, at least so far as should have raised a Concern in *Octavio*, if yet he had any for her, to have followed her; he ran up without asking leave into her Chamber; and ere she was aware of him he threw himself at her Feet, and clasping her Knees, to which he fixed his Mouth, he remained there for a little Space without Life or Motion, and pressed her in his Arms as fast as a dying Man. She was not offended to see him there, and he appeared more lovely than ever he yet had been. His Grief had added a Languishment and Paleness to his Face, which sufficiently told her he had not been at Ease while absent from her; and on the other Side, *Sylvia* appeared ten thousand Times more charming than ever, the Dress of a Boy adding extremely to her Beauty: *Oh you are a pretty Lover*, said she, raising him from her Knees to her Arms, *to treat a Mistress so for a little innocent Raillery.* ----- *Come, sit and tell me how you came to discover the harmless Cheat; setting him down on the Side of her Bed. Oh name it no more*, cried he, *let that damned Night be blotted from the Year, deceive me, flatter me, say you are innocent; tell me my Senses rave, my Eyes were false, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any Thing that may convince my Madness, and bring me back to tame adoring Love. What Means Octavio*, replied *Sylvia*, *sure he is not so nice and squeamish a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming so prepared for Love; though it was not she whom he expected, it might have served as well in the Dark at least? Well said*, replied *Octavio*, forcing a Smile ----- *advance, pursue the dear Design, and cheat me still, and to convince my Soul, oh swear it too, for Women want no Weapons of Defence, Oaths, Vows, and Tears, Sighs, Imprecations, Rav-*

ings, are all the Tools to fashion Mankind Coxcombs : I am an easy Fellow, fit for Use, and long to be initiated Fool ; come, swear I was not here the other Night. It is granted, Sir, you were : Why all this Passion ? This Sylvia spoke, and took him by the Hand, which burnt with raging Fire ; and though he spoke with all the Heat of Love, his Looks were soft the while as infant Cupids : Still he proceeded ; Oh charming Sylvia, since you are so unkind to tell me Truth, cease, cease to speak at all, and let me only gaze upon those Eyes that can so well deceive : Their Looks are innocent, at least they will flatter me, and tell mine they lost their Faculties that other Night. No, replied Sylvia, I am convinced they did not, you saw Antonet ---- Conduct a happy Man (interrupted he) to Sylvia's Bed, Oh, why by your Confession must my Soul be tortured over a-new ! At this he hung his Head upon his Bosom, and sighed as if each Breath would be his last : Heavens ! cried Sylvia, what is it Octavio says ! Conduct a happy Lover to my Bed ! by all that is Sacred I am abused, designed upon to be betray'd and lost ; what said you, Sir, a Lover to my Bed ! When he replied in a fainting Tone, clasping her to his Arms, Now, Sylvia, you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to cozening still ----- Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as before I saw your Falshood, and never will lose one Thought upon it more. Forbear, said she, you will make me angry. In short, what is it you would say ? Or swear, you rave, and then I will pity what I now despise, if you can think me false. He only answered with a Sigh, and she pursued, Am I not worth an Answer ? Tell me your Soul and Thoughts, as ever you hope for Favour from my Love, or to preserve my Quiet. If you will promise me to say it is false, replied he softly, I will
confess

confess the Errors of my Senses. I came the other Night at twelve; the Door was open. --- It is true, said Sylvia --- At the Stair's-Foot I found a Man, and saw him led to you into your Chamber, sighing as he went, and panting with Impatience: Now, Sylvia, if you value my Repose, my Life, my Reputation, or my Services, turn it off handsomly, and I am happy: At that, being wholly amazed, she told him the whole Story, as you heard of her dressing Antonet, and bringing him to her; at which he smiled, and begged her to go on --- She fetched the Pieces of *Brilliard's* counterfeit Letters, and shewed him; this brought him a little to his Wits, and at first Sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him; he found the Character his, but not his Business; and in great Amaze replied, *Ah! Madam, did you know Octavio's Soul so well, and could you imagine it capable of a Thought like this? A Presumption so daring to the most awful of her Sex; this was unkind indeed: And did you answer them? Yes,* replied she, *with all the Kindness I could force my Pen to express.* So that after canvassing the Matter, and relating the whole Story again with his being-taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Brilliard* was the Man; for *Antonet* was called to Council; who now recollecting all Things in her Mind, and knowing *Brilliard* but too well, she confessed, she verily believed it was he, especially when she told how she stole a Letter of *Octavio's* for him that Day, and how he was ill of the same Disease still. *Octavio* then called his Page, and sent him home for the Note *Brilliard* had sent him, and all appeared as clear as Day: But *Antonet* met with a great many Reproaches for shewing her Lady's Letters, which she excused as well as she could: But never was Man so ravished with Joy as *Octavio* was at the Knowledge of *Sylvia's* Innocence; a thousand Times he kneeled and

begged her Pardon; and her Figure encouraging his Careſſes, a thouſand Times he embraced her, he ſmiled, and bluſhed, and ſighed with Love and Joy, and knew not how to expreſs it moſt effectually: And *Sylvia*, who had other Buſineſs than Love in her Heart and Head, ſuffered all the Marks of his eager Paſſion and Transport out of Deſign, for ſhe had a farther Uſe to make of *Octavio*; though when ſhe ſurveyed his Perſon handſome, young, and adorned with all the Graces and Beauties of the Sex, not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgment but that of *Sylvia*; when ſhe conſidered his Soul, where Wit, Love, and Honour equally reigned, when ſhe conſults the Excellence of his Nature, his Generoſity, Courage, Friendſhip, and Softneſs, ſhe ſighed and cried, it was Pity to impoſe upon him; and make his Love for which ſhe ſhould eſteem him, a Property to draw him to his Ruin; for ſo ſhe fancied it muſt be if ever he encountered *Philander*; and tho' Good-nature was the leaſt Ingredient that formed the Soul of this fair Charmer, yet now ſhe found ſhe had a Mixture of it, from her Concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her ſo many ſoft Vows, and tender Proteſtations of the Reſpect and Awfulneſs of his Paſſion, that ſhe was wholly convinced he was her Slave; nor could ſhe ſee the conſtant Languiſher pouring out his Soul and Fortune at her Feet, without ſuffering ſome Warmth about her Heart, which ſhe had never felt but for *Philander*; and this Day ſhe expreſſed herſelf more obligingly than ever ſhe had done, and allows him little Freedoms of approaching her with more Softneſs than hitherto ſhe had; and, abſolutely charmed, he promiſes, lavishly and without Reſerve, all ſhe would aſk of him; and in Requital ſhe aſſured him all he could wiſh
or

or hope, if he would serve her in her Revenge against *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the Story of her Undoing, her Quality, her Fortune, her nice Education, the Care and Tenderness of her noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedless Youth: Sometimes the Reflection on her Ruin, the looking back upon her former Innocence and Tranquility, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Octavio* sigh, and weep by Sympathy: Sometimes (arrived at the amorous Part of her Relation) she would sigh and languish with the Remembrance of past Joys in their beginning Love; and sometimes smile at the little unlucky Adventures they met with, and their Escapes; so that different Passions seized her Soul while she spoke, while that of all Love filled *Octavio's*: He doats, he burns, and every Word she utters inflames him still the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her Face, and every Thing she says raises his vast Esteem and Passion higher. In fine, having with the Eloquence of sacred Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Passion, finished her moving Tale, they both declined their Eyes, whose falling showers kept equal Time and Pace, and for a little Time were still as Thought: When *Octavio*, oppressed with mighty Love, broke the soft Silence, and burst into Extravagance of Passion, says all that Men (grown mad with Love and Wishing) could utter to the Idol of his Heart; and to oblige her more, recounts his Life in short; wherein, in spite of all his Modesty, she found all that was Great and Brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate and Honest: And having now confirmed her, he deserved her, kneeling implored she would accept of him, not as a Lover for a Term of Passion, for Dates of Months or Years, but for a long Eternity; not as a Risler of her sacred

Honour,

Honour, but to defend it from the censuring World; he vowed he would forget that ever any Part of it was lost, nor by a Look or Action ever upbraid her with a Misfortune past, but still look forward on nobler Joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Priest to tie the solemn Knot. In spite of all her Love for *Philander*, she could not chuse but take this Offer kindly; and indeed, it made a very great Impression on her Heart; she knew nothing but the Height of Love could oblige a Man of his Quality and vast Fortune, with all the Advantages of Youth and Beauty, to marry her in so ill Circumstances; and paying him first those Acknowledgments that were due on so great an Occasion, with all the Tenderness in her Voice and Eyes that she could put on, she excused herself from receiving the Favour, by telling him she was so unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful Man; and falling at that Thought into new Tears, she moved him to infinite Love, and infinite Compassion; inso-much that, wholly abandoning himself to Softness, he assured her, if she would secure him all his Happiness by marrying him now, that he would wait till she were brought to Bed, before he would demand the glorious Recompence he aspired to; so that *Sylvia*, being oppressed with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent Passion for *Philander*, she knew not how to take, or how to refuse the Blessing offered, since *Octavio* was a Man whom, in her Height of Innocence and Youth, she might have been vain and proud of engaging to this Degree. He saw her Pain and Irresolution, and being absolutely undone with Love, delivers her *Philander's* last Letter to him, with what he had sent her inclosed; the Sight of the very Out-side of it made her grow pale as Death, and a Feebleness seized her all over, that made her unable for a

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Moment to open it; all which Confusion *Ottavio* saw with Pain, which she perceiving recollected her Thoughts as well as she could, and opened it, and read it; that to *Ottavio* first, as being fondest of the Continuation of the History of his Falshood, she read, and often paused to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every Period; and having finished it, she fell down on the Bed where they sat. *Ottavio* caught her in her Fall in his Arms, where she remained dead some Moments; whilst he, just on the Point of being so himself, ravingly called for Help; and *Antonet* being in the Dressing-Room ran to them, and by Degrees *Sylvia* recovered, and asked *Ottavio* a thousand Pardons for exposing a Weakness to him, which was but the Effects of the last Blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonet* brought her, she roused, resolved, and took *Ottavio* by the Hand: Now, said she, *shew yourself that generous Lover you have professed, and give me your Vows of Revenge on Philander; and after that by all that is Holy, kneeling as she spoke, and holding him fast, by all my injured Innocence, by all my noble Father's Wrongs, and my dear Mother's Grief; by all my Sister's Sufferings, I swear, I will marry you, love you, and give you all!* This she spoke without considering *Antonet* was by, and spoke it with all the Rage, and Blushes in her Face, that injured Love and Revenge could inspire: And on the other Side, the Sense of his Sister's Honour lost, and that of the tender Passion he had for *Sylvia*, made him swear by all that was sacred, and by all the Vows of eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Sylvia*, to go and revenge himself and her on the false Friend and Lover, and confessed the second Motive, which was his Sister's Fame; For, cried he, *that foul Adulteress, that false Calista, is so allied to me.* But still he urged that would add to the Justness of his Cause, if he might de-
part

part her Husband as well as Lover, and revenge an injured Wife as well as Sister; and now he could ask nothing she did not easily grant; and because it was late in the Day, they concluded that the Morning shall consummate all his Desires; And now she gives him her Letter to read; *For*, said she, *I shall esteem myself henceforth so absolutely Octavio's, that I will not so much as read a Line from that perjured Ruiner of my Honour*; he took the Letter with Smiles and Bows of Gratitude, and read it.

PHILANDER to SYLVIA.

THERE are a thousand Reasons, dearest *Sylvia*, at this Time that prevent my writing to you, Reasons that will be convincing enough to oblige my Pardon, and plead my Cause with her that loves me; all which I will lay before you when I have the Happiness to see you; I have met with some Affairs since my Arrival to this Place, that wholly take up my Time; Affairs of State, whose Fatigues have put my Heart extremely out of Tune, and if not carefully managed may turn to my perpetual Ruin, so that I have not an Hour in a Day to spare for *Sylvia*; which, believe me, is the greatest Affliction of my Life; and I have no Prospect of Ease in the endless Toils of Life, but that of reposing in the Arms of *Sylvia*: Some short intervals: Pardon my Haste, for you cannot guess the weighty Business that at present robs you of

Your PHILANDER.

You lye, false Villain----replied *Sylvia* in mighty Rage, *I can guess your Business, and can revenge it too; Curse on thee, Slave, to think me grown as*
poor

poor in Sense as Honour : To be cajoled with this--- Stuff that would never sham a Chamber-maid : Death ! am I so forlorn, so despicable, I am not worth the Pains of being well dissembled with ? Confusion overtake him, Misery seize him ; may I become his Plague while Life remains, or public Tortures end him ! This, with all the Madness that ever inspired a Lunatic, she uttered with Tears and violent Actions : When Octavio besought her not to afflict herself, and almost wished he did not love a Temper so contrary to his own : He told her he was sorry, extremely sorry, to find she still retained so violent a Passion for a Man unworthy of her least Concern ; when she replied---Do not mistake my Soul, by Heaven it is Pride, Disdain, Despite and Hate---to think he should believe this dull Excuse could pass upon my Judgment ; had the false Traitor told me that he hated me, or that his faithless Date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my Injuries ; but poorly thus to impose upon my Wit---By Heaven he shall not bear the Affront to Hell in Triumph ! No more---I have vowed he shall not---my Soul has fixed, and now will be at Ease---Forgive me, oh Octavio ; and letting herself fall into his Arms, she soon obtained what she asked for ; one Touch of the fair Charmer could calm him into Love and Softness.

Thus, after a thousand Transports of Passion on his Side, and all the seeming Tenderness on her's, the Night being far advanced, and new Confirmations given and taken on either Side of pursuing the happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again resolved, they appointed that *Sylvia* and *Antonet* should go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* should meet them there to be confirmed and secured of all the Happiness he proposed

posed to himself in this World—*Sylvia* being so wholly bent upon Revenge (for the Accomplishment of which alone she accepted of *Octavio*) that she had lost all Remembrance of her former Marriage with *Brilliard*: Or if it ever entered into her Thought, it was only considered as a Sham, nothing designed but to secure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents; and, without any Respect to the sacred Tie, to be regarded no more; nor did she design this with *Octavio* from any Respect she had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Lust of Vengeance which she would buy at any Price, and which she found no Man so well able to satisfy as *Octavio*.

But what wretched Changes of Fortune she met with after this, and what miserable Portion of Fate was destined to this unhappy Wanderer, the last Part of *Philander's* Life, and the third and last Part of this History, shall most faithfully relate.

The End of the Second Part.



